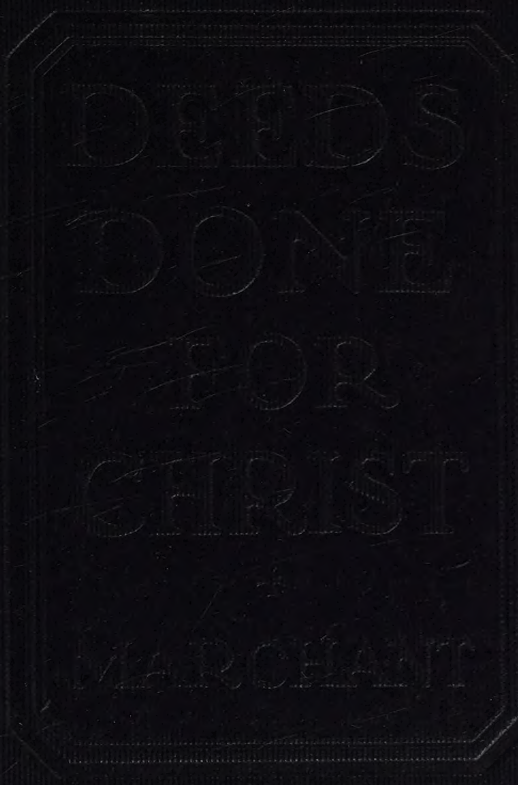
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Deeds Done for Christ

DEEDS DONE FOR CHRIST

By

Sir James Marchant, K.B.E., LL.D.
Editor of "Anthology of Jesus", "If I Had Only One Sermon to Preach; English Series", Etc.

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TO ALL THE SAINTS

SAINTS of the early dawn of Christ,
Saints of Imperial Rome,
Saints of the cloistered Middle Age,
Saints of the modern home;
Saints of the soft and sunny East,
Saints of the frozen seas,
Saints of the isles that wave their palms
In the far Antipodes;
Saints of the marts and busy streets,
Saints of the squalid lanes,
Saints of the silent solitudes,
Of the prairies and the plains;
Saints who were wafted to the skies
In the torment robe of flame,
Saints who have graven on men's thoughts
A monumental name;
Come, from the home of holiest hope,
Under the altar-throne;
Come, from the depths where the angels see
One Awful Face alone;
Come from the heights where the Mount of God
Burns like a burnished gem;
Come, from the star-paved terraces
Of the New Jerusalem:
Come, for our faith is waxing faint,
And the lamp of love burns low;
Come to these lower heavens, and shine,
That we may see and know;
Come, for the flash of a moment's space,
With your snowy wings outspread,
O God-lit cloud of witnesses
Souls of the sainted dead.

EDWIN HATCH.

Foreword

ON THE field of battle great deeds are done —the newspapers trumpet forth the stirring achievements.

In the conquests of science great deeds are done—and in this wonderful age these are acclaimed by an expectant world.

Deeds are done daily for Christ. Some little deeds—the cup of cold water; others great deeds —the sacrifice of life's fairest prospects for a forlorn hope; some are long continued—deed upon deed—ending at last in the greatest deed of all —the laying down of one's life for another. Of these the world at large learns little, and that little it soon forgets. For the becoming garment of humility shrouds the deeds of service and sacrifice done in the Name of Him who died upon the Cross of Shame to save the vilest of our race.

The day of the Crusader of the Cross has never known twilight or setting sun—it is always "work while it is yet day." The call "leave all and follow Me" has been heard and obeyed from the days of the Apostles to this present hour, amidst civilisation and savagery. For Him, Kings and Queens have left their thrones, noblemen have given up wealth and rank, children of tender years have borne cruel tortures, youths have bitten off their tongues rather than defame Him, girls have been thrown to wild beasts and aged saints have thrust

their hands into the flames rather than write against Him; the noble Army of Martyrs, the heroes of the Home and Mission fields, in dens and caves amidst vice and wretchedness, in pestilence and hospitals, have endured the loss of all things, even life itself, in meekness and joy, counting it gain for His sake.

From the vast records of these deeds done for Christ has been gathered the following, but could they all be told the world itself would not contain the story.

It is suggested that this book may form a suitable companion volume to "The Anthology of Jesus," in which the *thoughts* of Christian teachers of all time as to their Divine Master were collected for contemplation and inspiration.

In the present volume the *acts* of heroes for the Faith find expression.

Together the two volumes give word and deed; precept and example; the Alpha and Omega of the Christian Faith.

That this volume may be a fitting complement to "The Anthology of Jesus" is my hope and desire.

J. M.

London, 1928.

Prologue

WHEN the Son of man shall come in his glory, and all the holy angels with him, then shall he sit upon the throne of his glory:

And before him shall be gathered all nations: and he shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats:

And he shall set the sheep on his right hand, but the goats on the left.

Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world:

For I was an hungred, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me to drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in:

Naked, and ye clothed me: I was sick, and ye visited me: I was in prison, and ye came unto me.

Then shall the righteous answer him, saying, Lord, when saw we thee an hungred, and fed thee? or thirsty, and gave thee drink?

When saw we thee a stranger, and took thee in? or naked, and clothed thee?

Or when saw we thee sick, or in prison, and came unto thee?

And the King shall answer and say unto them, Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.

Then shall he say also unto them on the left hand, Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels:

For I was an hungred, and ye gave me no meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me no drink:

I was a stranger, and ye took me not in: naked, and ye clothed me not: sick, and in prison, and ye visited me not.

Then shall they also answer him, saying, Lord, when saw we thee an hungred, or athirst, or a stranger, or naked, or sick, or in prison, and did not minister unto thee?

Then shall he answer them, saying, Verily I say unto you, inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me. Matthew xxv, 31-45.

Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost:

Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and, lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world. Matthew xxviii, 19, 20.

Go your ways: behold, I send you forth as lambs among wolves.

Carry neither purse, nor scrip, nor shoes: and salute no man by the way.

And into whatsoever house ye enter, first say, Peace be to this house.

And if the Son of Peace be there, your peace shall rest upon it; if not, it shall turn to you again.

And in the same house remain, eating and drinking such things as they give: for the labourer is worthy of his hire. Go not from house to house.

And into whatsoever city ye enter, and they receive you, eat such things as are set before you:

And heal the sick that are therein, and say unto them, The Kingdom of God is come nigh unto you.

But into whatsoever city ye enter, and they receive you not, go your ways out into the streets of the same, and say,

Even the very dust of your city, which cleaveth on us, we do wipe off against you: notwithstanding be ye sure of this, that The Kingdom of God is come nigh unto you.

But I say unto you, that it shall be more tolerable in that day for Sodom, than for that city.

Woe unto thee, Chorazin! woe unto thee, Bethsaida! for if the mighty works had been done in Tyre and Sidon, which have been done in you, they had a great while ago repented, sitting in sackcloth and ashes.

But it shall be more tolerable for Tyre and Sidon at the judgment, than for you.

And thou, Capernaum, which art exalted in heaven, shalt be thrust down to hell.

He that heareth you heareth me; and he that despiseth you despiseth me; and he that despiseth me despiseth him that sent me.

And the seventy returned again with joy, saying, Lord, even the devils are subject unto us through thy name. Luke, x, 3-17.

Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that believeth

on me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do; because I go unto my father.

And whatsoever ye shall ask in My name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son. If ye shall ask anything in my name, I will do it. St. John xiv, 12-14.

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CHAPTER I

THE NOBLE ARMY OF MARTYRS

THE NOBLE ARMY OF MARTYRS

THE EARLY FATHERS

ST. POLYCARP
ORIGEN
ST. CYPRIAN

WOMEN MARTYRS

ST. PERPETUA AND ST. FELICITAS
ST. BLANDINA

STONED TO DEATH

ST. TELEMACHUS

BRITISH MARTYRS

SIR THOMAS MORE
BLESSED JOHN FISHER
THOMAS CRANMER
NICHOLAS RIDLEY

CHAPTER I

THE EARLY FATHERS

ST. POLYCARP

FROM the multitude which no man can number of those who suffered martyrdom in the first days of Christianity we select a few whose names have come down the centuries and will never die. "The firm endurance of suffering by the martyrs of conscience," said Sir James Macintosh, "if rightly contemplated, is the most consolatory spectacle in the clouded life of man, far more ennobling and sublime than the outward victories of virtue. Magnanimity in enduring pain for the sake of conscience is not, indeed, an unerring mark of rectitude; but it is, of all other destinies, that which most exalts the party whom it visits, and bestows on their story an undying command over the hearts of their fellow-men."

St. Polycarp, who was born of Christian parents A.D. 70, was the first of the Noble Army of Martyrs, and was the last to have known the Apostles. He was a disciple of St. John, by whom, according to Tertullian, he was made Bishop of Smyrna. "He had," said St. Irenæus, "been trained by the Apostles and conversed with many who had seen Christ." "Polycarp," he says, "would describe his intercourse with John and the rest of those who had seen the Lord, and would relate their words. And whatsoever things he had heard from these about the Lord and about His miracles and about his teaching, Poly-

carp, as having received them from eye-witnesses of the life of the Word, would relate them altogether in accordance with the Scriptures. I distinctly remember the very place in which the blessed Polycarp used to sit when he discoursed, and his goings out and his comings in, and his manner of life and his personal appearance and the discourses which he held before the people."

At the great Pagan festivals, says Dean Farrar, there was always a possibility of the recrudescence of heathen animosity against the growing influence of the Christians. This seems to have been the case in Smyrna at the annual games after Polycarp's return from Rome. The Asiarch, Philip of Tralles, had celebrated these games with unusual magnificence, and the conflict of the heathen and Christian feeling this aroused had caused the doom of eleven Christians, who were thrown to the wild beasts. These Christians had been dragged into peril by the flaring enthusiasm of a Phrygian named Quintus, who in the hour of trial was terrified by the wild beasts and alone apostatized. His terrible failure confirmed the Asiatic Christians in their conviction that it was wrong and contrary to gospel teaching to thrust themselves into the glory of martyrdom; but the heroic endurance of the martyrs, especially the young Germanicus, who, in a transport of enthusiasm, dragged to himself the reluctant lion, had still further excited the populace. They were inflamed with the lust for blood, and raised the ominous cry of Αἶρε γους ἀ θέους, "Away with the Atheists!" shouting especially for Polycarp.

He was martyred A.D. 155, and that year a detailed account by eye-witnesses of his martyrdom

was sent to the Church at Philomelium and to the whole Catholic Church. The text and translation of the report appears in Lightfoot; but the following is the text of Knopf, and the translation has been made by Rev. E. C. E. Owen, sometime Fellow of New College, Oxford, who kindly allows me to use it, from his "Some Authentic Acts of the Early Martyrs," a book which gives an admirable translation for the general reader of some of the most authentic and wonderfully beautiful records of the early martyrs.

"The Church of God which dwells in Smyrna to the Church of God which dwells in Philomelium and to all the dioceses of the Holy Catholic Church in every place. May the mercy, peace and love of God the Father and of our Lord Jesus Christ be multiplied.

"We write unto you, brethren, the story of the martyrs, and of blessed Polycarp, who put an end to the persecution, setting his seal thereto by his martyrdom. For almost all that went before so happened, that the Lord might show forth anew an example of martyrdom which is conformable to the Gospel.

"Those who were condemned to the beasts endured terrible torments, having harrows laid beneath them, and being tormented with other kinds of manifold tortures, that the Devil, if he could, might through the continual torment turn them to deny their faith; for he devised many things against them.

"But, thanks be to God, he did not prevail against all. For the noble Germanicus gave strength to their cowardice by his own fortitude, who made a notable fight with the beasts. For when the Pro-

consul endeavoured to prevail upon him, bidding him take pity on his own youth, he, with violence, dragged the wild beast towards him, wishing to be rid the sooner of their life of unrighteousness and sin.

"At this all the multitude, wondering at the nobility of the people of Christ, who were beloved of God and honoured him, cried out, 'Away with the Atheists! Seek Polycarp!'

"But one, Quintus by name, a Phrygian just arrived from Phrygia, lost heart when he saw the beasts. He it was who constrained himself and some others to come forward of their own motion. Him the Proconsul after much entreaty persuaded to take the oath and offer sacrifice. Therefore, brethren, we do not commend those who give themselves up; for this is not the teaching of the Gospel.

"The excellent Polycarp, on hearing the news was not dismayed, but wished to remain in the city; but the greater number urged him to depart secretly. And so he did, to a little farm, not far from the city, and passed the time with a few companions, doing naught else but pray night and day for all and for the Churches throughout the world, as was his custom. And while praying he fell into a trance three days before he was taken, and saw his pillow being consumed by fire. And he turned and said to those with him, 'I must be burned alive.'

"While his pursuers were still waiting for him, he went away to another farm, and immediately they followed close upon him. Not finding him, they laid hands on two young slaves, one of whom confessed under the torture. Now it was impossible Polycarp should escape, since his betrayers belonged

to his own household. And the justice of the peace, whose lot it was to bear the same name as Herod, was in a hurry to bring him into the stadium, that he, being made partner with Christ, might fulfil his lot, and his betrayers might meet the same punishment as Judas.

"Taking the young slave with them, the constables and horsemen, armed in the usual way, went out on the Preparation about the dinner-hour 'as against a thief' at a run. Coming up in a body late in the day they found him lying in a cottage in an upper room: he could indeed have escaped from thence also elsewhere, but he refused, saying, 'The will of the Lord be done.' Hearing then that they were come he went down and talked with them, those present marvelling at his great age and his constancy, and at their excessive eagerness to take a man so old. So he bade food and drink to be set before them at that hour, as much as they wanted; and besought them to give him an hour to pray undisturbed. On leave being given he stood and prayed, being so full of the grace of God that for two hours he could not once be silent, and the hearers were astonished and many repented for having assailed an old man so godlike.

"When at length he ended his prayer after remembering all that ever had dealings with him, great and small, well-known and unknown, and the whole Catholic Church throughout the world, the time having now come for his departure, they set him on an ass and brought him to the city, it being a High Sabbath. He was met by Herodes, the High Sheriff, and by Herodes' father, Nicetes, who, having transferred him to the carriage, sat down beside him,

and strove to persuade him with these words: 'What is the harm of saying, "Cæsar is Lord," and offering incense,' with more to this effect, 'and saving your life?' At first he made them no answer, but, when they persisted, he said: 'I do not intend to do as you advise me.' Failing to persuade him, they reviled him, and made him descend with so much haste that in getting down from the carriage he hurt his shin. He, as though nothing had happened, paid no heed, but went on quickly with much eagerness on his way to the stadium, where the din was so great that none could be so much as heard.

"As Polycarp entered the stadium, there came a voice from heaven saying, 'Be strong, Polycarp, and play the man.' None saw the speaker, but the voice was heard by those of our brethren who were present. When he was brought in thereupon a great din arose as soon as they heard 'Polycarp is taken.'

"So the Proconsul asked him whether he were the man. And when he said 'Yes,' he tried to persuade him to deny his faith, saying: 'Have respect to your age,' and other such things as they used to say: 'Swear by the Fortune of Cæsar; repent, say "Away with the Atheists." ' Polycarp, gazing with a steadfast countenance on all the crowd of lawless heathen in the stadium, waved his hand to them, sighed and looking up to heaven said: 'Away with the Atheists.'

"When the Proconsul pressed him further and said 'Swear and I set you free: Curse Christ,' Polycarp answered: 'Eighty and six years have I served Him, and He did me no wrong. How can I blaspheme my King that saved me?'

"When the Proconsul persevered, saying: 'Swear by the Fortune of Cæsar,' Polycarp answered: 'If you

vainly imagine that I shall swear by the Fortune of Cæsar, as you say, and suppose that I know not what I am, hear a plain answer, "I am a Christian." If you wish to learn the Christian's reason, give me a day and listen.' The Proconsul said: 'It is the people you must convince.' Polycarp answered: 'I would have counted you worthy to be reasoned with; for we have been taught to give honour as is fit, where we can without harm, to governments and powers ordained by God, but the people I do not deem worthy to hear any defence from me.'

"The Proconsul said: 'I have beasts, and to them I will throw you, unless you repent.' 'Bring them in,' he answered; 'for repentance from the better to the worse is no change to be desired, but it is a good change from cruelty to justice.'

"The other spake again to him: 'If you despise the beasts, I will have you consumed by fire, unless you repent.' 'You threaten me,' answered Polycarp, 'with the fire that burns for an hour and is speedily quenched; for you know nothing of the fire of the judgment to come and of eternal punishment which is reserved for the wicked. Why delay? Bring what you will.'

"While speaking these and many other words he grew full of confidence and joy, and his face was filled with grace, so that it fell out that not only was he not troubled by the things said to him, but, on the contrary, the Proconsul was amazed and sent his own herald to proclaim thrice in the midst of the stadium, 'Polycarp has confessed himself to be a Christian.'

"Upon this proclamation of the herald the whole multitude of heathen and Jews that dwelt in Smyrna

cried aloud in ungovernable fury: 'This is the teacher of Asia, the father of the Christians, the destroyer of our Gods, who teaches many not to sacrifice or worship.' So saying they shouted, beseeching Philip, the Asiarch, to let loose a lion on Polycarp. However, he said it was not lawful for him to do this, as he had concluded the wild beast combat.

"Then they thought good to cry with one voice that Polycarp should be burnt alive. For it must needs be that the vision revealed to him on his pillow be fulfilled, when in prayer he saw it aflame, and turning to the faithful who were with him said in prophecy: 'I must be burned alive.'

"This then was brought about with great speed, more quickly than words can say, the crowd gathering together forthwith from the shops and baths wood and fuel, the Jews being particularly zealous in the work, as is their custom. When the pyre was ready, he put off all his upper garments and undid his girdle, and endeavoured to take off his shoes, which he had not been used to do before because all the faithful used to contend with one another who should first touch his body. For even before his martyrdom he was treated with all honour for the goodness of his life. So he was immediately girded with the things devised for his burning; but when they were about to nail him to the stake as well, he said: 'Leave me as I am; for He that enabled me to abide the fire, will also enable me to abide at the stake unflinching without your safeguard of nails.'

"So they bound him without nailing him. And he, with his hands bound behind him, like a choice

ram taken from a great flock for sacrifice, an acceptable whole burnt-offering prepared for God, looked up to Heaven and said: 'Lord God Almighty, Father of Thy well-beloved and blessed Son, Jesus Christ, through Whom we have received the knowledge of Thee, God of Angels and Powers and of the whole creation and of all of the race of the righteous who live before Thee, I bless Thee that Thou didst deem me worthy of this day and hour, that I should take my part among the members of the martyrs in the cup of Thy Christ to the resurrection of life eternal of soul and body in incorruption of the Holy Spirit; among whom may I be accepted before Thee to-day a rich and acceptable sacrifice, as Thou didst foreordain and foreshow and fulfil, God faithful and true. For this above all I praise Thee, I bless Thee, I glorify Thee through the Eternal and Heavenly High Priest Jesus Christ, Thy Well-beloved Son, through Whom to Thee with Him and the Holy Spirit be glory now and for evermore. Amen.'

"When he had offered up the Amen, and finished his prayer, those who had charge of the fire set light to it. And a great flame blazing forth, we to whom it was given to behold, who were indeed preserved to tell the story to the rest, beheld a marvel. For the fire forming a sort of arch, like a ship's sail bellying with the wind made a wall about the body of the martyr, which was in the midst, not like burning flesh, but like bread in the baking, or like gold and silver burning in a furnace. For we caught a most sweet perfume, like the breath of frankincense or some other precious spice.

"At last when the impious people saw that his body could not be consumed by the fire they gave orders

that a slaughterer should go and thrust a dagger into him. This being done there came forth (a dove and) such a gush of blood that it put out the fire, and all the throng marvelled that there should be so great a difference between the unbelievers and the elect; one of whom was the most admirable martyr, Polycarp, an apostolic and prophetic teacher of our time, and Bishop of the Catholic Church in Smyrna. For every word that he uttered from his mouth was fulfilled then and shall be fulfilled hereafter.

"But the Adversary, that malicious and wicked one who is the enemy of the race of the just, seeing the greatness of his witness, and the blamelessness of his life from the beginning, and that he was crowned with the crown of immortality, and had won a prize beyond gainsaying, made it his business that we might not even recover his body, though many were eager to do so and to touch his sacred flesh. At any rate he suggested to Nicetes, the father of Herodes and brother of Alce, to intreat the Proconsul not to give us his body, 'Lest,' said he, 'They should abandon the Crucified, and begin to worship him.' The Jews made the same suggestions with much vehemence, who also watched the body, when we were about to take it from the fire, now knowing that we can never abandon Christ who suffered for the salvation of those who are being saved throughout the whole world, the sinless for sinners, nor can we worship any other. For Him, being the Son of God, we adore; but the martyrs we love as disciples and imitators of the Lord, and rightly for their unsurpassable loyalty to their own King and Master; may it be granted us to have partnership and fellow-discipleship with them.

"So the centurion, seeing the contentiousness of the Jews, set him in the midst and burnt him according to their custom. So we later took up his bones, being of more value than precious stones and more esteemed than gold, and laid them apart in a convenient place. There the Lord will grant us to gather so far as may be and to celebrate with great gladness and joy the birthday of his martyrdom, in memory of those who have fought the good fight before us and for the training and preparation of those to come.

"Such is the story of the blessed Polycarp who, with the eleven from Philadelphia was martyred in Smyrna, and is more particularly remembered by all, so that he is spoken of in every place, even by the Gentiles, having been not only a famous teacher, but also an illustrious martyr, whose martyrdom all desire to imitate, as being after the pattern of the gospel of Christ. Having vanquished by his patience the unjust ruler, and thus received the crown of immortality, he rejoices greatly with the apostles and with all the just, and glorifies the Almighty God and Father, and praises Our Lord Jesus Christ, the Saviour of our souls, the Pilot of our bodies, and the Shepherd of the Catholic Church throughout the world."

"This account was copied by Gaius from the papers of Irenæus, a disciple of Polycarp, Gaius having been himself a companion of Irenæus. And I, Socrates, wrote it down in Corinth from the copy of Gaius. Grace be with you all.

"I, Pionius, in my turn wrote it from the aforementioned copy, having searched out, for the blessed

Polycarp made it known to me by revelation, as I shall show in what follows. I gathered it together when already almost worn away by time, that the Lord Jesus Christ may gather me also with His elect into His heavenly kingdom, to Whom be glory with the Father and the Holy Spirit for ever and ever. Amen."

ORIGEN

ORIGEN, born somewhere about A.D. 185, and, it is supposed, in Alexandria, was a zealous student of Greek philosophy, excelling as an exegete and teacher of Christianity. He made his home in Cæsarea till, in A.D. 250, in the Decian persecution, he was imprisoned and tortured, but escaped martyrdom. He died, broken in body, A.D. 254.

Unlike Augustine, who was the son of a heathen father, Origen Adamantinus was the son of a martyr, and a Christian from his birth.

From his early boyhood Origen bore a character on which not even the most virulent of his enemies could fix any stain. He was singularly pure and noble; and his intellectual gifts were as remarkable as his moral qualities. Epiphanius says that his writings, large and small, amounted to 6,000 volumes. He was, by general admission, the greatest, in almost every respect, of all the great Christian teachers of the first three Christian centuries.

Leonides had seven sons, of whom Origen alone is known to us. The boy received from his father a thorough training. Eager, precocious, athirst for real knowledge, he inquired so deeply into the real meaning of Scripture as to perplex the simpler mind

of Leonides, who, while he gently checked his importunate questionings, was yet thankful for the promise of a powerful intellect.

In the tenth year of the Emperor Severus a violent persecution broke out against the Christians, and Leonides was thrown into prison by the Præfect Lætus. Fired by the example of other youthful confessors, the ardent boy Origen showed so passionate a desire for martyrdom that he was only restrained by the tears and entreaties of his mother. When even these seemed likely to be of no avail, she could only frustrate his purpose of joining his father by concealing all his clothes. Unable to leave the house, he wrote to his father entreating him not to succumb out of any anxiety for the future of his large and penniless family. The letter was still extant in the time of Eusebius, and formed a worthy introduction to Origen's voluminous writings.

Leonides was beheaded for the Faith, and all his property confiscated.

The boy of sixteen at once undertook the support of his widowed mother and of his six younger brothers. He saved them from destitution partly by teaching and partly by aid from the generous patronage of a wealthy Alexandrian lady.

As early as was possible, he became a teacher of "grammar," a word which included the elements of a general education. While he taught he also studied, and got together a little library, partly by purchasing books with the scant surplus of his hard-earned income, partly by making large extracts from the ancient classics. He never shared the bigotry of the narrower-minded Christians, who discouraged or even forbade the study of Pagan literature. To his

latest days he held it to be at once a duty and a delight to utilise for the loftiest purposes the great poets and philosophers of the heathen world.

Origen continued for some thirteen fruitful years his labours as a Christian teacher. "For his labours," says the writer in the Ante-Nicene Christian Library, "he refused all remuneration. He sold the books which he possessed—many of them manuscripts which he himself had copied—on condition of receiving from the purchaser four obols (three-halfpence of our money) a day and on this scanty pittance he subsided, leading for many years a life of the greatest asceticism and devotion to study. . . . He carried out literally the command of the Saviour not to possess two coats."

One of Origen's earliest scholars had been Plutarch, the brother of Heracleas, whom he converted from Paganism, and this abandonment of the State religion brought the new convert under the scope of the imperial decree. He was the first to perish from this school of martyrs. Another, Serenus, was burnt to death. The catechumen Heraclides was beheaded. Hero met the same fate shortly after his baptism, as did a second Serenus. A maiden named Herais, while still a catechumen received her "baptism of fire." Origen was not wanting in sympathy and service to these martyr pupils. Himself a born Christian, he did not come directly under the provisions of a decree which was mainly intended as a terror to proselytes; but he accompanied his beloved scholars publicly to the tribunal, the scaffold, and the stake, embracing them and exhorting them to constancy.

In this way he incurred the hatred of the pop-

ulace, who on one occasion were barely restrained from stoning him. When Plutarch was put to death the martyr's friends were so indignant that Origen was in great danger from their assault. On another occasion his house was surrounded by a threatening mob, and he could only secure his safety by hiding first in one house and then in another.

When the heat of persecution began to cool down, Origen's indefatigable industry found time for private studies of an extensive character during the course of his public labors.

Origen's services as an expositor of Scripture were quite incomparable. His book on "First Principles" was the earliest attempt at a systematic view of the Christian faith; his knowledge of the Bible, and his separate contributions to its elucidation, were absolutely unrivalled. Like the influence of Socrates in Greek philosophy, so the influence of Origen in Church history is the water-shed of multitudes of different streams of thought. "In spite of his very patient thoughts," says Bishop Lightfoot, "which it costs nothing to denounce, a very considerable part of what is valuable in subsequent commentaries, ancient and modern, is due to him. A deep thinker, an accurate grammarian, a most laborious worker, and a most earnest Christian, he not only laid the foundation, but, to a very great extent, built up the fabric of Biblical interpretation." "To him" (Ante-Nicene Library) "belongs the rare honour of convincing heretics of their errors, and of leading them back to the Church—a result which must have been due as much to the gentleness and earnestness of his Christian character as to his prodigious learning

. . . which entitles him to be regarded as the greatest of the Fathers."

ST. CYPRIAN

CYPRIAN was a wealthy pagan, born A.D. 200, at Carthage, and converted in middle age, becoming Bishop and head of the Church in Africa A.D. 248. He escaped the Decian persecution, but, eight years later, in the persecutions by Valerian he was banished, and in the following year, July 258, he was recalled from exile and suffered martyrdom on September 14.

In A.D. 257 Valerian published an edict that Christian bishops were to be banished and Christian assemblies forbidden. On August 30 Cyprian was summoned before the Proconsul Aspasium Paternus, and asked what he had to say to this edict, which required his submission to the State religion. "I am a Christian," answered Cyprian, "and only recognise the one true God."

"Are you obstinate in this determination?" said the Proconsul.

Cyprian answered that such a conviction could never be altered. He was therefore banished to Curubis (Kurbi) about forty miles from Carthage, but refused, even on grounds of Roman law, to become a delator by answering the Proconsul's question as to the names of his presbyters.

His deacon, Pontius, voluntarily accompanied him to his place of exile. It was a pleasant spot, and Cyprian was treated with respect and consideration by all the inhabitants. As he was a man of rank, wealth and distinction, the Imperial authorities dealt

with him in a far less brutal and summary manner than they did with the ordinary multitude of the Numidian clergy and laity. These were cruelly handled, without the least regard to age and sex. They were imprisoned, sent to work in the mines and beaten. They were clad in degrading prison costumes; their heads were half-shaved; they were loaded with fetters, and were forced to lie on the hard ground in the agonies of cold and hunger. All of them, from the bishops down to young boys of the laity, looked up to Cyprian for council and consolation, and not in vain. He aided them alike with his contributions and his encouragement, and they wrote in terms of hearty affection to express to him their warmest thanks for the aid which his subdeacon and acolytes had brought them. But Cyprian knew that his time was short.

A year passed, and Galerius Maximus succeeded Aspasius Paternus as Proconsul. Rumours reached Cyprian of a still more stringent edict, and, sending to Carthage to inquire, he heard that Valerian had now decreed that all the Christian leaders, and all persons of rank who had embraced Christianity, were to be degraded from their offices, to forfeit their possessions, and, if they still remained firm, to be beheaded. When the edict actually arrived in Africa, the Proconsul was at Utica. Cyprian, in obedience to a former summons, had returned from Curubis to his gardens at Carthage, in order that he might be at hand if wanted. He now received a summons to come to Utica. This he declined to obey and at once hid himself. He wrote his last letter to his clergy and people to prevent any misapprehension about his temporary concealment. All

his dearest friends had joined, he said, in persuading him not to go to Utica, because it was the duty of a bishop to die in his own city. Had he desired to escape death altogether nothing would have been easier than to do so, and there were even many among the distinguished Pagans who loved and honoured him, and counselled this course.

To them he turned a deaf ear. He felt that the time had come when he could render to his Church no grander service than by dying for the Faith. But he naturally wished that this death should bear the character of a public witness to the honour of Christ, and that all his flock should see how deep had been his sincerity when he had repeatedly counselled them to stand fast in the Lord, even unto death. He therefore let them know that he should leave his hiding-place immediately after the Proconsul had returned from Utica to Carthage.

No sooner had he heard of the Proconsul's arrival than he showed himself publicly in his house and gardens. On September 13, 258, two officers were sent to arrest him, and he accompanied them in a chariot to the court, which was held at Secti, four or five miles from Carthage. The trial was put off till the next day, and he spent the night at the house of one of the officers.

This house was surrounded all night by a vast expectant multitude and Cyprian, solicitous to the last for the welfare of his flock, requested the younger women to go home. Pontius, with whom he spent his last night, in his beautiful account of the life and passion of his Master, says that the day, the 14th, dawned sunny and cloudless, the day singled out of all days, the day of promise, the day

of God—"rejoicing in the thought of its martyr." Next morning, when he was summoned to the Prætorium, he had to make his way on foot through a living wall of spectators. The walk in the heat made him perspire freely, and one of the officers, who was once a Christian, civilly begged him to accept a change of garments. Cyprian answered: "That would be to cure a trouble which, before the day ends, may be over."

"Are you Thascius Cyprianus?" asked the Proconsul.

"I am."

"You have put yourself forward as the Pope of a sacrilegious sect?"

"I have."

"The most sacred Emperors have ordered you to sacrifice."

"I refuse to do so."

"Consider the matter well."

"Fulfil thine office; a matter so plain needs no consideration." "And thus, therefore," wrote Pontius, "the judge reads from his tablet the sentence—a sentence worthy of such a bishop and such a witness, a glorious sentence—'Thascius Cyprianus is to be beheaded with the sword.'"

"Thanks be to God!" replied the bishop.

The execution followed immediately. Cyprian was conducted to the place of judgment by a military escort of tribunes and centurions, who marched in the midst of a great multitude. There was no cry of exultation, no demonstration of hostility. "Now the place itself where he was about to suffer is level, so that it affords a noble spectacle, with its trees thickly planted on all sides. And as the view

was not attainable to the confused crowd, persons who favoured him had climbed up into the branches of the trees."

We are told nothing of his last words to his friends. Arrived at the place of execution, he removed the upper part of his clothing—the red lacerna or cloak—and knelt down in prayer. Rising from his knees, he took off his dalmatic, and with a little assistance from his presbyter and sub-deacon stood ready for the executioner, to whom—the sign of perfect forgiveness—he ordered his friends to give twenty-five pieces of gold. Then he covered his eyes with his hands and bade the executioner to give the final stroke.

So perished the first martyr-bishop of Northern Africa—"the first in Africa," says Pontius, "to dye his priestly diadem in crimson, in that very city in which he had in such wise lived, and in which he had been the first to do many noble deeds, he also was the first to decorate the insignia of his heavenly priesthood with martyr blood."

"So," says the official report, "the blessed Cyprian suffered, and his body was laid out hard by to content the curiosity of the heathen. Thence it was removed by night, and, accompanied by tapers and torches, was conducted with prayers in great triumph to the burial-ground of Maorotius Candidianus the procurator, which lies in the Mappalian way near the fishponds. A few days later Galerius Maximus the proconsul died." "I have written the story of his martyrdom," said Pontius, "not that the life of so great a man can be unknown to any, even of heathen nations, but that to our posterity also this

incomparable and lofty pattern may be prolonged into immortal remembrance."

WOMEN MARTYRS

ST. PERPETUA AND ST. FELICITAS

THE story of the martyrdom of SS. Perpetua and Felicitas is one of the most moving of the early martyrs. A violent persecution being set on foot by the Emperor Severus in 202, it reached Africa the following year, when, by order of Minutius (or Firminianus) five catechumens were apprehended at Carthage for the Faith; namely, Revocatus and his fellow-slave Felicitas, Saturninus, Secundulus, and Vibia Perpetua. Perpetua had an infant at her breast, was of a good family, twenty-two years of age, and married to a person of quality in the city. These five martyrs were joined by Saturus, probably brother to Saturninus, who seems to have been their instructor; he underwent a voluntary imprisonment, because he would not abandon them. "The whole story of her martyrdom is told by herself, as she left it written, hand and conception being alike her own."

The Latin text is from Dean Armitage Robison and Knopf, and the following translation is by Rev. E. C. G. Owen, M.A., from "Authentic Acts of Early Martyrs." Perpetua wrote in Latin the following record of her visions and sufferings up to the day before her martyrdom. It was added to by Saturus, the priest who converted her and her companions, and he perished with them. An editor, generally believed to be Tertullian himself, added

the description of the final scenes, beginning on p. 26 of these extracts.

"When I was still," she says, "with my companions, and my father in his affection for me was endeavouring to upset me by arguments and overthrow my resolution, 'Father,' I said, 'do you see this vessel, for instance, lying here, waterpot or whatever it may be?' 'I see it,' he said. And I said to him, 'Can it be called any other name than what it is?' And he answered, 'No.' 'So also I cannot call myself anything else than what I am, a Christian.'

"Then my father, furious at the word 'Christian,' threw himself upon me as though to pluck out my eyes; but he was satisfied with annoying me; he was, in fact, vanquished, he and his devil's arguments. Then I thanked the Lord for being parted for a few days from my father, and was refreshed by his absence. During those few days we were baptised, and the Holy Spirit bade me make no other petition after the holy water, save for bodily endurance. A few days after we were lodged in prison; and I was in great fear, because I had never known such darkness. What a day of horror! Terrible heat, thanks to the crowds! Rough handling by the soldiers! To crown all, I was tormented there by anxiety for my baby. Then Tertius and Pomponius, those blessed deacons who were ministering to us, paid for us to be removed for a few hours to a better part of the prison and refresh ourselves. Then all went out of the prison and were left to themselves. (My baby was brought to me), and I suckled him, for he was already faint for want of food. I spoke anxiously to my mother on his behalf, and strengthened

my brother, and commended my son to their charge. I was pining because I saw them pine on my account. Such anxieties I suffered for many days; and I obtained leave for my baby to remain in the prison with me; and I at once recovered my health, and was relieved of my trouble and anxiety for my baby; and my prison suddenly became a palace to me, and I would rather have been there than anywhere else.

"Then my brother said to me: 'Lady sister, you are now in great honour, so great indeed that you may well pray for a vision and may well be shown whether suffering or release be in store for you.' And I, who knew myself to have speech of the Lord, for Whose sake I had gone through so much, gave confident promise in return, saying: 'Tomorrow I will bring you word.' And I made request, and this was shown me. I saw a brazen ladder of wondrous length reaching up to heaven, but so narrow that only one could ascend at once; and on the sides of the ladder were fastened all kinds of iron weapons. There were swords, lances, hooks, daggers, so that if any one went up carelessly or without looking upwards he was mangled and his flesh caught on the weapons. And just beneath the ladder was a dragon crouching of wondrous size who lay in wait for those going up and sought to frighten them from going up. Now Saturus went up first, who had given himself up for our sakes of his own accord, because our faith had been of his own building, and he had not been present when we were seized and he reached the top of the ladder, and turned, and said to me: 'Perpetua, I await you; but see that the dragon bite you not.' And I said: 'In the name of

Jesus Christ he will not hurt me.' And he put out his head gently, as if afraid of me, just at the foot of the ladder; and as though I were treading on the first step, I trod on his head. And I went up, and saw a vast expanse of garden, and in the midst a man sitting with white hair, in the dress of a shepherd, a tall man, milking sheep; and round about were many thousands clad in white. And he raised his head, and looked upon me, and said: 'You have well come, my child.' And he called me, and gave me a morsel of the milk which he was milking and I received it in my joined hands, and ate; and all they that stood around said: 'Amen.' And at the sound of the word I woke, still eating something sweet. And at once I told my brother, and we understood that we must suffer, and henceforward began to have no hope in this world.

"After a few days a rumour ran that we were to be examined. Moreover, my father arrived from the city, worn with trouble, and came up the hill to see me, that he might overthrow my resolution, saying: 'Daughter, pity my white hairs! Pity your father, if I am worthy to be called father by you; if with these hands I have brought you up to this your prime of life, if I have preferred you to all your brothers! Give me not over to reproach of men! Look upon your brothers, look upon your mother and your mother's sister, look upon your son who cannot live after you are gone! Lay aside your pride, do not ruin all of us, for none of us will ever speak freely again, if anything happen to you!' So spoke my father in his love for me, kissing my hands, and casting himself at my feet; and with tears called me by the name not of daughter

but of lady. And I grieved for my father's sake, because he alone of all my kindred would not have joy in my suffering. And I comforted him, saying: 'It shall happen on that platform as God shall choose; for know well that we lie not in our own power but in the power of God.' And full of sorrow he left me.

"On another day, when we were having our midday meal, we were suddenly hurried off to be examined; and we came to the market-place. Forthwith a rumour ran through the neighbouring parts of the market-place, and a vast crowd gathered. We went up on the platform. The others on being questioned confessed their faith. So it came to my turn. And there was my father with my child, and he drew me down from the step, beseeching me: 'Have pity on your baby.' And the procurator Hilarian, who had then received the power of life and death in the room of the late proconsul Minucius Timinianus, said to me: 'Spare your father's white hairs; spare the tender years of your child. Offer a sacrifice for the safety of the Emperors.' And I answered: 'No.' 'Are you a Christian!' said Hilarian. And I answered: 'I am.' And when my father persisted in trying to overthrow my resolution, he was ordered by Hilarian to be thrown down, and the judge struck him with his rod. And I was grieved for my father's plight, as if I had been struck myself, so did I grieve for the sorrow that had come on his old age. Then he passed sentence on the whole of us, and condemned us to the beasts; and in great joy we went down into the prison. Then because my baby was accustomed to take the breast from me and stay with me in prison, I sent at once

the deacon Pomponius to my father to ask for my baby. But my father refused to give him. And as God willed, neither had he any further wish for my breasts, nor did they become inflamed; that I might not be tortured by anxiety for the baby and pain in my breasts." Perpetua then relates more of her visions, and another writer, said to be Tertullian, adds: "Such are the famous visions of the blessed martyrs themselves, Saturus and Perpetua, which they wrote with their own hands.

"As for Felicitas indeed," his account proceeds, "she also was visited by the grace of God in this wise. Being eight months gone with child (for she was pregnant at the time of her arrest), as the day for the spectacle drew near she was in great sorrow for fear lest because of her pregnancy her martyrdom should be delayed, since it is against the law for women with child to be exposed for punishment, and lest she should shed her sacred and innocent blood among others afterwards who were malefactors. Her fellow-martyrs, too, were deeply grieved at the thought of leaving so good a comrade and fellow-traveller behind alone on the way to the same hope. So in one flood of common lamentation they poured forth a prayer to the Lord two days before the games. Immediately after the prayer her pains came upon her. And since, from the natural difficulty of an eight-months' labour, she suffered much in child-birth, one of the warders said to her: 'You who so suffer now, what will you do when you are flung to the beast which, when you refused to sacrifice, you despised?' And she answered: 'Now I suffer what I suffer: but then Another will be in me Who will suffer for me, because

I too am to suffer for Him.' So she gave birth to a girl, whom one of the sisters brought up as her own daughter.

"Since, therefore, the Holy Spirit has permitted, and by permitting willed, the story of the games themselves to be written, we cannot choose but carry out, however unworthy to supplement so glorious a history, the injunction, or rather sacred bequest, of the most holy Perpetua, adding at the same time one example of her steadfastness and loftiness of soul. When they were treated with unusual rigour by the commanding officer, because his fears were aroused through the warnings of certain foolish people that they might be carried off from prison by some magic spells, she challenged him to his face: 'Why do you not at least suffer us to refresh ourselves, "the most noble" among the condemned, belonging as we do to Cæsar and chosen to fight on his birthday? Or is it not to your credit that we should appear thereon in better trim?' The commanding officer trembled and blushed; and so ordered them to be used more kindly, giving her brothers and other persons leave to visit, that they might refresh themselves in their company. By this time the governor of the prison was himself a believer.

"The day of their victory dawned, and they proceeded from the prison to the amphitheatre, as if they were on their way to heaven, with gay and gracious looks; trembling, if at all, not with fear but joy. Perpetua followed with shining steps, as the true wife of Christ, as the darling of God, abashing with the high spirit in her eyes the gaze of all; Felicitas also, rejoicing that she had brought forth in safety that so she might fight the beasts, from

blood to blood, from midwife to gladiator, to find in her Second Baptism her child-birth washing. And when they were led within the gate, and were on the point of being forced to put on the dress, the men of the priests of Saturn, the women of those dedicated to Ceres, the noble Perpetua resisted steadfastly to the last. For she said 'Therefore we came to this issue of our own free will, that our liberty might not be violated; therefore we pledged our lives, that we might do no such thing: this was our pact with you.' Injustice acknowledged justice; the commanding officer gave permission that they should enter the arena in their ordinary dress as they were.

"For the young women the Devil made ready a mad heifer, an unusual animal selected for this reason, that he wished to match their sex with that of the beast. And so after being stripped and enclosed in nets they were brought into the arena. The people were horrified, beholding in the one a tender girl, in the other a woman fresh from child-birth, with milk dripping from her breasts. So they were recalled and dressed in tunics without girdles. Perpetua was tossed first, and fell on her loins. Sitting down she drew back her torn tunic from her side to cover her thighs, more mindful of her modesty than of her suffering. Then having asked for a pin she further fastened her disordered hair. For it was not seemly that a martyr should suffer with her hair dishevelled, lest she should seem to mourn in the hour of her glory. Then she rose, and seeing that Felicitas was bruised, approached, gave a hand to her, and lifted her up. And the two stood side by side, and the cruelty of the people now being appeased, they were recalled to the Gate of Life.

There Perpetua was supported by a certain Rusticus, then a catechumen, who kept close to her; and being roused from what seemed like sleep, so completely had she been in the Spirit and in ecstasy, began to look about her and said, to the amazement of all: 'When we are to be thrown to that heifer, I cannot tell.' When she heard what had already taken place, she refused to believe it till she had observed certain marks of ill-usage on her body and dress. Then she summoned her brother and spoke to him and the catechumen, saying: 'Stand ye all fast in the Faith, and love one another; and be not offended by our sufferings.' . . .

"And when tne people asked for them to be brought into the open, that, when the sword pierced their bodies, these might lend their eyes for partners in the murder, they rose unbidden and made their way whither the people willed, after first kissing one another, that they might perfect their martyrdom with the rite of the Pax. . . .

"Perpetua, however, that she might taste something of the pain, was struck on the bone and cried out, and herself guided to her throat the wavering hand of the young untried gladiator. Perhaps so great a woman, who was feared by the unclean spirit, could not otherwise be slain except she willed.

"O valiant and blessed martyrs! O truly called and chosen to the glory of Jesus Christ our Lord! He who magnifies, honours, and adores that glory should recite to the edification of the Church these examples also, not less precious at least than those of old; that so new instances of virtue may testify that one and the self-same Spirit is working to this day with the Father, God Almighty, and with His

Son, Jesus Christ our Lord, to Whom belong splendour and power immeasurable for ever and ever. Amen."

ST. BLANDINA

THE persecution of Blandina, the young slave girl, was during the "Ten Persecutions" under Marcus Aurelius. It took place in Lyons, A.D. 303. The story is told at some length in a letter of the "Brethren of France to the Brethren of Asia and Phrygia," as recorded by Eusebius.

The form of the letter is as follows:

"While we all feared, Blandina was endued with so much fortitude, that those who successfully tortured her from morning to night, were quite worn out with fatigue, and owned themselves conquered and exhausted of their whole apparatus of tortures, and were amazed to see her still breathing whilst her body was torn and laid open.

Blandina was next led to the wild beasts in the amphitheatre to be the common spectacle of Gentile inhumanity, sustaining, as she was led to the amphitheatre, the blows usually inflicted on those who were condemned to the wild beasts; she was exposed to be dragged and torn by the beasts, and to all the barbarities which the mad populace with shouts demanded, and above all, to the hot iron chair. Nor was this all.

"Blandina, suspended from a stake, was exposed as food to the wild beasts; she was seen suspended in the form of a cross and employed in vehement supplication. None of the beasts at that time touched

her; she was taken down from the stake and thrown again into prison and reserved for a future contest.

"On the last day of the spectacles, Blandina was again introduced with Ponticus, a youth of fifteen. They had been daily brought in to see the punishment of the rest. They were ordered to swear by the idols, and the mob perceiving them to persevere immovably, and to treat their menaces with superior contempt, were incensed. Their tortures were now aggravated by all sorts of methods, and the whole round of barbarities was inflicted; but menaces and punishments were equally ineffectual. Ponticus, animated by his sister, who was observed by the heathen to strengthen and confirm him, after a magnanimous exertion of patience, yielded up the ghost.

"And now the blessed Blandina, last of all, hastened to undergo the same herself, rejoicing and triumphing in her exit. After she had endured stripes, the tearing of the beasts, and the iron chair, she was enclosed in a net and thrown to a bull. Having been tossed some time by the animal, and proving quite superior to her pains, through the influence of hope, and the realising view of the objects of her faith and her fellowship with Christ, she at length breathed out her soul. Even her enemies confessed that no woman amongst them had ever suffered such and so great things."

STONED TO DEATH

ST. TELEMACHUS

By Lord Tennyson

[Honorius, who succeeded in A.D. 396 to the sovereignty over Europe, supprest the gladiatorial

combats practised of old in Rome, on occasion of the following event. There was one Telemachus, embracing the ascetic mode of life, who was setting out from the East and arriving at Rome for this very purpose, while that accursed spectacle was being performed, entered himself the circus, and descending into the arena, attempted to hold back those who wielded deadly weapons against each other. The spectators of the murderous fray, possest with the drunken glee of the demon who delights in such bloodshed, stoned to death the preacher of peace. The admirable Emperor learning this, put a stop to that evil exhibition.]

Had the fierce ashes of some fiery peak
Been hurl'd so high they ranged about the globe?
For day by day, thro' many a blood-red eve,
In that four-hundredth summer after Christ,
The wrathful sunset glared against a cross
Rear'd on the tumbled ruins of an old fane
No longer sacred to the Sun, and flamed
On one huge slope beyond, where in his cave
The man, whose pious hand had built the cross,
A man who never changed a word with men,
Fasted and pray'd, Telemachus the Saint.
Eve after eve that haggard anchorite
Would haunt the desolated fane, and there
Gaze at the ruin, often mutter low
"Vicisti Galilæe!"; louder again,
Spurning a shatter'd fragment of the God,
"Vicisti Galilæe!" but—when now
Bathed in that lurid crimson—ask'd "Is earth
On fire to the West? or is the Demon-god
Wroth at his fall?" and heard an answer, "Wake

Thou deedless dreamer, lazying out a life
Of self-suppression, not of selfless love."
And once a flight of shadowy fighters crost
The disk, and once, he thought, a shape with wings
Came sweeping by him, and pointed to the West,
And at his ear he heard a whisper, "Rome."
And in his heart he cried, "The call of God!"
And call'd, arose, and slowly plunging down
Thro' that disastrous glory, set his face
By waste and field and town of alien tongue,
Following a hundred sunsets, and the sphere
Of westward-wheeling stars; and every dawn
Struck from him his own shadow on to Rome.
Foot-sore, way-worn, at length he touch'd his goal,
The Christian city. All her splendour fail'd
To lure those eyes that only yearn'd to see,
Fleeting betwixt her column'd palace-walls,
The shape with wings. Anon, there past a crowd
With shameless laughter, Pagan oath, and jest,
Hard Romans brawling of their monstrous games;
He, all but deaf thro' age and weariness,
And muttering to himself, "The call of God"
And borne along by that full stream of men,
Like some old wreck on some indrawing sea,
Gain'd their huge Colosseum. The caged beast
Yell'd, as he yell'd of yore for Christian blood.
Three slaves were trailing a dead lion away,
One, a dead man. He stumbled in, and sat
Blinded; but when the momentary gloom,
Made by the noonday blaze without, had left
His aged eyes, he raised them, and beheld
A blood-red awning waver overhead,
The dust send up a steam of human blood,
The gladiators moving toward their fight,

And eighty thousand Christian faces watch
Man murder man. A sudden strength from heaven,
As some great shock may wake a palsied limb,
Turn'd him again to boy, for up he sprang,
And glided lightly down the stairs, and o'er
The barrier that divided beast from man
Slipt, and ran on, and flung himself between
The gladiatorial swords, and call'd "Forbear
In the great name of Him who died for men,
Christ Jesus!" For one moment afterward
A silence follow'd as of death, and then
A hiss as from a wilderness of snakes,
Then one deep roar as of a breaking sea,
And then a shower of stones that stoned him dead,
And then once more a silence as of death.
His dream became a deed that woke the world,
For while the frantic rabble in half-amaze
Stared at him dead, thro' all the nobler hearts
In that vast Oval ran a shudder of shame.
The Baths, the Forum gabbled of his death,
And preachers linger'd o'er his dying words,
Which would not die, but echo'd on to reach
Honorius, till he heard them, and decreed
That Rome no more should wallow in this old lust
Of Paganism, and make her festal hour
Dark with the blood of man who murder'd man.

BRITISH MARTYRS

SIR THOMAS MORE

THE City of London was the native place of Thomas More, who was born in Cheapside in 1478. He went to Oxford University, and later in

London was on intimate terms with Erasmus. He became Speaker of the House of Commons in 1523, and after Wolsey's fall became Lord Chancellor of England, resigning the Great Seal in protest of Henry VIII's action against the Pope. This led to his arrest in 1534 and beheading in the following year. He was a choice writer, his most famed work—written in Latin—being "Utopia," which was published in 1516, translated by Ralph Robynson.

The sunshine of royal favour had been enjoyed many years by Sir Thomas when he perceived a storm approaching.

He was fully convinced of the validity of the King's first marriage, nevertheless he dealt with His Majesty with so much prudence that no offence could be laid against him. He was sent abroad as Ambassador, and on the fall of Wolsey was made Lord Chancellor. He supported the dignity of his high station, gave large alms, and hired a house at Chelsea in which he supported several aged inhabitants, and in the same parish built a chapel where he loved to take part in the services.

The King meantime ceased not to press upon him the affair of his second marriage, saying that if Sir Thomas More were won over, it would do more for him than the assent of half his kingdom.

But after two years and a half, Sir Thomas resigned the seals of office lest he should seem to sanction the King's scheme.

In 1534, King Henry called upon Sir Thomas to take the new oath of succession, and on his refusal he was thrown into the Tower. He had been confined a whole month before even his

favourite daughter, Margaret Roper, could get leave to see him, nevertheless she found him as cheerful as ever. Among other things he said to her: "I believe, Megg, that they who have put me here think they have done me a high displeasure; but I assure thee, on my faith, my own good daughter, that if it had not been for my wife and you, my children, whom I account the chief part of my charge, I would not have failed long ere this to have closed myself in as strait a room as this, and straiter, too; now since I have come hither without mine own desert, I trust that God of His goodness will discharge me of my care, and with His gracious help, supply the want of my presence amongst you, and I find no cause, I thank God, to reckon myself here in worse case than in mine own house; for methinks God by this imprisonment setteth me upon His lap, and dandleth me, even as He hath done all His best friends, St. John Baptist, St. Peter, St. Paul, and all His holy Apostles, martyrs, and His most especial favourites, whose examples God make me worthy to imitate."

Henry was unable to make up his mind whether to let so illustrious an enemy live on, or to brand himself with shame for putting out so shining a light of the Christian world; he determined to put to death the Bishop of Rochester first, and see whether More afterwards could be made to change his opinion. Many of the chief nobles, including the Lord Chancellor, the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk, and others, went to see him for the purpose of winning him over; but they could not succeed in the slightest degree.

They entrusted the matter at last to Alice, his

wife, who was to persuade her husband not to give up herself, his children, his country, and his life, which he might still enjoy for many years to come. As she harped on this, More said to her: "And how long, my dear Alice, do you think I shall live?"

"If God will," she answered, "you may live for twenty years."

"Then," said Sir Thomas, "you would have me barter eternity for twenty years! You are not skilful at a bargain, my wife; if you had said twenty thousand years, you might have said something to the purpose, but even then, what is that to eternity?"

When it became clear that Sir Thomas was not to be shaken in his resolution, he was deprived of all his books. Thereupon he closed the windows of his prison and spent the whole of his time with God in holy meditation. He wrote two books during his imprisonment—one in English—"Comfort in Tribulation"; the other in Latin on the Passion of Christ. When he had written the story of the Passion as far as those words of the Gospel, "They laid hands on Jesus," hands were laid on him, and he was not allowed to add another word.

When he had been a prisoner more than twelve months, as he could not be prevailed upon to acknowledge the King's supremacy, he was tried in the Court of King's Bench. In the course of his trial he was asked what he thought of the law—enacted after his imprisonment—by which the whole authority of the Pope was set aside, and by which the supreme power over the Church was vested in the King, he replied that he did not know of any law of the kind.

A week elapsed before he was ordered for execu-

tion, all of which time he spent in preparing himself by prayer and meditation for his approaching end.

On July 5, 1535, he wrote with a coal to his daughter Margaret: "I cumber thee, daughter Margaret, very much, but I would be sorry that it should be any longer than to-morrow, for to-morrow is St. Thomas of Canterbury's eve, and the octave of St. Peter, and therefore to-morrow I go to God. It were a day very meet and convenient. I never liked your manner towards me better than when you kissed me last; for I like when daughterly love and dear charity have no leisure to look into worldly courtesie. Farewell, dear daughter, pray for me and I will pray for you, and all your friends, that we may meet together in Heaven."

About nine in the morning of the 6th of July, he was led to the scaffold. His beard was long, his countenance pale and thin, he bore a cross in his hands and seemed absorbed in prayer; on his way a poor woman ran out of a house and offered him a cup of wine; but Sir Thomas refused it, saying: 'Christ in His Passion drank no wine, but gall and vinegar."

The scaffold appearing to him not sufficiently strong, he therefore said to the Lieutenant in his usual lively manner: "I pray you, sir, see me safe up, and for my coming down, let me shift for myself."

When he had mounted the scaffold he requested the people to pray for him and to bear witness that he there died in, and for, the Faith. Then laying his head upon the block, he bade the executioner stay until he had removed his beard, saying, that that at least had never committed any treason. After

this his head was severed from his body by a single blow. Thus died the holy martyr, leaving no other inheritance to his children than his blessing, the remembrance of his virtues, and of his fair character.

BLESSED JOHN FISHER

AT BEVERLEY, Yorkshire, in 1459, John Fisher was born, and before becoming a student at Cambridge, spent his early years at the Collegiate of his native town.

In 1504, at the age of forty-nine, he became Bishop of Rochester. By his influence, during this period, Christchurch and St. John's Colleges were founded at Cambridge, and while he lived, had his friendship and support. To the latter he bequeathed his magnificent library. He was Catherine's defender in the divorce proceedings instigated by Henry VIII. This was the beginning of the end, and after dire persecution he was brought to the axe in 1535 at the Tower of London.

John Fisher was considered the most learned, pious, and inflexible of the English bishops, and Cardinal Pole regards him as the model of a perfect prelate. The time, however, came when his virtue and adherence to the Faith were imputed to him as crimes. The King, tired of his wife, and in love with Anne Boleyn, affected to have scruples about his marriage. Wolsey, from political motives, wished a divorce, and knew that if Fisher could be gained over, little opposition need be feared from the clergy. But the holy Bishop, being sent for, at once advised His Majesty with all speed to lay aside those thoughts:

"and for any peril," he added, "that may happen to your soul thereby, let the guilt rest on mine."

When, after long delay, the cause of divorce was before the Papal Legates' Court, as Queen Catherine's chief defender "there stood forth John Fisher, the knight not only of England, but of Christendom, to demonstrate that their marriage could not be dissolved by any power, Divine or human, he declared that for this opinion he was ready to lay down his life."

Fisher was equally outspoken in warning Parliament against those who sought not the *good* but the *goods* of the Church, in attacking the monasteries; and when the King claimed the supremacy of the Church, his firm and eloquent assertion of Peter's prerogative averted for the time the tame submission of convocation.

At last Henry determined to use violent measures to silence the good Bishop, and the affair of the holy Maid of Kent soon furnished a pretext. She had visited him, and this was sufficient to have his name inserted in the list of her associates, several of whom were sentenced to death, and others declared guilty of misprision of treason; among the latter the Bishop of Rochester: and although he fully exculpated himself in a letter to his Majesty, he was nevertheless obliged to pay a fine of £300.

After the King had espoused Anne Boleyn, and Cranmer had decreed his first marriage to be illegal, the Parliament to please him, passed an Act settling the succession to the Throne upon the issue of the present Queen Anne. For the better keeping of this act, an oath was framed and tendered, on the same day that Parliament broke up, to all the Lords

and Commons. No one objected to take this oath, except the Bishop of Rochester, who positively refused; and leaving London, retired to his palace in the country, where he had hardly resided four days, when he was cited by Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury, to appear at his palace at Lambeth.

He met at Lambeth Palace Sir Thomas More, who saluted him thus: "Well met, my Lord, I hope we shall meet in Heaven," to which the Bishop replied, "this should be the way, Sir Thomas, for it is a strait gate we are in."

When called before Cranmer and other commissioners, the Archbishop spoke to him of the facility with which every one had taken the oath except himself, of the offence the King had taken at his refusal, and intimated that his Majesty had desired the oath to be once more tendered to him, in presence of the commissioners assembled. After reading it, the prelate requested that time might be allowed him for consideration. After five days had expired he presented himself before the commissioners, and stated that he had perused the oath with as good deliberation as he could; but, as they had framed it, he could not with any safety to his conscience subscribe thereto, except altered in some particulars, whereby his own conscience might be the better satisfied, the King pleased, and his actions rather justified and warranted by law.

To this they all answered, "that the King would not in anywise permit that the oath should admit any exceptions, or alterations whatever."

The King sent the Lord Chancellor Audley, Secretary Cromwell, and others to the Bishop to inform him of the late Acts of Parliament and to demand

compliance with the Act of Supremacy. After each one had endeavoured to persuade the sick and feeble prelate, he thus answered them: "My Lords, you present before me a two-edged sword, for if I should answer you with a disacknowledgment of the King's supremacy, that would be my death: and if I should acknowledge the same, perhaps contrary to my conscience, that would be assuredly unto me worse than death; wherefore I make it my humble request unto you, that you would bear with my silence, for I shall not make any direct answer to it at all."

On the following day they ordered that Sir Thomas More should be brought before them in council, and when he appeared, they employed every means, both of persuasion and menace to prevail upon him to take the oath, but in vain, for Sir Thomas was inflexible. The lords, however, scrupled not to report that he had at length complied; the false news was quickly spread, and believed, and on the same day the Bishop of Rochester was sent for, and told that Sir Thomas had taken the oath, and had been restored to the King's favour. To this Fisher replied: "I now stand upon the same ground, upon my own legs, which formerly I stood upon."

About this time the Pope, Paul III, who had been informed of all that had passed, created John Fisher, on May 21, 1535, Cardinal, with the title of St. Vitalis.

The Bishop of Rochester had been imprisoned for upwards of twelve months, during which time he had been treated with the greatest severity, and had frequently been in want of food and raiment. The most insidious questions had been put to him, but

nothing had escaped him which could be construed into a treasonable expression, even by a stretch of the sanguinary laws which had lately been enacted. The King, however, was determined upon his death. A commission was drawn out, and a bill of indictment preferred against the Bishop, and presented on the 11th of June to the Commissioners at Westminster Hall. The Bishop was at this time too ill to be brought before them.

The sick prelate being somewhat recovered, was removed from the Tower on the 17th of June, although not without difficulty, and presented before the Commissioners at the Court of King's Bench, Westminster. Upon his appearance in the Court, he was ordered, by the name of John Fisher, to hold up his hand. The indictment was then read, to which he pleaded not guilty.

At the conclusion of his discourse he was reconducted to the Tower. The interval of four days which intervened between his trial and execution he devoted solely to prayer and inner preparation for his last passage.

Thus, while the blessed Bishop lay daily expecting the hour of his death, the King caused at last a writ of execution to be made and brought to the Lieutenant of the Tower; it was very late in the night, and the prisoner asleep, he was loath to disturb him for the rest of that time; and so in the morning (June 22, 1535), before five of the clock, he came to him in his chamber in the Bell Tower. Finding him yet asleep in his bed, he awaked him, showing him that he was come to him on a message from the King, and after saying that he should remember himself to be an old man, and that for

age he could not, by course of nature, live long; he told him at last that he was come to signify unto him that the King's pleasure was he should suffer death that forenoon.

"It is now about five," said the Lieutenant. "Well, then," said the Bishop, "let me, by your patience, sleep an hour or two, for I have slept very little this night: and yet to tell you the truth, not for any fear of death, I thank God, but by reason of my great infirmity and weakness."

"The King's pleasure is," said the Lieutenant, "that you should use as little speech as may be, especially anything touching his Majesty, whereby the people should have any cause to think of him or his proceedings otherwise than well."

"For that," answered the Bishop, "you shall see me order myself as, by God's grace, neither the King, nor any man else, shall have occasion to mislike of my words."

With which answer the Lieutenant departed.

The Sheriffs being ready for him, he was taken up again among certain of the Sheriff's men, with a new and much greater company of weapons than before, and carried to the scaffold on the Tower Hill. When he was come to the foot of the scaffold, they that carried him offered to help him up the stairs. But then he said: "Nay, masters, seeing I am come so far, let me alone, and ye shall see me shift for myself well enough"; and so went up the stairs without any help, so lively that it was a marvel to them that knew before of his debility and weakness. As he was mounting up the stairs, the southeast sun shone very light in his face, whereupon he said to himself these words, lifting up his hands:

"Come ye to him, and be enlightened, and your faces shall not be confounded."

By that time he was upon the scaffold; it was about ten o'clock when the executioner, being ready to do his office, kneeled down to him, as the fashion is, and asked him forgiveness. "I forgive thee," said he, "with all my heart, and I trust thou shalt see me overcome this storm lustily."

Then was his gown and tippet taken from him, and he stood in his doublet and hose, in sight of all the people, whereof was no small number assembled to see his execution. The executioner came and bound a handkerchief about his eyes: and so this holy Father, lifting up his hands and heart towards heaven, said a few prayers, which were not long, but fervent and devout; which being ended, he laid down his head on the middle of a little block, when the executioner, being ready with a sharp and heavy axe, cut asunder his slender neck at one blow.

In the evening the corpse was carried by two of the men who had guarded it into Barking churchyard, and thrown without ceremony into a grave which they had dug with their halberts; and on the following day his head was fixed upon a pole and set up upon London Bridge, where it remained fourteen days, and was then thrown into the river to make room for the head of Sir Thomas More. His body also was taken up and re-interred in the Tower.

LAST DAYS OF CRANMER

THOMAS CRANMER, Archbishop of Canterbury since 1532, lay in prison.

On the 14th February, 1556, Bonner and Thirlby were sent to degrade him for his non-appearance at Rome. He was clothed with all the episcopal robes, made of canvas, and then they were taken from him according to the ceremonial of degradation.

In all this the Archbishop was little concerned. He denied that the Pope had any authority over him, and appealed from his sentence to a free General Council. Many devices were made to influence him to recant, and both English and Spanish divines had conferences with him.

At last he recanted. He signed the submission demanded of him. None the less did the authorities adhere to the set purpose of burning him, though they carefully concealed their intentions.

On the morning of March 21, 1556, he was led out of prison and, preceded by the Mayor and Aldermen, with Spanish friars on either side of him, chanting penitential Psalms, they conducted him to St. Mary's Church, there to make his recantation in public. "The Archbishop, having already felt the fires that consume the soul, dreaded the less those that consume the body, and suspecting what his enemies meditated, made his resolve." He was placed on a platform before the pulpit, and there, in "the garments and ornaments" of an Archbishop, "only in mockery, for everything was of canvas and old clouts," sat the man who had, till lately, been the first subject in the realm. Dr. Cole preached the sermon, and at the end he exhorted the Archbishop to clear himself of all suspicion of heresy by making a public confession. To this Cranmer replied: "I will do it, and, that with good will."

He then rose up and addressed the vast concourse.

He declared his abhorrence of the Romish doctrines, and expressed his steadfast adherence to the Protestant faith. "And now," said he, "I come to the great thing that so much troubleth my conscience more than anything that ever I did or said in my whole life."

He then solemnly revoked his recantation, adding: "Forasmuch as my hand offended, writing contrary to my heart, my hand shall be first punished therefore; for when I come to the fire, it shall be first burned. And as for the Pope, I refuse him, as Christ's enemy and Antichrist, with all his false doctrines."

Hardly had he uttered the words when the Romanists, filled with fury, dragged him violently from the platform and hurried him off to the stake. It was already set up on the spot at Oxford where Ridley and Latimer had suffered in the previous year.

Cranmer quickly put off his garments and stood in his shroud, with his bare feet, a spectacle to move the heart of friend and foe—at once a penitent and a martyr.

As soon as the fire approached him, he stretched out his right arm, and thrust his hand into the flame, saying: "That unworthy right hand." The fierce flames now surrounded him, but he stood as unmoved as the stake to which he was chained. Raising his eyes towards Heaven, he breathed out the prayer of the first Christian martyr, Stephen: "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit"; and thus Thomas Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury, expired, and inscribed his name on the Martyrs' Roll. No Cathedral tablet

records his virtues: "His Martyrdom is his monument."

Sir James Mackintosh concludes his defence of Cranmer thus: Those who are not so certain of their own steadiness will consider the fate of Cranmer as perhaps the most memorable example in history of a soul which, though debased, preserved a heroic courage after the forfeiture of honour."

RIDLEY

NICHOLAS RIDLEY was Bishop of Rochester for two years and seven months. His early education was received at Newcastle. Thence he went to Cambridge, and became head of Pembroke Hall.

Ridley travelled on the Continent for three years to increase his knowledge, and thus made the acquaintance of some of the early Reformers, whose doctrine he afterwards espoused.

On Mary's accession to the throne, Ridley was one of the first upon whom the persecutors laid their hands and sent to prison—first in the Tower of London, and thence to Oxford, and with Archbishop Cranmer and Bishop Latimer confined in the common prison of Bocardo; but being separated from them, he was committed to custody in the house of Mr. Irish, Mayor of Oxford, where he was kept till the day of his martyrdom, from 1554 until October 16, 1555. He was cited, with Latimer, to appear before the Lords Commissioners at the Divinity School, Oxford.

Ridley was examined first, and afterwards Hugh

Latimer, Bishop of Worcester. After a lengthy examination, in which both Ridley and Latimer gave fearless and faultless replies, Ridley confessed that at one time he held the doctrines of the Church of Rome, but he now rejected them entirely wherein they differed from the Bible.

After the examination, the Bishop of Lincoln, President of the Commission, concluded in the following words:

"Master Ridley, I am sorry to see such stubbornness in you, that by no means you will be persuaded to acknowledge your errors, and receive the truth; but seeing it is so, because you will not suffer us to persist in the first, we must of necessity proceed to the other part of our commission. Therefore, I pray you, hearken to what I shall say."

And forthwith he read the sentence of condemnation.

Dr. Ridley was committed as a prisoner to the Mayor, Mr. Irish, till he should suffer death as appointed.

On the night before Ridley suffered, as he sat at supper, at the house of Mr. Irish, his custodian, he invited his hostess, and the rest at the table, to his marriage: "For," said he, "to-morrow I must be 'married'." And he was as merry as ever he had been before.

The place of execution chosen was on the north side of Oxford, in the ditch over against Balliol College. Dr. Ridley had on a black gown, furred and faced, such as he used to wear as Bishop. He walked to the stake between the Mayor and an Alderman. As he passed towards the Bocardo Prison,

he looked up to where Dr. Cranmer lay, hoping to see him at the window, and to speak to him.

Dr. Cranmer was engaged in a disputation with a Spanish friar, Soto, and his fellows, so that he could not see him, but Cranmer looked after them, and devoutly prayed to God to strengthen the faith and patience of Ridley and Latimer in their last painful passage.

Then, looking back, Dr. Ridley saw Latimer coming after, unto whom he said: "Oh, you are there?"

"Yes," said Latimer, "have after, as fast as I can." So he followed a little way off, until they came to the stake.

Dr. Ridley, entering the place first, earnestly holding up both his hands, looked steadfastly towards Heaven; then shortly after, seeing Latimer with a cheerful look, he ran to him and embraced him, saying: "Be of good heart, brother, for God will either assuage the fury of the flame, or else strengthen us to abide it."

He then went to the stake, and kneeling down, prayed with great fervour, while Latimer kneeled also, and prayed with like earnestness.

After this, Dr. Smith began his sermon to them on these words: "And though I give my body to be burned and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing." (I Cor., xiii, 3.)

Strange that this panegyric on love should have been so prostituted on this occasion.

At the conclusion of the sermon, Ridley said to Latimer: "Will you answer, or shall I?"

Latimer said: "Begin you first, I pray you."

"I will," said Ridley.

He then knelt, with Latimer, to Lord Williams, the Vice-Chancellor of Oxford, and said: "I beseech you, my lord, even for Christ's sake, that I may speak but two or three words." And while my lord bent his head to the Mayor and the other Commissioners, the bailiffs ran hastily to him and with their hands stopped his mouth.

Dr. Marshal said: "Master Ridley, if you will revoke your erroneous opinions, you shall not only have liberty to do so, but also your life."

"Not otherwise?" said Ridley.

"No," answered Marshal: "therefore, if you will not do so, there is no remedy; you must suffer your deserts."

"Well," said the martyr Bishop, "so long as the breath is in my body, I will never deny my Lord Christ and His known truth. God's will be done in me."

With that he rose, and said with a loud voice: "I commit our cause to Almighty God, who will indifferently judge all."

Then the smith took a chain of iron and placed it about their waists; and as he was knocking in the staples, Ridley took the chain in his hand, and looking aside to the smith, said: "Good fellow, knock it hard, for the flesh will have its course."

They then brought a lighted faggot, and laid it at Ridley's feet; upon which Latimer said: "Be of good comfort, Master Ridley, and play the man! We shall this day light such a candle, by God's grace, in England, as I trust never shall be put out."

Ridley was the longer to suffer, because the faggots were piled too high and so close to his body. He said: "Let the fire come to me, for I cannot

burn." A bag of gunpowder was put on the flames, and he expired at last, saying: "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit!"

Thus died Nicholas Ridley, once Bishop of Rochester.

CHAPTER II

HOMELAND HEROES OF THE FAITH

The Founder of Sunday Schools — Robert Raikes

The Pioneer of the Scottish Free Church— Thomas Chalmers

The Liberator of Conscience—Thomas Guthrie

Fighting the Social Evil—Josephine Butler

Building the City of God—Father Dolling

Prisons and the Golden Rule—John Howard

CHAPTER II

THE FOUNDER OF SUNDAY SCHOOLS

ROBERT RAIKES

IN THE Cathedral city of Gloucester, Robert Raikes was born in 1735, and, as his father, became a journalist and newspaper proprietor. It was in 1780 that Raikes was the first to make Sunday Schools general, but his ameliorative service began twelve years earlier among the prisoners of the county gaol. In this he antedated John Howard. Raikes turned a rarity into a universal system—he founded the Sunday-school system local and made it national. A long and useful life closed in 1811, in the seventy-fifth year of his age.

Nearly thirty years after the establishment of Raikes's first school there came to visit him in his retirement one Lancaster, a young Quaker. At that time the founder of Sunday Schools was seventy-two years of age, and past active work, but he still took a lively interest in his much-loved institution. Many were Lancaster's inquiries respecting the origin of Sunday Schools, and an interesting account has been preserved of one of Raikes's replies. Leaning on the arm of his visitor the old man led him through the thoroughfares of Gloucester to the spot in a back street where the first school was held. "Pause here," said the old man, uncovering his head and closing his eyes. Then turning towards his friend he said: "This is the spot on which I stood

when I saw the destitution of the children and the desecration of the Sabbath day by the inhabitants of the city. As I asked: 'Can nothing be done?' a voice answered, 'Try.' I did try, and see what God has wrought. I can never pass by the spot where the word 'try' came so powerfully into my mind without lifting up my hands and heart to Heaven in gratitude to God for having put such a thought into my heart."

Years before Raikes commenced his work, the notion of Sunday instruction had presented itself to several philanthropic individuals in various parts of the country and was, in isolated cases, put into practice. Raikes developed, coordinated and established Sunday Schools as a national system.

It was at the house of a Mr. King, in St. Catherine Street, that the first Gloucester Sunday School was started, in the month of July, 1780. Mr. King was at that time steward to Mr. Pitt, who represented Gloucester in Parliament for some years. Prior to the establishment of the school, Mr. Raikes and the Rev. T. Stock went to Mr. King's house, and engaged the services of Mrs. King as the first teacher, at a salary of 1s. 6d. per Sunday, of which sum Mr. Raikes contributed a shilling and Mr. Stock six-pence. Mrs. King taught for three years, and when she died her husband undertook the office of teacher, and retained it for many years.

It was not till November 3, 1783, or more than three years after the commencement of his first school, that Raikes made the Sunday-school system public in the columns of his newspaper. He did so without any mention of his own name, and without in any way attempting to claim credit for his share

in the movement. Considering the part which he had taken in the establishment of Sunday Schools, he could scarcely have announced the scheme in more modest terms than he did.

One speedy result of the spread of the institution was the almost total suppression of Sunday revels and wakes throughout the country. This, doubtless, was one of the circumstances which induced the Gloucestershire magistrates, at the Easter Quarter Sessions of 1786, to pass a unanimous vote to the effect that: "the benefit of Sunday Schools to the morals of the rising generation is too evident not to merit the recognition of this Bench and the thanks of the community to the gentlemen instrumental in promoting them." Some of the county magistrates materially aided the new institution by handing over to the funds of the Sunday Schools all fees which they received on occasion when they acted as their own clerks. The Bishop of Gloucester also gave the movement the benefit of his official sanction.

Queen Charlotte took a lively interest in Sunday Schools and conferred as to starting one in Windsor. Shortly afterwards the King himself visited the Schools of Industry at Brentford.

One of the greatest hindrances to the progress of the Sunday-school system was the expense of hiring teachers, whom it was the custom to pay from one shilling to two shillings each per Sunday for their services. From 1786 to 1800, the Society for the Establishment of Sunday Schools expended no less than £4,000 in the payment of teachers. It was probably owing to the difficulty of finding funds for this purpose that even in Gloucester itself, about thirty years after their institution, Sunday Schools

seem to have received a temporary check. It has been asserted that for a time all the schools in the city were closed; but the inaccuracy of this statement is shown by the records that still exist of the consecutive anniversaries of the school in St. Mary de Crypt parish, which was peculiarly Raikes's own. There can, however, be no doubt that the work received an immense impetus from the introduction of gratuitous teaching.

The idea of conducting Sunday School by unpaid teachers is said to have originated in a meeting of zealous Wesleyan office-bearers, one of whom, while the others were lamenting their inability to hire teachers for want of funds, said: "Let us do the work ourselves."

Wesley records that as early as 1785 the masters in the school at Bolton gave their services gratuitously, and a few years later the same practice became general in Stockport. Every succeeding year added to the number of unpaid teachers, the Nonconformist churches being especially ready to recognise the advantages of voluntary Sunday-school labour. By degrees paid teachers were entirely superseded, and gratuitous instruction became the universal rule.

The formation of the Sunday-School Union in 1803 gave an immense impetus to the extension of the Sunday-school system. Under the auspices of the Union and at the suggestion of Mr. James Montgomery, the poet, a Sunday-school jubilee was celebrated on the 14th of September, 1831, the anniversary of Robert Raikes's birthday. Mr. Montgomery wrote two hymns, and Mrs. Gilbert a third, which, with a portrait of Mr. Raikes, were engraved on steel for use at the jubilee gatherings. Medals

were also struck in commemoration of the occasion, bearing the inscription, "Robert Raikes, Esq., Founder of Sunday Schools, born at Gloucester, September 14, 1735"; and in 1880 a monument was erected on the Thames Embankment, London, subscribed by Sunday-school scholars throughout Great Britain, to commemorate the centenary of his death. For a fuller account the reader is referred to "Robert Raikes," by Mr. A. Gregory, published in 1893 by Hodder & Stoughton, from which the above is taken.

THE PIONEER OF THE SCOTTISH FREE CHURCH

THOMAS CHALMERS

THOMAS CHALMERS was born in Anstruther, Fife. He was the sixth child of a large family of fourteen, and at the early age of twelve was sent to the University of St. Andrews. At nineteen years of age he was licensed to preach. At the Disruption he took his stand for freedom of religious expression, and at the head of 470 other members formed the Free Church, of which he was the first Moderator. In 1802, he was minister at Kilmeny, then at Tron Church, Glasgow. 1823 saw him in a professional chair at St. Andrews, and 1828 as professor of theology at Edinburgh. He remained Principal of the Theological College till his death in 1847.

Early in life Chalmers's sermons assumed the style of glowing and cumulative eloquence for which they were afterwards so well known. He took every opportunity that offered of contributing to the peri-

odical literature of his profession. How came it that with all this incessant energy of a man now approaching his thirtieth year he at that time gave no signs of attaining the boundless influence over others which he was very soon to exercise? There was an ardent and straightforward energy about everything he took up which was quite characteristic. But what his life lacked was—a centre. Various deaths and his own illness for six months brought him to realise that a scholarly life was not all.

Chalmers had since his student days no speculative difficulties as to the truth of Christianity. His concern with religion was as a motive power—as a propulsive and regulating force for the new life he felt called upon to lead. His University chair of theology he resigned at the disruption of the Church in 1843, but he was at once appointed Principal and Professor of Theology in the Free Church College of Edinburgh, and he held that central office till his death. He was thus for twenty-three years a teacher of academic science, moral and divine.

The first great experiment which was made by Dr. Chalmers was the attempt to solve a secular problem—not a religious or ecclesiastical one. It was the question of pauperism, and to it he for a time almost devoted himself. He had come to Glasgow in 1815 to be a minister of the Tron Church, but in 1819 he was transferred to the new church of St. John's; the parish of which was handed over as a fresh field in which to work out his great theory —that throughout Scotland the Church should support the whole destitute poor; and that the parish of St. John's should lead the way by supporting the whole poor of the parish, the cost of whose pauper-

ism averaged £1,400 annually, by voluntary contributions at the church doors.

Under convictions like these, various in their origin but convergent in their tendency, Chalmers built in his own mind a charitable Utopia for Scotland. And his experiment was a wonderful success. At the end of four years not only had the expense during these years of all they had undertaken been defrayed, not only had an additional burden of £90 a year, in respect of the hospital patients of the parish been assumed, but there was a surplus of £900 in hand; while their previous expenditure of £1,400 per annum was now reduced to £280. It was done with a vast expenditure of personal energy and discriminating care—with a care by which every application was sifted and every deserving applicant was personally relieved. But it was done, and Chalmers looked up with the hope that what was done in St. John's might be repeated in every parish first in Glasgow and then throughout Scotland. The dream, however, was not realised.

The next chapter in Dr. Chalmers's life, which in one view, indeed, occupied it till its close, was that devoted to the important work of Church extension. As early as 1817, Dr. Chalmers had urged that Glasgow should not be content without the erection of twenty new parochial churches. Now, in 1834, when Chalmers, after a few years' unsatisfactory residence in St. Andrews, had come as professor to Edinburgh, his Glasgow friends put the proposal into practical form, and the result was that by the year 1841 the twentieth Church was completed. But the same year, 1834, which, for the first time, gave Dr. Chalmers and the Evangelical party a

majority in the General Assembly, was the origin of the great Church Extension movement not in Glasgow alone.

So, amid the glow of a new day rising over Scotland, the enterprise was begun. When Chalmers laid down his office in the year 1841, two hundred and twenty-two churches had already been added by the voluntary liberality of the Church of Scotland to the roll of its charges.

Long before that day, however, Dr. Chalmers had entered upon the next great epoch of his career—that in which he became the champion of his Church in the constitutional conflict between it and the courts of law down to the year 1843. It was a branch of the great question of the rights and relations of the Church and the State—the freedom of the Church in things spiritual from the control of the State.

It was a grey and cloudy afternoon on the ridge of the new town of Edinburgh, where masses of spectators gathered in breathless expectation round the tall spire of St. Andrew's Church. Suddenly the doors seemed to be broken open, and a roar of acclamation rent the air as the ex-Moderator in his robes, and by his side the venerable face of Chalmers, were seen to appear. And following these two came the leaders of the Evangelical revival in the Church of Scotland from Highlands and Lowlands alike.

One by one the ministers then in Edinburgh, who had resolved to cast in their lot with the Church, fell into the moving line. But after them marched a train of young men, the "licentiates" or candidates. Yet still the line increased, swollen now

by the accession of many laymen, upon whom the Presbyterian constitution imposes the duty of ruling the Church and the honour of bearing its burdens; until at last the procession became a quarter of a mile long. And before even the head of the column had reached its destination the news had spread through Edinburgh. Lord Jeffrey was sitting far away in his room when someone burst in with the words: "Four hundred of them are out!" Springing to his feet, the old judge exclaimed: "I am proud of my country—there is not another upon earth where such a deed could have been done!"

But by this time it was done in truth. More than one-half of the Members of Assembly; so many as four hundred and seventy ministers at last separated from the State, and surrendered to it their parishes and life interests, while protesting that they and their people still constituted the Free Church of Scotland. But the first thing which the first Assembly of that Free Church did, was to call upon Dr. Chalmers to act as its President or Moderator. Three thousand men rose to their feet as he took the chair on that gloomy afternoon.

In November, 1842, Dr. Chalmers unfolded to a celebrated assembly called "The Convocation," held in view of the Disruption of the following year, "no bare unfinished outline," but a complete and detailed account of that system of financial operation which was adopted afterwards without a single alteration in any of its provisions. He founded his proposal on what he called the "mighty power of littles" when they flow from permanent Christian feeling, and pointed out that the annual £100,000

he demanded would be met by "a penny a week from each family of our Scottish population."

It needed all his genius and all his faith. It was not only that he invited poor and rich congregations alike to look henceforward not on their own things but on the things of others, and to throw in their means, small or great, into one purse: it was that he called upon them to do this in the midst of exceptional difficulties and extraordinary hardships. Each of those congregations was homeless, and some of them, to whom sites to build on were refused, had to worship that winter and even for years after in the open air. The ministers had left the manses, and not incomes only, but dwellings had to be provided for them. All the parish schoolmasters, all the professors of the universities, and all the preachers or candidates who adhered to the outgoing Church, and the whole of the foreign missionaries, without exception, were left penniless, and had to be immediately provided for. Even Chalmers's new churches, built during the previous ten years by the liberality of the Church itself, were taken away and their places, too, had to be supplied.

Yet in the midst of this scene of desolation the building of the house began, and its success astonished all except the wisely enthusiastic old man who sat at the centre. The money, he soon reported, "has come in upon us like a set rain at the rate of £1,000 a day." In the year of his death the whole contributions of his Church were only £270,000 a year, but before its half-century was out they had become four hundred thousand, and since 1880 they have exceeded the six hundred thousand.

THE LIBERATOR OF CONSCIENCE

THOMAS GUTHRIE

MINISTER of the historic old Greyfriars Church, Edinburgh, and then for more than twenty years of Free St. John's, Edinburgh, Dr. Thomas Guthrie was one of the most eloquent preachers of his day, as well as possessing great literary gifts. But as will be seen, he did not merely talk of deeds—he did them. His work during the typhus visitation is worthy of the Scroll of Honour. Shortly after the Disruption he raised £100,000, which was devoted to Manses for Free Church Ministers, and it was through his famous "plea" that the movement which resulted in the establishment of Ragged Schools received strong stimulus. Born in 1803, he exactly fulfilled the Scriptural "three score years and ten," for he died in 1873.

In 1834, typhus fever became epidemic in Arbirlot. Its mortality was dreadful. In one considerable hamlet there was not a house in which there was not, or had not been, a dead body; and the panic was such as to loosen the ordinary bonds of brotherhood and humanity. Dr. Guthrie writes: "I remember a cottage where I found the father, mother, and two children, all under the fever—one child convalescent—and none to attend on them but a little girl, one of the daughters, about ten years old. No neighbour would enter the house; not even the man's own brother, nor any member of his family, though they lived next door. I had myself to minister to their necessities.

"Trusting in God, and feeling that I was in the way of duty, I went everywhere, and never had any apprehensions for myself but once, when I found myself in the inner or ben end of a cottage—a small room without a fireplace, or any proper means of ventilation—which two beds filled up, leaving an open space of some few feet only between. On the floor lay two boys, stricken down by the fever; while the beds were occupied, the one by the father, the other by the mother, both not only quite unconscious, but in the last stage of the disease, in *articulo mortis*. We laid them a few days afterwards in one grave.

"A woman came one day to ask me to visit a man who had been struck down by a horse. He lived in the west side of the Castle Wynd, and though that was not my parish I agreed to go. After climbing three or four foul stairs, I found myself in a room amid much wretchedness. Here stood two very humble beds; in one lay a woman, in whose yellow skin and glazed eyes I saw at once a very bad case of typhus fever. The man might be in the other bed, so I turned to it, and there lay another woman, still worse of the same deadly malady, for she was comatose, unconscious. On expressing my astonishment at this, I was told that the man I was brought to see as knocked down by a horse lay in a closet to which a woman pointed, and on passing in there I found a man knocked down indeed, not by a horse, but by the same fever. I found that a woman had been carried out of that room the previous day to the infirmary, and another the day before that to the grave.

"With no small indignation at this trick, I administered a sharp rebuke to the persons who had

brought me there by a lie, with the object of obtaining money they would soon turn into drink. On leaving I was discovered from the other side of the street by an eminent minister belonging to our party. We were in the thick of the great Church fight that issued in the Disruption. He eagerly asked the news of our affairs. I had no right to expose him to danger, so I said at once: 'My good sir, I am not very canny just now.'

" 'How,' he replied; 'have you been seeing any case of typhus fever?'

" 'Never saw a worse,' was my answer; at which, leaving the Church to her fate, and amusing me so as to forget all my own peril, he went off like the shot of a gun!

"In the sweet and picturesque dell through which the Elliott runs, stood two or three cottages, one of which was inhabited by an old woman with limbs so paralysed that she could not move a foot. She had a daughter who, for her own and her father's support, wrought in a flax mill. It was her practice before she went to her work in the mill, to heap up the flax refuse in the wide open fireplace, and having lighted it, to seat her mother down in a chair before this smouldering, slow-going fire. There, with the Bible or knitting-needles in her hands, she sat warm, snug, and comfortable till the meal hours brought her daughter home.

"One day I set off to visit—as I often did—this worthy old lady; I felt a strange impulse to visit her that day. On my way down the lonely dell I met an acquaintance with whom I had something interesting to discuss; but in the midst of our talk he broke off abruptly, under a strange and inexplicable

feeling that I should go at once to make out my visit.

"I wondered at this; but ceased to do so when I opened the door of the cottage and stood for a moment rooted to the spot by the sight which met my eyes. The biggin of flax refuse had been undermined by the fire, and becoming top-heavy had fallen forward in a burning mass on the hearthstone and all around the chair in which the old woman was seated. The flames had made their way to her feet: and there she was sitting, pale as a ghost, unable to move a limb, gazing on death creeping forward towards her in that appalling form! A minute more and the fire had seized her clothes, and she had been burned to a cinder. One bound carried me to her side, and, removing her out of the fiery circle, we joined together in praising God for her marvellous preservation, believing more firmly than ever in a special providence: for how else was I to account for the strong impulse which I felt to break my usual routine that day?"

An interdict was served on Mr. Guthrie, while at Keith. "In going to preach at Strathbogie," we use his own words, "I was met by an interdict from the Court of Session—an interdict to which as regards civil matters, I gave implicit obedience. On the Lord's Day, when I was preparing for Divine service, in came a servant of the law, and handed me an interdict. I told him he had done his duty, and I would do mine. The interdict forbade me, under penalty of the Calton Hill jail, to preach the Gospel in the parish churches of Strathbogie. I said: 'The parish churches are stone and lime, and belong to the State; I will not intrude there.' It forbade me

to preach the Gospel in the school-house. I said: 'The school-houses are stone and lime and belong to the State; I will not intrude there.' It forbade me to preach in the churchyard, and I said: 'The dust of the dead is the State's, and I will not intrude there.' But when these Lords of Session forbade me to preach my Master's blessed Gospel, and offer salvation to sinners everywhere in that district under the arch of heaven, I put the interdict under my feet and I preached the Gospel.

"My first interest," said Mr. Guthrie, "in the cause of Ragged Schools was awakened by a picture which I saw in Ansthuther, on the shores of the Firth of Forth. It represented a cobbler's room; he was there himself, spectacles on nose, an old shoe between his knees; that massive forehead and firm mouth indicating great determination of character: and from beneath his bushy eyebrows benevolence gleamed out on a group of poor children, some sitting, some standing, but all busy at their lessons around him. Interested by this scene, we turned from the picture to the inscription below; and with growing wonder read how this man, by name John Pounds, by trade a cobbler, in Portsmouth, had taken pity on the ragged children, whom ministers and magistrates, ladies and gentlemen, were leaving to run wild, and go to ruin on their streets; how, like a good shepherd, he had gone forth to gather in these outcasts; how he had trained them up in virtue and knowledge, and how, looking for no fame, no recompense from man, he, single-handed, while earning his daily bread by the sweat of his face, had, ere he died, rescued from ruin and saved to society, no fewer than five hundred children.

"I confess that I felt humbled. I felt ashamed of myself. I well remembr saying to my companion, in the enthusiasm of the moment, and in my calmer and cooler hours I have seen no reason for unsaying it: 'That man is an honour to humanity. He has deserved the tallest monument ever raised on British shores!' "

One of the happiest evenings of an unusually happy life was spent by Guthrie in December, 1856, when giving a party to old scholars of the Ragged Schools:

"The hour of reception had arrived. The tread and shuffling of many feet rose on the stairs. The living stream set in, in a constant succession of sober, well-to-do young men and women. Wives, once Ragged School girls, were there with blushes and honest pride, introducing their husbands to me, and husbands, once Ragged School boys, their wives. There they were, all well dressed, without a rag on their backs or a trace of wretchedness in their bright and happy faces; self-supporting, upright; earning by honest industry, good wages as skilled workmen, shopmen or clerks.

"It was a marvellous sight! I was ready to ask: 'Are those my Ragged School children? The Lord hath done great things for us whereof we are glad.' They were a hundred and fifty in all. What happy faces theirs were! We lingered over the scene. Nor could I look on that gathering of young men and women, so respectably clad, and wearing such an air of decency and think what, but for the Ragged School, they would have been—without tears of joy, gratitude to God, welling up to the eyes. It was a sight worth living for. It was our Harvest Home.

Our joy was according to the joy of the harvest, and as men rejoice when they divide the spoil. Such are Ragged Schools! Trees of life; let them be planted in every city; their leaves are for the healing of the people."

FIGHTING THE SOCIAL EVIL

JOSEPHINE BUTLER

MRS. BUTLER, who dedicated her days to fighting the vice question, was the daughter of John Grey of Dilston; she was born on April 13, 1828, and married in 1852, George Butler of Durham University, an intimate friend of Froude. Owing to her efforts on behalf of fallen womanhood, she was invited in 1869 by a group of medical men to extend her activities. But reference can be made here to one aspect only of her labours.

In the summer of 1864, Mrs. Butler, who had just returned home after an absence of three weeks, stood in the hall of her house in Cheltenham, waiting to greet her only daughter. Her name was Evangeline. Full of joyous life on the day in question, eager to kiss her mother, she hurried from her room, leaned over the balustrade, lost her balance and fell. There was one shuddering cry; the next moment the child lay crushed and dying on the marble floor.

For a time, to Mrs. Butler it must have seemed ages, there was the bitter intensity of despair; the burden became unbearable. She rose and fled along the streets, seeking refuge in the house of an aged and saintly woman who had been trained as a

Quakeress, there to pour out the desolation of her soul. The lady listened patiently, and then, laying her pale, thin hand on Mrs. Butler's bowed head, said: "God hath taken to Himself her whom thou lovedst; but there are many forlorn young hearts who need that mother's love flowing from thine. Go to— Street, No. —, and knock."

Mrs. Butler obeyed. It was a refuge where Mrs. — had sheltered forty lost girls. She had become too infirm to visit them. Mrs. Butler took up the work; and from that day, in ever-increasing and extending fields, she laboured for the "forlorn young hearts" who needed a mother's love.

Of the work Mrs. Butler did in Liverpool she was once forced to speak by one of the innumerable insults and calumnies which were heaped upon her by those who resented, almost as a personal affront, the assertion of the principle that no woman could fall so low as to deprive her of the sanctity of her womanhood and her rights to her person. She replied:

"I know that when I speak (driven by traducers to speak, though reluctantly) of what I myself have done, I am only recording what other ladies have done with yet greater devotion. I have but one little spare bedroom in my house. Into that little room I have received, with my husband's joyful consent, one after another of these my fallen sisters; we have given to them in the hour of trouble, sickness and death, the best that our house could afford, and requested friends of higher rank who visited us to go to a neighbouring hotel. In that little room I have nursed poor outcasts filled with disease, and

have loved them as if they had been my own sisters. Many have died in my arms.

"We afterwards hired a little house into which we received others who came.

"It is not only the lowest and poorest to whom we have willingly ministered of our best; but we have received into our houses and tried to restore again to hope and to society many a cast-off mistress of men of fashion, and many a despairing mother of a bastard child, ignored and forsaken by her father. . . ."

Among other prominent qualifications, Mrs. Butler possessed one outside herself without which she could have done nothing. That was a home of perfect peace, centring round one of the purest and noblest of men. Quiet, unobtrusive, industrious, faithful, patient, loyal friend and devoted husband, he was great enough in soul to rejoice in the surrender of his wife to her painful mission, and warm enough in heart to sustain her with unfailing love and trust when all the world was abusing her and deriding him. It was no light sacrifice.

One instance of her love for the fallen must be given. Let it be from Mrs. Butler herself:

"A poor repentant girl said to me one day: 'Shall I tell you the first thing that softened my hard heart, which had withstood all the prayers and all the preaching? It was that day you came into the ward to my bed, and stroked my hair with your hand, and kissed my forehead again and again. I did not speak to you; but I wept all that night, and thought, "Oh, if I could be loved once with a pure love before I die!" ' "

BUILDING THE CITY OF GOD

FATHER DOLLING

FATHER DOLLING was born in 1851, and after college was drawn to his life's work among the "submerged tenth," which claimed him, and held him, and in its service he died in 1902.

Robert Dolling's earlier work was more directly individual than perhaps later. He was not, as afterwards, a clergyman with the care of a parish organization, and he had an extraordinary capacity for getting hold of cases which a clergyman under ordinary circumstances can hardly ever reach. Out of the moral and physical wreckage of London many a one—once a poor creature broken in soul and body and fit only for a plunge into the river—blesses God to-day that He led his despairing footsteps across the path of "Brother Bob."

When at Borough Road, frequently on Sundays, Dolling had parties of poor boys—street scavengers, shoeblacks, newspaper sellers, and rough boys of that class. His method was generally to have the copper fire lit, make them strip and have a good bath (he very frequently provided them with new underclothes), gave them a good tea, and sent them away at least clean and well fed.

One Christmas, in particular, a party he had ate so heartily of the good dinner that they could find no room for the Christmas pudding; so presently the unusual spectacle was seen of a stout gentleman, followed by about twenty boys, running about six times

round the squares. Then they came back and finished the pudding.

There are many touching and well-verified stories. One which must be recorded comes from the direct testimony of one of Bob's sisters, Miss Adelaide Dolling, who was the actual nurse in question.

A poor labourer lay dying in a London hospital. The nurse who attended him having hinted to him that he had but a few hours to live, asked if there was anyone whom he would specially wish to see. He replied that he had known nothing of any of his relatives for some time past, and that the only friend he had "was a chap they call 'Brother Bob.'" He added: "He was very good to me, and I want so much to see him; but I don't know where he is now."

In an hour or so Dolling was at his side, and shortly after the poor fellow died happily in the arms of his friend.

A clergyman's widow has told how:

"My husband was in great distress, and, although we were entirely strangers to Father Dolling, directly he heard of it he sent instant relief. He also made a most wonderful offer to my husband, who was seriously ill at the time, and had been ordered to go a more genial climate. Father Dolling offered him, free of rent, a beautiful house in the Isle of Wight, and sent a cheque for £6 to cover traveling expenses. My husband lived only for six weeks, and after his death I received the enclosed letter. Mr. Dolling's sympathy and goodness saved me from despair." . . . This is the letter referred to:

"I am very sorry about your dear husband, and yet

I bless God for it. He is saved from more pain, and the end was quiet and peaceful. I am sure you will be in difficulties about money. Please accept this from me. God strengthen and bless you!

"Yours very faithfully.

"R. R. Dolling."

"Once, when I was residing at the opposite side of the Harbour," an old friend of Dolling's has recorded, "I had to telegraph to him to say that my little son, an infant, was not likely to survive the night. Presently the dear man appeared at the front door, his head enveloped in a shawl, and his hat in his hand. It appeared that he was ill in bed when my telegram arrived, and, although suffering from an abscess in the jaw, he had got up and crossed Portsmouth Harbour in an open boat in order to baptize the little one."

To great numbers of soldiers Dolling was rather the kindly brother (the "Brother Bob" of his earlier days) than the "Father Dolling" of S. Agatha's. He was their old and dear friend. Yet, in some real way, they also felt—if they had any touch of respect for things unseen—that he was Christ's minister as well. There was seldom a time at which spurs were not heard clanking up and down the stairs of the parsonage. Perhaps, if some good lady came to talk to Father Dolling about a case she was interested in, or about some family trouble, she would find him taking a hasty half-hour's relaxation, sitting in his study smoking, with two or three of his soldier boys on furlough, part of which they were spending under the parsonage's hospitable roof. The Father would put down his cigar and say to some tall

Dragoon or Guardsman: "Now, sonny, I want to talk to this lady. Put on your cap and take a walk down the Commercial Road, and if you are in to tea I will take you and some of the gymnasium fellows to the theatre."

With a pleasantly natural: "Yes, Father; all right," the six-foot "boy" would adjust his cap smartly and depart for his walk, while Father Dolling would be plunged into the mysteries of a case of conscience of an intricate type, his cigar laid aside, his biretta retained.

Besides workers, buildings were required in order to enable Father Dolling to carry through his plans for the Landport mission. He addressed to Wykehamists and all other supporters of S. Agatha's Mission, on the very eve of the opening of the great basilican church on October 27, 1895, a letter:

"On the threshold of a great departure like the new church it is well to count up the milestones on the road we have travelled together, Wykehamists and I, for the last nine years.

"Milestone I. Our great gymnasium, costing over £2,000, is the centre of the magnificent work of reformation, in body at any rate, of many hundreds of Landport lads. Here they first learn discipline, order and self-respect. From it have gone out soldiers, sailors, emigrants without number. It is the centre, too, of all our social work, where every week eighty or a hundred boys and girls learn to dance together, to talk together, to know each other without embarrassment, without giggling, and with that mutual respect without which, as you will readily conceive, the thing might be a danger instead of a blessing.

"Milestone II. The large room in Chance Street, costing over £700, witnesses the mothers' meeting, which brings into lives, sordid and monotonous beyond conception, a little light and hopefulness and change; where two hundred children and twenty old people are fed twice a week. Here many of the trade and beneficial societies meet, and on disengaged nights the very roughest of our lads are here first got into hand. It is a work that more ebbs than flows, and yet leaves something better than wreckage on the shore of self-respect.

"Milestone III. Miss Dolling's house, costing over £500, has diffused an atmosphere of true compassion and understanding over the whole parish, winning the love and confidence of girls and women without number, extracting from the very roughest and most degraded traits of self-sacrifice and devotion. Many a poor drunkard and sinner sits there clothed in her right mind. It is this influence which has tended so wonderfully to change the factory girl of Portsmouth. In that day when the secrets of the mission are disclosed the truest seeds will be found to have been sown there.

"Milestone IV. Our twelve almshouses, costing over £500, enable six old married couples, seven old widows, and two widows with families, to live without going to the workhouse. These are the most to be pitied of any class. All of them in their day and generation doing their best, and now, through no cause of their own, houseless and homeless if it were not for this provision.

"Milestone V. My own Parsonage, costing over £1,500, will be known to many of your readers, who have stayed there, for it welcomes all sorts. I don't

know if any house is so elastic. All day long the door is open, with a continuous stream of people wanting something—kicks or halfpence, as the case may be, both administered with courtesy and yet with force. The meals make one think of Elijah, for the wisdom of the housekeeper has solved the problem of accurately defining—not, indeed, an unknown quantity, but what satisfies an unknown quantity. It is a terrible drain on our finances—over £4,000 in nine years; but of all our expenditure by far the most useful, by far the most remunerative.

"Milestones VI and VII are our day-schools, costing over £2,500. These were a great venture of faith, which nearly broke up and drove us to despair; but now all is paid except about £300. They are of infinite importance in a parish like ours.

"Milestone VIII. The additional site for the church bought by Dr. Linklater at a cost of over £500, is the very best conceivable spot. In the middle of the parish, surrounded by the most sordid houses, with approaches from two streets, our only need is to extend it.

"I fear I have wearied you in this long journey, but the father is ever garrulous about his own children. May I mention just two more things? Over £1,200 was spent in penitentiary work, in reparation of our own many sins. Over £800 was spent in emigration, in reparation for the terrible waste we have made of our own life's chances. Of course, all this money has not come from Winchester; it is only honest to say that much of it has come from my own friends, much of it has been coined out of my own brains and blood. But a very great deal has

come from Winchester and, at any rate, Winchester has been the centre which has attracted all the rest.

"And now we reach the summit, crowned with the magnificent church, to be the glory of our effort and the abiding proof that Winchester believes that Jesus Christ and His religion are the only possible solution of those terrible problems which are continually suggesting themselves to every thoughtful man. I believe Winchester, through the mission, has endeavoured to face these problems, and her endeavour has met with no small measure of success, a success partly due, indeed, to the efforts of the workers in Landport, but due in an equal proportion to the self-sacrifice, the faithful confidence, may I add also, the prayers of the school. Of necessity, Landport methods cannot be Winchester methods. But as I thank you for money that has fed us, for clothes that have covered us, for youthfulness that has kept us young, above all, I thank you for that trustful confidence that has enabled us always to do our work here in our own way.

"R. R. Dolling."

It is a wonderful record, and not one word of it is an exaggeration. It is wonderful as a witness to that spirit of statesmanship which enabled Dolling like a capable general to grasp position after position. Truly from his watch-tower in that extraordinary "parsonage" he was, says Mr. Osborne, from whom this account is taken, like an ecclesiastical Cecil Rhodes, planning ever fresh developments. Each of his "milestones," as he calls them, witnesses to the versatility and variety of the methods adopted to extend the Kingdom of God on earth.

PRISONS—AND THE GOLDEN RULE

JOHN HOWARD

IN the days when Clapton was a country village in the vicinity of London, John Howard was born there in 1727, his father being a rich upholsterer in business in Smithfield. A philanthropist ever, in the best sense of the word, his name will always be associated with the amelioration of prison conditions, in which (for prisoners) he did heroic work, till his death in 1790. How he took up that work is a romance in itself.

Howard was a quiet man, and very religious, but, what was rare in those times, he did not believe everybody in the wrong who thought differently from himself. He lived quietly among his books on a small estate he owned near Bedford, called Cardington, where he studied astronomy and questions about heat and cold, and when only twenty-nine was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society. Medicine always interested him, and he learned enough of it to be very useful to him during his travels; indeed, it was owing to his fame as a doctor that he was summoned to see a young Russian lady dying of fever, which, according to many, infected him, and caused his own death.

In his studies and in the care of his tenants many peaceful years passed away. He opened schools for the children, and drew up rules for them. The girls were taught reading and needlework, the boys reading and a little arithmetic.

In spite of his quiet ways, Howard had a passion

for traveling. He determined to go to Lisbon, then lying in ruins after the recent earthquake. Before, however, his ship was out of the English Channel it was attacked and overpowered by a French privateer, and both crew and passengers were left without anything to eat or drink for nearly two days. They were then taken to the prison at Brest, thrown into a dark and horribly dirty dungeon, and apparently forgotten. Besides hunger and thirst they went through terrible pangs, fearing lest they were to be left to starve; but at length the heavy bolts of the iron door were shot back, and a leg of mutton was thrust inside. Nobody had a knife, every weapon had been taken from them, and if they had, they were all too hungry to wait to use it. They sprang on the food like wolves and gnawed it like dogs.

For a week they all remained in their dungeon, and then Howard was allowed to leave it, and was sent first to Morlaix and then to Carpaix, where he was kindly treated by the gaoler, in whose house he lived. Howard gave his word that he would not try to escape, and for two months he remained there—a prisoner on parole, as it is called—writing letters to prisoners he had left behind him, who had not been so fortunate as himself. From what he had gone through he could easily guess what they were suffering, and determined that when once he got back to England he would do everything in his power to obtain their freedom.

In two months Howard was informed by his friend the gaoler that the governor had decided that he should be sent to England, in order that he might arrange to be exchanged for a French naval officer, after swearing that in case this could not be managed,

he would return as a prisoner to Brest. It was a great trial of any man's good faith, but it was not misplaced, and happily the exchange was easily made. His captivity in France first gave him an idea of the state of prisons and the sufferings of prisoners, but eighteen years were to pass before the improvement of their condition became the business of his life.

Mr. Howard was appointed high sheriff for the county of Bedford, in 1773, and as such had the prisons under his charge. He at once visited the county prison in Bedford, and the misery that he found there was repeated almost exactly in nearly every prison in the British Isles. The gaoler in Bedford—and in many other places—had no salary paid him, and therefore screwed all he could out of his prisoners; and no matter if a man were innocent or guilty, if a jury had condemned him or not, he must pay fifteen shillings and fourpence to the gaoler, and two shillings to the warder who brought him his food—when he had any—before he was set free. If, as often happened, the prisoners could not find the money, they were locked up till they died, or till the fees were paid.

When Howard informed the magistrates of what he had found, they were as much shocked as if it had not been their business to have known all about it. "Yes, certainly, the criminals and those who had been confined for debt alone ought to be placed in different parts of the prison, and the men and women should be separated, and an infirmary built for the sick. Oh! they were quite willing to do it, but the cost would be very heavy, and the people might

decline to pay it, unless the high sheriff could point to any other country which supported its own gaol!"

Howard at once started on a visit to some of the county prisons, but to his surprise, he did not discover *one* in which the gaoler was paid a fixed salary. And the more he saw of the prisons, the more he was grieved at their condition. Almost all had dungeons for criminals built underground, dark, damp and dirty, and sometimes as much as twenty feet below the surface; and often these dungeons were very small and very crowded. Mats, or in a few of the better-managed prisons, straw, was given to the prisoners to lie on, but no coverings; and those who were imprisoned for debt were expected to pay for their own food or go without. Sick at heart with all he had seen, Howard went home for a short rest, and then set out again on one of those tours in which he spent the remaining years of his life, never thinking that the work was done when he had reported on the terrible evils of the prison systems, but always returning to make sure that his advice had been carried out, which it often was not.

Having satisfied himself of the state of the English prisons, and done what he could to improve them, Howard determined to discover how those in foreign countries were managed. Paris was the first place he stopped at, and the famous Bastille the first prison he visited. Here, however, he was absolutely refused admittance, and narrowly escaped being retained as a prisoner himself. Howard then called on the head of the police, who received him politely and gave him a written pass to the chief prisons in Paris. These he found very bad, with dungeons in some of "these seats of woe beyond imagination,

horrid and dreadful," yet not, apparently, any worse than many on this side of the Channel.

It must have given him heartfelt pleasure to visit the prisons in Belgium, which, with scarcely an exception, were "all fresh and clean; no gaol distemper; no prisoners in irons." The bread allowance "far exceeds that of any of *our* gaols. Two pounds of bread a day, soup once, with a pound of meat on Sunday." This was in Brussels, but when he went on to Ghent, things were better still.

When Howard passed from Belgium to Holland he found the same care, though here the rules respecting the gaolers were stricter, because they were responsible for the orderly state of the prison and the conduct of the prisoners. From Holland he traveled to Germany, where, as a whole, the same sort of rules prevailed; and in Hamburg, the wives of the magistrates went to the prisons every Saturday to give out the women's work.

After three months Mr. Howard returned home and inspected the prison at Dover, to find to his dismay everything exactly as before; and when, after a little rest, he set out on a second English tour, scarcely anywhere did he perceive an improvement. Again and again Howard paid out of his own pocket the debts of many of those miserable people which sometimes began by being no more than a shilling, but soon mounted up, with all the fees, to several pounds.

It would be impossible to give an account of all Howard's journeys, which included Italy, Russia, Turkey, Germany, France and Holland. In most of the great seaport towns along the Mediterranean, lazarettos, or pest-houses were built, so that passengers

on arriving from plague-stricken countries should be placed in confinement for forty days, till there was no fear of their infecting the people. In England, in spite of her large trade with foreign lands, there were no such buildings, and it is only wonderful that the plague was so little heard of. Howard determined to insist on the wisdom and necessity of the foreign plan; but he always made his reports from experience and not from hearsay, he felt that the time had come when he should first visit the lazarettos, and then go through the forty days' quarantine himself.

This experiment was more dangerous than any he had yet tried, so, instead of taking a servant with him as had generally been his habit, he set out alone in November, 1785.

In Italy there were several that were extremely well managed, especially in the dominions of the Grand Duke of Tuscany; but he had made up his mind that when the moment came for his quarantine it should be undergone in Venice, the most famous lazaretto of them all. He took a ship eastwards, and visited the great leper hospital at the Island of Scio, where everything was done to make the poor creatures as comfortable as possible.

From Scio Howard sailed to Smyrna, and then changed into another vessel bound for Venice, which he knew would be put in quarantine the moment it arrived in the city.

At length, after two months, Venice was reached, and as a passenger on board a ship from an infected port, Howard was condemned to forty days' quarantine in the new lazaretto. His cell was as dirty as any dungeon in any English prison, and had

neither chair, table nor bed. His first care was to clean it, but it was so long since anyone had thought of doing such a thing that it was nearly as long before the dirt could be made to disappear, and meanwhile he was attacked by the same headache which always marked his visit to such places, and in a short time became so ill that he was removed to the old lazaretto. He was rather worse off than before, for the water came so close to the walls that the stone floor was always wet, and in a week's time he was given a third apartment, this time consisting of four rooms, but all without furniture and as dirty as the first.

Ordinarily washing was again useless to remove the thick coating of filth of all kinds, and at length Howard felt himself getting so ill that by the help of the English consul he was allowed to have some brushes and lime, which by mixing with water became whitewash. He then brushed down the walls without hindrance from anyone, though he had made up his mind that if the guard tried to stop him, he would lock him up in one of his rooms. Almost directly he grew better, and was able to enjoy his tea and bread once more.

On November 20, Howard was set free, his health having suffered from the lack of air and exercise, and from anxiety about his son, whom he had left in England. However, he still continued his tour of inspection, and it was not till February, 1787, that he reached home.

After a short time given to his own affairs he was soon busily employed in putting a stop very vigorously to the erection of a statue in his honour. The subscriptions to it had been large, for everybody

felt how much the country owed to his unwearied efforts in the cause of his fellowmen, carried out entirely at his own cost. But Howard would not listen to them for one moment.

"The execution of your design would be a cruel punishment to me," he says in a letter to the subscribers. "I shall always think the reform now going on in several of the gaols of this kingdom, which I hope will become general, the greatest honour and most ample reward I can possibly receive."

It was Howard who was right, and his friends who were wrong, for though after his death they would no longer be denied, it is not the picture of the statue in St. Paul's which rises before us at the name of John Howard, but that of the prison cell.

CHAPTER III

HEROES IN FIELDS AFAR

EUROPE

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ASIA

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Conversion by the Million—Timothy Richard
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CHAPTER III

EUROPE

THE WESLEY OF RUSSIA

DR. FREDERICK WILLIAM BAEDEKER

DR. BAEDEKER spent his first vacation after his conversion in the slums of Bethnal Green, London. He was born in 1823, at Witten, in Westphalia. Lord Radstock was the means of his conversion in 1866. In 1906, at the age of 83, he contracted pneumonia and died.

Some understanding of religious conditions in Russia of the 'seventies and till the Edict of 1905 is gained from the following:

Colonel Paschkoff, who later was banished for his Christian teaching, conceived the idea of a convention of Stundist representatives, and proceeded to carry out his scheme at his own expense. They came, to the number of about four hundred. The meetings were held in a hall in the palace of the Princess Lieven. Tickets were issued to each person, including Dr. and Mrs. Baedeker. Although many of the delegates were simple peasants and workmen from remote provinces, quite unfamiliar with the ways of the metropolis, they won golden opinions by their respectable appearance, and quiet, agreeable and devout manners. One morning the palace gates stood open and the hall was ready, with host and hostess, the Baedekers, and other friends awaiting

as usual their arrival, but no delegates appeared. The hours passed, but no belated provincial arrived; nor during the day, nor the next days. Colonel Paschkoff was perplexed, and many were the conjectures as to the secret of the sudden disappearance of the guests.

On the day but one following, one member of the vanished company appeared upon the scene, and in scared tones told his story and solved the mystery. On leaving the hall they had been, every one, arrested by a large force of police that had lain in wait for them. In the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul, whither they had been taken, they were carefully searched, and separately interrogated. At last they were told: "You have no lawful business in St. Petersburg; and therefore we are going to send you all back at once to your homes. You will be accompanied to the railway station, and the police will see you each booked and placed in the train for your respective destinations. If any of you are again discovered in this city, you will be arrested and punished!"

He who returned was adroit enough to ask at the station for a ticket for a town not far from St. Petersburg, to which he took an early opportunity to return, risking his liberty in so doing, to let his generous friends know what had become of their guests.

Such was the civil and religious atmosphere of the land in which Dr. Baedeker elected to serve Christ, and endeavoured—not in vain—to push forward the frontiers of His Kingdom.

For eighteen years the doctor enjoyed the unique privilege of free access to every prison within the

dominions of the Czar, from Warsaw to the transportation settlements on the Island of Saghalien and from the fortress-prisons of Caucasia in the south to the most northerly desolations of icy Siberia.

His permit set forth that he was "under special command to visit the prisons of Russia, and to supply the convicts with copies of the Holy Scriptures."

Armed with his authority, the doctor journeyed from fortress to fortress, carrying the good tidings of great joy to the most degraded and the most miserable classes in the Empire and, incidentally, in cases not a few, ministering untold succour and comfort to some who lay in the dungeons.

The prisons-permit was renewed every two years; and such was the confidence of the authorities in the doctor, that with almost every renewal there were granted to him, unsolicited, still larger privileges in his work, a wider opening of the jealously guarded doors of access to the fortress-prisons and penal settlements, in order that he might be able, unhampered by restrictions and regulations, to the utmost possible extent to pursue his self-denying labours for the spiritual and eternal welfare of the convicts.

The shrewdness and tact of Dr. Baedeker helped him many a time when he found himself in a tight corner. In many places, in the early days, the police paid him most careful attention, and he puzzled them. He was quite accustomed to the sight of the police-spies lounging round the door of his hotel. There was no lack of police spies in Russia. They followed him along the public thoroughfares, and waited upon him among the

domestics of the households in which he was a guest, reporting fortnightly to their superiors all they had heard and seen.

On one occasion, at Riga, he had engaged a hall and issued his bills for public services. In due course he was visited by the officers of the law.

"You must not hold services here," they explained.

"Might I deliver a lecture instead?" Dr. Baedeker asked.

"We do not see any objection to that," the official replied. "Lectures are not prohibited by the laws."

"Then I will lecture!" said the doctor.

"Quite right," said the police: "but there must be neither singing nor prayer."

The old bills were covered by new, announcing that on a certain evening Dr. F. W. Baedeker, of England, would lecture on "Sin and Salvation!" The night proved to be extremely unfavourable. Sleet and snow, and the inky darkness, suggested that but few would brave the discomfort of the weather to attend. To his amazement when he arrived in the vicinity of the hall, the street was blocked with vehicles of all descriptions. The people had come in crowds from far and wide. The aristocrats of the district were there in force, as well as humbler folks. Barons and Counts, with their ladies and families and attendants, jostled with tradesfolk and toilers, all eager to hear the wonderful words of life, to us so familiar, to them so strange and so Divine. Meetings were held night after night in that district. The lecture on "Sin and Salvation" was repeated again and

again. In one public hall two thousand, and in another three thousand, persons thronged to hear the Word.

"We have at last found a corner of the earth where the gospel has never in any shape been heard." Thus Dr. Baedeker wrote home to his wife from the Transbaikal prisons in the midsummer of 1890.

Since that year great changes have taken place in Siberia. When Dr. Baedeker undertook his six months' zigzag outward journey across the two continents, the land eastward of the Ovi river was practically uninhabited save by wild beasts in the enormous forests, with here and there a scant colony of miserable exiles, and in the awful heart of it a grim cluster of prisons, separated from each other by many miles of desolation, with a rough post-village somewhere in the neighbourhood of each.

Into, and across these wilds this pioneer of the Cross eagerly ventured; impatiently traversing the vast solitudes to carry the bread of life to starving souls.

Dr. Baedeker wrote:

"*Moscow.* Arrived here at 10 a.m. yesterday. We went at once to the large central prison. We arrived in time to see a party of exiles, 400 men, women and children, going off to Siberia, on the long and terrible march. There are about 3,000 prisoners. Six times every month a party is sent off. There were some with three or four children. Some carried infants in arms. But not one was overlooked. Knowing what I do of Siberia, I feel sure that many of these dear creatures, especially the children, will perish by the way. They can

never reach their destination. The sight we saw was sad and sickening—about 800 men in chains. I have sent forward seventeen boxes of Bibles by land and four boxes by sea. May God bless each copy to the recipient!

"*Perm.* We arrived here this morning about eleven o'clock. We went at once to the Governor, and then to a large prison, in which are more than 600 prisoners crowded together in an unmerciful manner. When we began giving the New Testaments, it was imposible to keep order. I do not think I have seen a prison anywhere in which the men are crowded together as in this.

"*Tjumen.* We have been busy all day, and I am tired. Inquiring at the prison we found about 1,930 prisoners. We then took the books and began the distribution. The men are terribly crowded together. We had great liberty in speaking to them. They listened most eagerly, and showed great gratitude. But we have only done a third part of the work here, and hope to resume it to-morrow morning. The New Testaments are received and read with intense eagerness.

"*Alexandrowskaja.* We went to the large prison, leaving here on Friday at 10 p.m., and arriving there about 8 a.m. yesterday. There were 2,500 prisoners. We had open-air meetings of prisoners, and proclaimed the gospel to them freely and fully. In the evening 400 or 500 men returned from work. We had them drawn up in a square, and Kargel and I, standing on the cart in which our books were, spoke to them all, the officers also listening most attentively, and several of them being deeply moved. We had a whole day of it. The chief took us

to his house to luncheon. When we had finished, we drove back to the posting-station, and left for Irkutsk at 11 p.m., and arrived here all safe and well about nine this morning.

"*Gerusi*, a far-away place hidden among the mountains. We saw most of the brethren in that desolate place of banishment. The journey to it is very dangerous, especially at night, partly because of the road, which mostly runs alongside very deep abysses, and partly because of violent robberies, which are frequent. The joy of the brethren in seeing us, and ours in meeting them, was a great feast, short but sweet."

Enough has been written to show the nature of the service rendered by the doctor to the Church and to the Master, among the prisons—many more than here mentioned—of Siberia.

The doctor was nearing seventy when he worked for the Master in Scandinavia. Here is a typical diary note:

"Last night I preached in the Chemical Laboratory of the University in German: this morning in the Methodist Hall, by interpretation into Swedish; at five this afternoon at Miss Sahlberg's, by interpretation from English into Swedish; and this evening by interpretation from German into Swedish in a large hall where we were once together on a Sunday; to-morrow I am asked to visit a Home for poor, fallen girls, and afterwards to visit the German Girls' School. Many of the University students have decided for Christ at the meetings."

ASIA

THE BIBLE IN PERSIA

REV. HENRY MARTYN

FEW men have contributed more to the opening up of Persia to Christian influences than the Rev. Henry Martyn, B.D., who, well over a century ago, went forth to carry on the work of God under the East India Company. Born in 1781, at Truro, he was appointed Chaplain to the East India Company in 1805, first at Serampore, then Dinapore and Cawnpore. After zealous missionary work, which included translating the New Testament into Hindustani and Persian, he travelled into many regions of Persia, made translations of the Prayer Book and the Psalms, contracted fever at Tocat, and exhausted by his unceasing activities, died there in 1812.

"It is a real refreshment to my spirit," Mr. Martyn remarks to Mr. Corrie, just at the moment of sending off the first page of the Testament to Calcutta, in the beginning of April, "to take up my pen to write to you. Such a week of labour I believe I never passed, not excepting even the last week before going into the Senate House. I have read and corrected the manuscript copies of my Hindustani Testament so often that my eyes ache. The heat is terrible, often at 98°; the nights insupportable."

Throughout the remainder of the year 1808, till his removal to Cawnpore, Mr. Martyn was occupied

in revising the sheets of the Hindustani version of the New Testament, which he had completed; he superintended the Persian translation confided to Sabat; he gave himself to the study of Arabic, that he might be qualified to take part with Sabat in another version of the New Testament in that tongue; he continued also to minister to the Europeans and the natives at the hospital; and he daily received the more religious part of his flock at his own house whilst his health permitted.

Towards the end of September, Mr. Martyn put himself in readiness to leave Cawnpore; and on his preaching for the last time to the natives it was but too apparent that they would never again hear those sounds of wisdom and mercy from his lips. On the opening of the new church, also, where he preached to his own countrymen, amidst the happiness and thankfulness which abounded at seeing "a temple of God erected, and a door opened for the service of the Almighty, in a place where, from the foundation of the world, the tabernacle of the true God had never stood," a mournful foreboding could not be suppressed; that he, who had been the cause of its erection, and who now ministered in it for the first time, in the beauty of holiness, would minister there no more. They beheld him as standing on the verge of the eternal world, and ready to take a splendid flight.

Towards the end of November, great progress having been made in the Persian translation of the New Testament, Mr. Martyn ordered two splendid copies of it to be prepared, designing to present the one to the King of Persia, and the other to the Prince Abbas Mirza, his son. It being now also

his fixed intention to pass the winter at Shiraz, he resolved to commence another eminently useful, and, to him, most delightful work—a version of the Psalms of David, into Persian, from the original Hebrew. The divine songs of Sion became thus the subject of his critical examination, close meditation, and frequent prayer.

On the 24th of February, 1812, the last sheet of the Persian New Testament was completed: "I have many mercies," said the author of this great work, on bringing it to a termination, "for which to thank the Lord, and this is not the least."

Shortly after this work was completed, Mr. Martyn was called to a severer trial of his faith and patience than any to which he had yet been exposed. Several of the most intemperate Moollahs set themselves in array against him, and contended with him in behalf of Mahometanism, in the presence of the prime minister of the kingdom. There it was demanded of him that he should deny that Saviour Who had bought him with His blood; but he "witnessed a good confession," and fearlessly acknowledged Jesus as his Lord.

On June 12, he attended the Vizier's levee—"where there was a most intemperate and clamorous controversy for an hour or two; eight or ten on one side and I on the other. Amongst them were two Moollahs, the most ignorant of any I have yet met with in either Persia or India. It would be impossible to enumerate all the absurd things they said. Their vulgarity, in interrupting me in the middle of a speech, their utter ignorance of the nature of an argument; their impudent assertions about the law and the gospel, neither of

which they had ever seen in their lives, moved my indignation a little. The Vizier, who set us going at first, joined in it latterly, and said: 'You had better say, God is God, and Mahomet is the prophet of God.' I said: 'God is God,' but added, instead of 'Mahomet is the prophet of God,' 'and Jesus is the Son of God.' They had no sooner heard this, which I had avoided bringing forward till then, than they all exclaimed in contempt and anger: 'He is neither born nor begets,' and rose up as if they would have torn me in pieces. One of them said: 'What will you say when your tongue is burnt out for this blasphemy?'

"Another of them felt for me a little, and tried to soften the severity of this speech. My book which I had brought, expecting to present it to the king, lay before Mirza Sufi.

"As they all rose up, after him to go, some to the king, and some away, I was afraid they would trample upon the book, so I went in among them to take it up, and wrapped it in a towel before them; while they looked at me with supreme contempt.

"Thus I walked away along to my tent, to pass the rest of the day in heat and dirt.

"To complete the trials of the day, a message came from the Vizier in the evening, to say that it was the custom of the King not to see any Englishman, unless presented by the ambassador or accredited by a letter from him, and that I must therefore wait until the King reached Sultania, where the ambassador would be."

By a fever of nearly two months' continuance, which, during the greater portion of that period raged with unremitting severity, Mr. Martyn was de-

feated in his intention of presenting in person his translation of the New Testament to the King of Persia and to the prince, his son. His disappointment, however, on this occasion was greatly diminished by the kindness of Sir Gore Ouseley, assiduously attentive to Mr. Martyn throughout, who, in order that nothing might be wanting conducive to the favourable acceptance of the New Testament by the king, promised himself to present it at court.

But his end was not far off. "All things favourable," he says on September 2, "I set out on my long journey of one thousand three hundred miles, hoping to reach England, carrying letters from Sir G. Ouseley, for the governors of Erivan, Cars, and Erzerum, and the ambassador at Constantinople.

"Oct. 5," he continues: "Preserving mercy made me see the light of another morning. The sleep had refreshed me, but I was feeble and shaken; yet the merciless Hassan hurried me off. The munzil, however, not being distant, I reached it without much difficulty. I expected to have found it another strong fort at the end of the pass; but it is a poor little village within the jaws of the mountain. I was pretty well lodged, and felt tolerably well till a little after sunset, when the ague came on with a violence I have never before experienced. I felt as if in a palsy; my teeth chattering, and my whole frame violently shaken. Aga Hosyn and another Persian, on their way here from Constantinople, going to Abbas Mirza, whom I had just before been visiting, came hastily to render me assistance if they could. These Persians appear quite brotherly after the Turks.

"Oct. 6. No horses being to be had, I had an unexpected repose. I sat in the orchard, and thought, with sweet comfort and peace, on my God, in solitude, my company, my friend, and comforter."

"Scarcely had Mr. Martyn breathed these aspirations," says Rev. John Sargent, from whom the above account is taken (published 1830), "when he was called to exchange a condition of pain, weakness and suffering, for that everlasting 'rest which remaineth for the people of God.' "

"At Tocat, on the 16th of October, 1812, either falling a sacrifice to the plague, which then raged there, or, sinking under that disorder which, when he penned his last words, had so greatly reduced him, he surrendered his soul into the hands of his Redeemer."

THE TORCHBEARER OF INDIA

WILLIAM CAREY

THE first Baptist missionary in India, Carey, was born in 1761, at Paulerspury, in Northamptonshire. He was the son of a schoolmaster and started his active life as a shoemaker.

In 1876, he became Baptist Minister at Moulton, Northants, and later at Leicester. He was instrumental in forming the Baptist Missionary Society and was chosen as its first missionary in India. That was in 1793, and from then till his death in 1834 "spared not himself" in the work.

Carey and his colleagues formed a plan for setting up two colleges in India for the education of twelve youths in each.

"I had," stated Carey, "some months ago, set up a school, but the poverty of the natives caused them frequently to take their children to work. To prevent this we intend to clothe and feed them, and educate them for seven years in Sanskrit, Persian, etc., and particularly to introduce the study of the Holy Scriptures and useful sciences therein.

"We also intend to order types from England at our own expense, and reprint the Bible and other useful things in the Bengali or Hindustani languages. We have reason, indeed, to be very thankful to God for His kind providence, which enables us to lay out anything for Him. May our hearts be always ready."

Even in the midst of his duties at an indigo factory, he was devoting a great deal of time to his translation work, for he was fully alive to the tremendous importance of it. His powers as a linguist were increasing. Within a year of reaching India, we find him writing thus to Sutcliffe: "I intend to send you soon a copy of Genesis, Matthew, Mark and James in Bengali, with a small vocabulary and grammar in manuscript, of my own composing."

His sense of loneliness and misunderstanding was increased by the failure to get news from England. Mails were slow and uncertain in those days. When he had been in India fourteen months without receiving a letter, he wrote in his Journal: "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick." Then, more than three months later, comes the joyful note: "Blessed be God, I have at last received letters and other articles from our friends in England." Five months later he had another letter! Then they began to come more often.

But the letters from home were not all received with unmixed joy. One, indeed, caused Carey not a little pain. Some members of the Committee had taken alarm at the thought of Carey and Thomas engaging in business; they feared that it might distract them from their true work, and even that they might be spoiled by the deceitfulness of riches! How little they knew of Carey!

When one letter of solemn admonition reached him, Carey lost no time in sending a restrained and very dignified reply. He reminded his critics that he had always, in his book and elsewhere, urged that missionaries should be self-supporting. He thought the Committee understood that, and approved of it: "It is true," he adds, "that they did not specify indigo business, but trade in timber was recommended, and cultivation of the ground was looked upon as eligible." Wherein, then, had he erred? What would have become of him and his colleagues during the two years they had been in India if they had not got employment. They had not received any remittance from England—nor even a letter for the first seventeen months! and as to the love of money—he mentioned a few facts to dispose of that myth; reminded them that he was, out of his meagre income, keeping his missionary work going, and added: "I am indeed poor, and shall always be so till the Bible is published in Bengali and Hindustani and the people want no further instruction." To be thus misjudged by those who were at home "holding the ropes" gave no little pain to the brave true heart away in Bengal.

In the autumn of 1801, Carey's friend and patron, George Udney, who had apparently recovered

his financial position, was promoted to a seat on the Governor-General's Council. One subject lay heavy upon his heart, the infanticide practised by some sections of the Hindu community. Fearing to increase the enmity of the Hindus by meddling with a religious custom, the Government had taken no steps to prevent this practice.

The crucial question that had to be faced was this: Did the practice of infanticide rest upon the authority of the sacred books? The Governor-General resolved to have this point thoroughly inquired into. Obviously it called for a man familiar with the Sanskrit in which the sacred books were preserved, a man of considerable scholarship, of wide sympathy, and of sound judgment. Again the choice fell on William Carey.

Recognizing that this most difficult task might enable him to render a very important service to the people of India, Carey entered upon it with enthusiasm. He was often moved to indignation by the stories he heard of the more deliberate form of infanticide practised at Sangor, and when he was appointed to investigate he soon became convinced that these practices were not enjoined by the sacred books. He, therefore, in reporting to the Government the result of his research, urged that they be prohibited. The Governor-General at once issued a peremptory edict on the subject of infanticide, proclaiming the crime to be murder and, as such, punishable by death.

The success in securing the edict prohibiting infanticide led Carey to turn his attention to an even greater social evil; the practice of sati, or the burning of Hindu widows upon the funeral pyre of the

dead husband. It had occupied his mind for some years; but it must have seemed too big and too deeply-rooted a custom for him to tackle with any hope of success. Now with the influence and prestige of his position in the Fort William College, he realised that the task was no longer beyond the bounds of possibility.

Early in 1803, Carey wrote in his journal: "A horrible day—the Churuk poojah and three women burnt with their husbands on one pile near our house."

This triple burning served to focus the missionaries' attention upon the cruel practice. Selecting a number of trustworthy Indians, they sent them travelling over an area around Calcutta to report the widow-burnings that came under their notice. The number was found to exceed four hundred, and it was estimated that in all the Bengal provinces no fewer than ten thousand persons were thus consigned to death in the course of the year. From the learned pundits in the college, Carey collected from the Hindu sacred books the passages upon which this cruel custom was believed to be based. These investigations tended to show that sati was a rite countenanced rather than definitely enjoined by the sacred law.

Carey placed the results of this inquiry in the hands of Mr. Udney, who worked them up into proper form and then submitted representations to the Governor-General in Council, and Wellesley, his counsel, took a definite step by submitting it to the judges of appeal.

Sunday, December 5, 1829, was one of the most joyful days in Carey's life.

Early that morning, as he sat in his study at Serampore preparing to preach, a courier from the Governor-General arrived with an urgent dispatch—an Order in Council which Dr. Carey was requested immediately to translate into Bengali. Probably a frown crossed his forehead at the idea of translating a Government edict on a Sunday, but a glance at the document before him must have set the blood tingling through his veins. It was nothing less than the famous Edict abolishing sati throughout British dominions in India! Springing to his feet and throwing off his black coat he cried: "No church for me to-day!" Without the loss of a moment he sent an urgent request to one of his brethren to take the service, summoned his pundit, and then settled down to his momentous task. By evening it was finished.

The missionary colony at Serampore now consisted of eight families and more accommodation was necessary. The press also needed larger premises, and so did the school. Happily it was found possible to purchase a very suitable property adjoining their chapel for the sum of one thousand four hundred and twenty pounds, which they borrowed and gradually repaid from their own earnings. Once again they vested the property in the Society, although it was purchased with their own money. At that time the Marshmans were making a thousand pounds a year on the school, and were receiving only thirty-four pounds of it for themselves. The Wards from the proceeds of the press had twenty-four pounds a year; and Carey out of his college salary, with his delicate wife and three boys, had only forty pounds per annum, with a small addition of twenty pounds

to enable him to go to the college and Government House in what he termed "decent apparel."

These three men at Serampore had become a veritable Bible Society in themselves. The story is so remarkable that it is worth watching as it unfolds. There were, even when Southey wrote—long before the Triad reached the limit of their output—people who asked incredulously: "How can these men translate into so great a number of languages?" Carey's answer to this question was prompt and characteristic: "Few people know what may be done till they try, and persevere in what they undertake."

In the far-off days in Northamptonshire, Carey had diligently cultivated his natural gift for languages, first, as a schoolboy, Latin, then Greek and Hebrew; next French, Dutch and Italian. Moreover, he accustomed himself to reading the Bible in these tongues. While still a village shoemaker, he formed the habit of beginning each day by reading a chapter of Scripture, first in English, and then in each of the languages he had learned. And in the midst of his indigo-making in India he patiently worked at his self-appointed task. Working from the original Greek, he finished the first translation of the New Testament by 1796; then, with a Greek concordance at his elbow, he four times revised it.

That was the beginning.

The New Testament finished, Carey worked at the Bengali Old Testament, which was published in sections between 1802 and 1809. Of all the translations of subsequent years, the Bengali version lay nearest to his heart, and he was for ever revising and improving it. The very drastic revision of the New Testament appeared in 1806, the third edition

in 1811, the fourth in 1816 and so on, down to the eighth and last, which was published in Carey's old age. He also published five editions of the Bengali Old Testament.

Carey soon found that, though his Bengali version was well received by the middle-class people, the proud Brahmins would have little or nothing to do with it; they scorned a book in the vernacular of the common people; to them, no book was worthy to be called sacred that was not in their ancient Sanskrit. So at the earliest opportunity Carey began to translate the books of the Bible into that language. To his great joy he found that the Brahmins were at once attracted to the Scriptures when printed in Sanskrit. The Sanskrit New Testament was completed in 1808, and the Old Testament between 1811 and 1818. Carey had long known that Sanskrit was the classic religious and literary language of India. He now began to realise that it was also the root of, and the key to, most of the modern vernaculars of the country. When he had mastered it, he found that he had in his hand the philological key that opened to him vast possibilities of translation work hitherto undreamed.

And now, feeling that the time had come to put his project of a native College into operation, they issued, in 1818, a prospectus of a proposed "College for the instruction of Asiatic, Christian, and other youth in Eastern literature and European science." A piece of land immediately to the south of the mission premises was purchased; the Danish Governor accepted the position of "First Governor of the College," and Lord Hastings readily consented to be the "First Patron." Plans for a suitable build-

ing were at once put forward, the missionaries themselves starting the fund with the munificent gift of two thousand five hundred pounds out of their own earnings. Lord Hastings gave a thousand rupees and a few others contributed. When completed, the Serampore College cost fifteen thousand pounds—most of which was defrayed by the missionaries themselves.

The proposal to found Serampore College created a new wave of criticism at home. Ward visited England in 1819 and was surprised to find how deep the feeling against "Serampore" had become. But the missionaries persevered, in spite of every discouragement, and the college went forward and became a great centre of Christian Education.

Ward returned to India and again threw himself into the work. Then, in 1823, he died suddenly of cholera, at the age of fifty-three. It was the first break in that glorious fellowship.

"As the Founder and Father of Modern Missions," says Mr. F. D. Walker, from whom the above account is taken, "the character and career of William Carey are being revealed every year in the progress and purity of the expansion of the Church, and of the English-speaking races in the two-thirds of the world which are still outside of Christendom. The first collection of £13 2s. 6d. became £400,000 before he died, and is now £5,000,000 a year. The one ordained English missionary is now a band of 20,000 men and women sent out by 558 agencies of the Reformed Churches. The solitary converts are now 5,000,000, of whom 80,000 are missionaries to their own countrymen, and many are leaders of the native communities. Since

the first edition of the Bengali New Testament appeared at the opening of the 19th century, 250,000,000 copies of the Holy Scriptures have been printed, of which one-half are in 370 of the non-English tongues of the world. The Bengali school of Mudnabati, the Christian College of Serampore, have set in motion educational forces that are bringing nations to the birth, are passing under Bible instruction every day more than a million boys and girls, young men and maidens of the dark races of mankind.

A MISSIONARY STATESMAN

TIMOTHY RICHARD

A SON of Wales, Timothy Richard was born in 1845 at Ffaldybrenin, in Carmarthenshire, and went to China as a missionary in 1869. It fell to his lot to explain Christianity to the Chinese Government, to found the Christian Literature Society for China, to negotiate the indemnity for the Shansi massacres. He was religious adviser to the Chinese Government, Secretary to the International Red Cross Society, President of the Educational Association of China, Chancellor of the University, editor of a daily and weekly newspaper, and the author of many books, and translator of over fifty books into Chinese.

Yet, beyond and above this, he was an active missionary, always at work for the Master, and in all his activities carrying the message wherever he went —Manchuria, Korea, eight years in Shantung, eight years in Shansi, and long sojourns in Peking and

Tientsin. Out of the wealth of record some experiences are here given by my friend, Professor W. E. Soothill.

Eager to get into the interior, away from Chefoo, where the missionaries lived, Richard made trips to distant towns, and finally fixed on Ninghai, a city twenty miles inland, as a suitable centre. Successful in hiring a house, he speedily found himself facing the hostile forces for which long years barred the way of missionaries into the interior. The landlord was arrested by the Magistrate and thrown into prison. He wrote imploring Richard to save him. The British Consul, to whom the case was reported, supported the lease and sent Richard with a letter to the Ninghai Magistrate. He was received in great style, and the Magistrate speedily returned this call; but while he was talking a dozen of the city elders came in by pre-arrangement and implored that no houses be rented to foreigners. Richard referred the official to the treaties between England and China, and to the Consul's letter, and urged that the landlord be set at liberty. Taking possession of the house, he soon found that he was the object of every kind of abuse. Refusing to appeal for the punishment of the offenders, he was much troubled what to do. He might have stuck to his bargain and lived down the opposition, as so many others have done, but—the landlord was still in chains. Troubled over the matter, he resolved to obey his Master's teaching: "If they persecute you in one place, flee to another." He left the city without a word.

Two other typically Richard methods may here be shown. The first is his use of existing litera-

ture. Buddhism and, to a less extent, Taoism have an abundant literature, both for the educated and the uneducated. Richard boldly made use of native tracts, omitting everything objectionable to Christian ideas, and inserting clauses on the worship of the one true God. He also drew up a catechism of the Christian religion. This he first placed in the hands of a devout silk-weaver, who began to commit it to memory. A pathetic scene soon followed, for one day the weaver found his wife weeping bitterly, and on his inquiring the cause she replied: "You are going to heaven and I shall be left outside." The husband then taught her all he himself knew, and the two children learned with them. In due course the two asked for baptism, the first-fruits of Richard's work.

Baptism by immersion is unknown amongst the Chinese; hence the missionary was anxious not to do anything which might be misunderstood, especially as one of the two was a woman. Outside the West Gate was a beautifully clear river, with only a Buddhist temple near. Here is the second action indicative of Richard's character. He called on the Buddhist monk, explained to him the meaning of the baptism by immersion, and asked him to lend a couple of rooms in his temple as dressing-rooms. The monk readily consented and the ceremony duly took place.

After being in Ch'ing-chou ten months he paid a brief visit to Chefoo. During those months (1875) he had baptized the above two converts and his teacher. Early in 1876 fifteen others were ready for baptism; surely a record for pioneer work.

In 1877 the worst famine on record struck the

province of Shansi. On the news becoming known in Shanghai, a Famine Relief Committee was formed, with Richard as its almoner in Shansi. By this time he had gathered together in Ch'ing-chou, and was responsible for, a church of 700 members and over 100 catechumens, revealing success which was phenomenal. His native colleague, Pastor Ch'ing, from Chefoo, who "was equal to any two or three average foreign missionaries," had joined him. This good man's loyalty never failed, and during his lifetime he baptized over 2,000 converts.

In March, 1878, with the first steamer after the breaking of the ice, there arrived in Tientsin, David Hill, of the Wesleyan Mission (whose Chinese name was Li, the same as Richard's), Albert Whiting, of the American Presbyterian Mission, and Joshua Turner of the China Inland Mission. The famine fever had already spread across the northern province, and some of the best missionaries in Tientsin had been carried off by it. Friends feared for the safety of Hill, Whiting and Turner, and would have detained them, but their duty was clear, and they bravely set out for Tai-yuan-fu, which in due course they reached in safety.

Of these men, met here for the first time, to work for the welfare of the suffering province, one, Albert Whiting, died of famine fever on 25th April, a few days after his arrival; one still lives in Tai-yuan-fu; a third, the saintly David Hill, came out of his famine sufferings to devote his private wealth, through a lifetime of personal poverty, to the service of the Chinese poor.

David Hill became especially the friend of the poor, with an open heart for officials and gentry;

Timothy Richard, with an open heart for the poor, became especially an associate of officials and gentry, with a programme of so raising China as a whole, that the physical and moral destitution of the populace should be mitigated and eventually removed.

He knew too well what a task he was facing. "The work of converting ordinary country folk in China is not easy," he says, "and the converting of mandarins who are filled with all sorts of prejudices against us is still more difficult. To attempt to convert the Government is therefore a still more stupendous task, with its anti-foreign traditions of centuries." Nevertheless, he determined to begin.

Before he could undertake this work he found it necessary to devote himself to study. He and his wife bravely stinted themselves of all but bare necessities that he might buy books and instruments. In Tai-yuan they lived in a Chinese house, wore Chinese clothes and ate Chinese food. From 1880 to 1884 Richard spent nearly a thousand pounds, including a legacy left him by a relative, on books and instruments, even though his salary and allowances as a missionary probably never exceeded £400 a year. With the help of books and apparatus he gave regular lectures on astronomy, chemistry, mechanics, steam engines, electricity, light, medicine and surgery.

Richard spent the autumn visiting the various churches widely scattered over the counties. It was a great joy to meet again those whom he had first led into the Faith. One of these, a man named K'u, with whom he had only held three or four conversations, had since been the means of establishing

five churches. Asking the people there how they had first heard the Gospel, they replied:

"From a man named K'u. He returned from visiting you in Ch'ing-chou-fu, and began preaching on the street, saying: 'Repent, for the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand.' We became alarmed, thinking he was proposing a rebellion. So we ran into our houses, and bolted our doors for fear of compromising ourselves with him. But that made no difference to him. He walked slowly through the village preaching about the Kingdom of God and the Sermon on the Mount, and we, inside our doors, listened to his words."

This was the beginning of their interest in the Christian religion, and now there were five churches on the east of the river, all founded by him, showing clearly that the source of spiritual life is not to be found in human learning, but in communion with God.

Later, with sad hearts Mr. and Mrs. Richard left Shansi to go into the wilderness, now knowing what their future was to be. They left, but as one of the Shansi missionaries afterward said: "Wherever the missionaries went in Shansi, people asked affectionately after Li T'i-mot'-ai," for, as the one who conveyed this news added: "You've left a trail of light behind you."

Mrs. Richard did valuable service during the winter of 1890 by training a class of fifty bible-women for the American Episcopal Methodist Mission. She took as one of her subjects her husband's Historical Evidences, and showed these women how the light of the Gospel had spread from one nation to another. When spring came the women went

their several ways. One of them, during the following summer, was the means of bringing in a hundred inquiries, another one fifty, and so on. This proved for the hundredth time the fact that the natives can best influence their fellow-countrymen to join the Christian Church.

It was in 1891 that the call came which settled the future of his life's work. In May of that year there died in Shanghai, Dr. Williamson, the founder of the Society for the Diffusion of Christian and General Knowledge among the Chinese. The Committee of that Society saw in Richard a man with the right vision for its direction, and accordingly invited him to succeed Dr. Williamson.

On 18th September, Mrs. Richard wrote to her brother:

"The telegram came yesterday. 'As God Wills' was ringing through my heart as I went upstairs to learn the contents. Those three words have been our motto for some time. It is nearly four years since we left Shansi, and this is the first satisfactory settlement of our affairs in all that time. This will probably be our work for the remainder of our lives." A prophecy which was fulfilled.

When Richard joined the S.D.K. he was the only whole-time member of the staff, and the total value of his property was a mere thousand dollars. When, after twenty-five years, ill-health compelled him to resign the active office, he had six Western colleagues, several associate workers, a staff of eighteen Chinese translators and assistants, and the assets of the Society were valued at nearly a quarter of a million dollars. He himself had issued original works or translations numbering over a hundred, and

his influence, through literature and personal contact with the most powerful people in the land, had made the name and work of the Society known throughout the Empire.

In March, 1903, he was stricken with the greatest sorrow of his life. Mrs. Richard was found to be suffering from cancer. An operation in the Shanghai Nursing Home proved to be unavailing, and on the 10th July she passed away. The blow to him and his four daughters was staggering.

Had Mrs. Richard lived, much of his later work, valuable though it is, would have been better done because of her revision. She was the guardian angel of his eager mind, and her opinion weighed with him when that of others would have been ignored.

THE MAN WITH A MESSAGE

JAMES HUDSON TAYLOR

THE founder of the China Inland Mission was born in 1832, at Barnsley, of parents imbued with Christian principles and loving Christian well-doing. His father was a chemist and an eloquent lay-preacher; his mother a daughter of the Manse. Delicate, sensitive, bright and winsome, the youngster was of gentle habits, and it seemed to be predestination that caused him at five years of age to repeat very often the phrase: "When I'm a man I mean to be a missionary and go to China." After preparation in Barnsley, Hull and London, where he studied medicine, for that sphere, he arrived in Shanghai, in 1854, and began his labours. In January, 1858, he was married in China, to Miss Dyer,

who was his splendid co-worker till her death in 1870. In 1905, a few minutes after attending a reception, Dr. Hudson Taylor suddenly, and without pain, passed away. The following account of his labours is by Dr. and Mrs. Howard Taylor.

The first evangelistic journey inland started in December, 1854. More important than ever did their work appear next morning, when the city of Ka-shan was reached. Could the young missionary ever forget the crowd that awaited them in one of its temple courts? For a long time Mr. Edkins, his colleague, held their attention, reasoning with them of sin, righteousness and judgment to come, while Hudson Taylor laboured fervently in prayer.

The address finished and their books distributed, Mr. Edkins asked the crowd to make way for them to leave the temple and they had just reached the main entrance when an imposing cavalcade arrived. To their surprise it soon transpired that the handsome, dignified official who stepped from his chair, and came down the avenue of soldiers to meet them, was no less a person than the Mayor of the City, intent upon turning back the foreigners. An anxious hour followed, but by explaining their object fully and promising not to go beyond the next prefectoral city, the missionaries obtained permission to continue their journey.

"Your books are good," admitted the Mayor, "and you may take them as far as Ka-shing, provided some of my attendants accompany you."

Unspeakably thankful to have been able to reach a point so far in the "interior," the missionaries

realized that great tact and caution would be needed in making the most of their opportunity.

Next morning they were up betimes, and even before breakfast made a good beginning in the Liu-li-Kiai, or Two-Mile Street, bordering the Grand Canal. Whenever a crowd collected they passed on in their boat to another part of the river-bank, their movements being so quick that they were able to leave tracts along the whole length of this suburb before it became prudent to absent themselves for a time.

Little were they prepared, however, for the invasion of the Yen-yu Leo (Mansion of Smoke and Rain) that followed. Out in the middle of the lake, this attractive island was the place chosen by the Emperor K'ien-lung for a summer residence, and the beautiful building and gardens preserved a romantic interest, though falling somewhat into decay. Mooring their boat near the palace now used as a temple, Mr. Edkins and his companion went ashore to see what was to be seen. But they themselves were the sight of supreme interest, as they soon discovered. Taylor records:

"Before we had finished looking round we observed a number of boats putting off in our direction, and soon a regular ferry was established between the island and the opposite suburb. The people came in multitudes, and those who could read were quickly supplied with tracts. When a large number had collected, Mr. Edkins preached, and afterwards I had a long talk with some who gathered round me for books. By this time the numbers who had come were so great that we were obliged to go on board

our boat, from which Mr. Edkins again addressed the people, to many of whom tracts were given.

"As the crowd was continually receiving accessions, we thought it wiser to put off a little from the Island, to prevent those who were behind from pushing the foremost into the water in their eagerness to see and hear. Immediately, however, the people followed us, and in the middle of the lake we were surrounded by boats and kept hard at work supplying the newcomers with portions of Scripture and tracts. As fast as one boat was supplied it pushed off and another took its place. It must have been a paying business for the boat people! The boats were a better class than those commonly seen about Shanghai, and almost without exception they were sculled by women. Supplying tracts and talking without intermission proved tiring work as the afternoon wore on. But what a joy it was to remember the promise that cannot be broken: 'My Word shall not return unto me void' and to think that not a few around us might shine for ever like the stars of heaven in the Kingdom of our Lord."

In Nan-hwei the crowds were especially turbulent, and a Sunday spent there was memorable both to himself and the local authorities. Alarmed at the news that a foreigner was approaching, orders had been issued to close the principal gate of the city, and keep it locked and barred until after he had withdrawn. Knowing nothing of this defensive movement, Hudson Taylor spent the night outside a gate of secondary importance, unnoticed in his little boat, and early on Sunday morning passed in and went about his work. Meanwhile a sharp look-out was kept on the opposite side of the city, and it was

a crestfallen messenger who bore tidings to the Yamen that the foreigner was already within its walls. Greatly taken aback, the Mandarin sent to learn all he could about the intruder, and when it proved that he was alone and unarmed, a well-behaved person whose stay would be of short duration, his fears were dispelled, and the East Gate shortly after was reopened to traffic.

The excitement of the people, however, was not easily allayed, and after a brave attempt at preaching, Hudson Taylor had to retire before overwhelming crowds. Knowing that those who were interested would follow him, he took refuge on his boat at a little distance from the city. And a busy day he had of it—receiving the hundreds who came and supplying all who could read with Christian literature.

So real was his faith that he did not even hesitate the following day, when urged to go he knew not whither, to visit a dying woman. He had just completed a morning's work in the city, and upon reaching the boat found several men from a distance, one of whom brought a chair and bearers to carry him back to see his suffering wife.

Deeply interesting was the fourth journey, in March, 1855. Leaving Shanghai by the Soo-chow Creek, they traveled north and west to the country town of Kia-ting. Many busy places were passed *en route*, and remarkable openings found for the Gospel; but limits of space will only admit of dwelling upon the visit to the Hsien itself, where a novel experience awaited them.

Accustomed as they were to large, excited crowds, they hardly knew what to make of it when grown-up

people as well as children fled in terror, so that the streets were literally cleared at their approach. Yet this was what happened in Kia-ting. No one would venture near them, and it was strange to see people of all classes hurrying to the nearest buildings as if for protection from imminent danger.

"Even men," remarked Dr. Parker, with grave amusement, "took refuge in their houses as we drew near, hastily shutting the doors; to which, however, they crowded to look after us as soon as we had passed."

Realizing that in all probability they were the first foreigners to visit the city, Taylor's other colleagues, Dr. Parker and his companion, let themselves be seen as much and as openly as possible. They made it known that they were physicians, "able to prescribe for both external and internal complaints," and that on the morrow they would *k'an-ping*, or "investigate diseases," providing each patient gratuitously with the appropriate remedy. This seemed to turn the tide of popular feeling, and as they went about the streets and made the circuit of the city wall they heard many remarks as to their being *shan-ren*, or "doers of good deeds."

"Long before breakfast," wrote Dr. Parker, on the following morning, "the banks of the river were crowded with persons desiring medical aid. . . . After working hard until 3 p. m., finding we could not possibly see them all, Mr. Taylor selected the more urgent cases and brought them on board the boat. No sooner were those attended to than we were taken to see patients in their own homes who were unable to come to us, and were much gratified to find that we had access to and were welcomed

in some of the very houses the doors of which had been shut against us the day before."

Throughout the remainder of their journey the value of the medicine-chest as an aid to evangelization was still further proved in a variety of ways. This encouraged Dr. Parker not a little, as did also the eagerness of the people to obtain books and the relative number of those who could read. At one important city the missionaries were kept busy all day long handing Gospels and tracts from the boat to a steady stream of applicants.

"Never have I seen, or imagined," wrote the Scotch physician, "such opportunities for giving the Word of Life to those who seem anxious to obtain it."

So, year after year, Hudson Taylor toiled and learned of China's need of God, and out of experience and yearning desire to reach the millions in the interior, the idea of the China Inland Mission grew in his mind, and led, in Perth, during a visit to Great Britain, to his pleading in 1865 for the formation of the Mission. It was established by his efforts, and all its great work in China is the direct outcome of this one man's vision and example, for he returned to labour long and earnestly till death called him in 1905.

PERSECUTION

ANDREW YOUNG OF SHENSI

THE Great wall of China bounds the Province of Shensi on the north, while on the eastern side the Yellow River divides it from its almost

namesake, Shansi. It is rugged and difficult to traverse because of its ravines.

Andrew Young had earlier missionary experience in Africa in the Lukunga district. The change to Shensi added a brilliant chapter to his life and incidentally proved him a man to face unflinchingly stupendous difficulties and not a few real dangers.

The journey from the coast of Mr. and Mrs. Young, their interest in the scenes through which they passed, and in the people whom they met, their facility for making light of the discomforts of travel, of enjoying it all as a picnic, disclosed a characteristic which Young and his wife had in common: they were incorrigible gipsies. "The long road which stretches to the roadside fire" was to them pure joy. To pack up a change of linen, a Bible and a medical book or two and go off to the rescue of some sick body separated from them by roaring rivers and muddy roads was quite a casual affair. Even the babies did not cure them. Russell Young must have traveled thousands of miles. Father was needed as a doctor, mother as a doctor or nurse or anæsthetist or housekeeper—it was all one so long as it was service, and it was all good 'fun—and so the babe was packed into the mule litter or cart, and off went the whole happy family in the greatest good humour.

About July, 1906, when the regular hospital evangelist was away on his summer holiday and needed a substitute, a Mr. Chou first came to Young's notice, to be his delight and bewilderment for years. He had been a professional teller of historic stories. A man thus trained to hold a public audience and to seize upon the salient and picturesque points in a

narrative, had, upon becoming a Christian preacher, great advantages. Never was there in Shensi a preacher who could so appeal to a popular audience as could Mr. Chou. Day by day he would move about the wards, sitting first by this bed and then by that, setting the patient at his ease, inquiring into his progress, with a word of sympathy here and encouragement there, and leading up always—and always naturally—to the work and love of the Good Physician.

How does the medical missionary spend his days? Here are some answers: "We are pretty busy, lately, having had nearly twice as many patients as we are supposed to find room for. One young fellow was brought in about ten days ago with his thigh bone broken in two places. He was a difficult case to manage. The splints would all be fixed carefully and satisfactorily one day, and when I went into the ward next day they were off, lying beside him. This was done several times, but yesterday he seemed to have come to his senses and to be getting on better.

"Another boy came in some little time ago with disease of the lower jaw. About three-quarters of the lower jaw was dead, and the smell from it was fearful. It had to be taken away with all the teeth attached so that all he has left is about a quarter of the jaw on the right side with two teeth attached. He began to improve right away and is now nearly all right.

"One patient taken in with tubercular glands in the neck had to have forty good-sized glands, many of them as large as a big chestnut, taken away from one side of his neck. He is nearly all right now."

In connection with a case of paralysis one gets a

glimpse of these Shensi surgeons which sweetens one's estimate of humanity: "One little girl is in a pitiable condition. She is paralysed from the middle of her back downwards from disease of the spine, and has frightful sores, due to the diseased condition of the nerves supplying the skin. She is just skin and bone. It takes a long time twice a day to dress her." The care with which they themselves so often did these dressings and the pains they took to teach their assistants to copy their gentleness in this matter, is one of the vivid pictures which one loves to recall in connection with Andrew Young and his two colleagues, Stanley Jenkins and Cecil Robertson.

China is a land of rumour; he who changes his plans with each fresh alarm will wander in a wilderness of thwarted purposes where no sure path is. Our particular group had no thought of being diverted unnecessarily from their route, and next day saw them arrive at Ichun. They found room at an inn, the usual bustle of arrival was proceeding, and Andrew, with the muleteers, had the full attention of the usual group of inn loiterers and hangers-on. No one had eyes for the furtive figure of a Chinese schoolboy slipping in to the darkened room where Mrs. Young busied herself with a baby's traveling kit. A letter passed into her hands, there was a hurried glance of recognition, a sign for caution and silence, and the figure merged again in the loitering crowd, slipped through it and was gone. He was only an ordinary schoolboy, a pupil of the Mission in the east suburb of Sianfu, yet he had made his way successfully for five days through a district rife with rumours and already infested with robbers, and had

borne a foreigner's warning letter, a document which, if found upon him by zealous "patriots" patrolling the road, might have cost him his life.

At Chungpu they found news of the north also. Since they had passed through the district, the northern road had become as unsafe for travel as had the south. Soldiers could not be depended upon, whilst the local banditti, more or less in league with the secret societies, were working unchecked. As the inn in the south suburb of Chungpu was very exposed, our party took such necessities as they could carry, and leaving their heavy boxes behind them, made their way to the Mission preaching-hall within the town walls.

Not only, therefore, for their own sakes, but for the sake of their Christian friends, it was fortunate that the Youngs were able to reach the open country. Three miles walking brought them to the house of a member of the church whose name was Ts'ao, a poor peasant who lived in one of the many cave dwellings which abound in the district. Here, dangerous guests though they were, they were given a warm welcome and placed in an inside cave. By the next day things were so bad in Chungpu, that the Ts'ao family, known to be ardent Christians, were themselves in danger, so by nightfall the little family, carrying such of its simple earthly possessions as it could, scattered into the hills. The old mother with her sons and daughters-in-law, went in one direction, whilst Ts'ao and his hired labourer led the Youngs, with their cook and horse-boy, in another. Ts'ao's idea was to cross the hills, by upland tracks, avoiding if possible all main roads, and so reach the Gospel village by way of a town called

Fu Ping. This plan on general lines was sound, since the direct route to Sianfu was impossible without a friendly and heavily-armed escort, whereas the Gospel village lay in the heart of a district peopled by Shantung immigrants who could be trusted to give a good account of themselves if attacked by any Shensi freebooters, whilst the village offered little inducement in the way of loot to bring the soldiery so far away from the main routes. What neither Ts'ao nor any of the party at the time could know was that the Fu Ping district, which they would have had to cross, had become one of the most dangerous parts of the province, a stronghold of the Ko Lao Hui, which has frequently been a centre of disturbance since that time.

It was about midnight when they finally got away. The party started straight up the mountain that looms above Chungpu. Hour after hour they kept on until faint dawn grew into clearer light.

At six o'clock they dared go no further. Turning from the main track they scouted round for some refuge. In less than five minutes they found a deserted cave, and there they remained all day. Towards evening Mrs. Young, looking up to the door of the cave, was startled to see a man gazing in upon them. He turned out to be an old friend of Ts'ao's, whom the latter had not seen for twenty years. Ts'ao called him in and gave him the whole story. The new friend offered to stand guard over them until nightfall and keep the villagers away.

At dusk they started out again, but within a few moments met a solitary soldier, who stood watching them to mark the road they took. A man on scout duty at such a place was unusual enough and did not

lessen their anxiety. However, there was nothing to do but to go straight on. By ten o'clock the hired man had had enough, and declared that he would go no farther. Whilst the arrangements for the man's return were proceeding they had approached a large village. Here villagers and dogs rushed out upon them and they had to run for their lives. In the scurry and darkness they got separated from Ts'ao, and at the same time lost their bedding, which, at the moment of the villagers' rush, had been in the keeping of the hired man. Safely away from the village they waited a long time, but Ts'ao did not reappear. Liu, the horse-boy, went back to the village to seek him, but returned unsuccessful. Both Liu and Chi-wa, the cook, resigned themselves to the idea that Ts'ao, as well as the hired man had abandoned them, but Dr. and Mrs. Young never wavered in their faith in Ts'ao.

Nothing was to be gained, however, by remaining where they were, so they pushed on. They did not know the road, but tried to work southwards. The moon was up by that time, but suddenly thick clouds came up and covered the whole sky, so that they lost all sense of direction and could do no more than follow the first path they discovered, and along it they walked for the best part of the night.

As the light grew they found themselves at the top of the hill and saw that the path they were following led down the hillside to a city, and, as the light cleared, they found of all places this was Ichun, from which they had retreated five days previously, a place which, for foreigners, was a perfect trap. The cook went down to see if he could pick up any useful information. A little

below them lay a house with outbuildings, and, fearing there might be difficulty in getting by unseen, they sent the horse-boy on ahead to see how the land lay. "We always knew he was not very brilliant, but we thought his stupidity had reached its limit when we saw him knocking at the door of the house and then evidently telling the people all about us, as we could see him pointing in our direction. Feeling that it was all over we went down after him, and the people of the house asked us in, gave us a seat and brought us a bowl of food and then one person after another came in and looked at us and walked out."

The horse-boy, meanwhile, had gone to look for the cook, and though not finding him returned in company with a youth related to the people of the house. Since the house was on the main path and dangerously near to the city, its owners arranged for their young relative to take the young to a cave near by and then return to bring them food. Truly the horse-boy had builded better than he knew when he took the risk of seeking these people's aid. And yet he might so easily have blundered badly, for the man of the house was a prominent member of the notorious Elder Brethren Society. But his wife was a wonderful woman. It was she who undertook the burden of befriending these strangers, planning for their safety, and enlisting the sympathy of the few people whom she was obliged to trust in the matter. The first instance of her staunchness and her shrewdness was shown within a few hours of their arrival, when Ts'ao, who had been hunting wildly for them all the night, managed to track them down. He had reasoned out that, lost in the darkness of the previous

night, this was their likeliest road, as it led to a city, whilst the track he had planned to follow to Fu Ping would be too faint for them to distinguish. Arrived at Ichun, and knowing that they would not venture down into the town, he divined that this house was the place which was sheltering them. Inquiring, he was met with vigorous denials until he at last made it clear to the owners that he was the friend of the refugees. When he found the latter unharmed he literally wept for joy.

Since the time when Andrew Young left England for China, in the spring of 1913, there had been four years of almost incessant toil and anxiety, varied only by travel under trying conditions and at forced speed. Again and again the warning which fatigue should have given him was ignored, its inhibitions kept at bay by the reinforcements of religious devotion and a steel-like will. But in March, 1918, he had a complete collapse, and had to put down everything and leave for Hawai Yuen.

Thus there was no male doctor in the city, and Mrs. Fairburn, the doctor in charge of the women's wards of the Memorial Hospital, became responsible for any medical cases that might occur amongst the foreign community. By this time, also, fighting had broken out again between the troops of the *de facto* provincial government on the one hand, and those forces who refused to recognize Sianfu's authority on the other. As a consequence, the men's wards of the hospital were once more filled with wounded soldiers. Under such circumstances Mrs. Fairburn took the only sensible and humanitarian course open to her; she threw off the trammels of Chinese etiquette and proceeded to treat the wounded as a male

doctor would have done. And the soldiers were as obedient to her as children would have been. With an imposing presence, a love of her profession, powers of physical endurance that allowed her to work for long periods without rest, and with a big heart, this woman doctor held the fort.

Did a smile lurk behind the kindly, patient brown eyes when "Mr. Glory Tai-ful" recognized the disease which had seized him? So often had he fought it across the bodies of others, that it seemed almost to wear the face of a friend at last. Typhus might be a dread enemy to the many, but for Cecil Robertson, Stanley Jenkins and Andrew Young, it was, after all, only a messenger. "He maketh his ministers a flame of fire." Over the body of this beloved physician, as over many a patient of his before, the battle was waged, and this time with better human hopes. Never before had Shensi had two British doctors and four British nurses available for one patient. Almost to the end it seemed as if skill and devotion would prevail to keep this servant of Jesus with us, but the patient's powers of resistance had been lowered by years of persistent overwork, and the final onslaught of the fever prevailed.

"The end of Andrew Young came on the twenty-ninth day of April, 1922," writes Mr. J. C. Keyte, to whom we are indebted for the above account. "The Chinese, for whom he had laboured so untiringly, were not slow to do him honour. The United Church and the poor torn State were present at his funeral. The sorrow of the many poor for whom he had toiled in such kindliness was the laurel of his wreath. By the Shensi Mission, by the Society at home, by his friends in four continents, the de-

parting, which was gain for him, was counted as sore loss."

HEALING IN GALILEE

DR. D. W. TORRANCE

THE first Christian doctor to carry his mission of healing and teaching to the Lake of Galilee was Dr. D. W. Torrance, who worked under the auspices of the Sea of Galilee Mission. He was born at Airdrie, in 1862, his father being in medical practice. David took avidly to his father's profession and, before he was in his teens even, was helping his father in the dispensary. At sixteen David, with the family, owing to his father's death, moved to Glasgow, where he sat for the preliminary examination in medicine and, young as he was, passed in all the subjects and so entered the University, taking his final successfully at twenty, a year below the minimum graduating age. In 1884 he was one of three to go to the Holy Land to study mission prospects; returning and reporting, he left again the same year to take up the arduous and self-sacrificing life of a medical missionary in Tiberias, and there, after heroic service and splendid achievements, he broke down in 1921. Happily he recovered to some measure of health and had the joy of seeing his work carried on by able colleagues.

Torrance had been pressed to accept the appointment. There was a strong family opposition to the Palestine plan, and he was urged to employ his exceptional ability in a sphere where it would be recognized and adequately rewarded. On the other

hand, Palestine's fascination drew him like a spell. Greater than the appeal of the country, however, was that of its people with their unattended ills and hopeless suffering. He thought, too, of the honour of being the first Christian physician to walk in the footsteps of Jesus round the Galilean Lake, and of the possibility of building the first Christian hospital on its shore.

The matter was not long in doubt; he sailed on 2nd December, 1884, from Liverpool. Mr. W. P. Livingstone has told the following story in "A Galilee Doctor":

On arrival in Galilee calls came immediately from the villages and Bedouin encampments, and to these Torrance trudged on foot, toiling over the hot trackless land, unconscious of hardship, anxious only to deepen the hold of the Mission on the people. Occasionally the summons was from a greater distance. One of the earliest was from an upland village on the opposite side of the Lake. A woman who had benefited by treatment at Tiberias had a relapse and was unable to travel. Dressed in Arab costume, which he frequently assumed in order to attract less attention, the doctor rode to the lower Jordan, forded it, and ascended the hills to the little Moslem settlement of mud houses, where he arrived at sunset. After examining the patient, and partaking of the family supper of a mess of pottage, he squatted with the men round the wood fire, as much of an Arab in appearance as themselves, and talked to them of the good Physician who used to walk about the shore of the Lake below.

In his travels Torrance came across a sheikh who had once been carried to the dispensary with a

diseased leg; hopeless of recovering the use of it, he was amazed to find himself, later, walking back to his desert home. It was little wonder that he welcomed the Doctor with a grateful heart. Torrance says: "He was anxious to serve us in every way possible. He had supper with us the evening we arrived, and we had reading and prayer in Arabic afterwards. The chief men of the village calling upon us just as we had finished he told them what we had been doing, and begged me to tell them what I had been reading. I spent about two hours as I sat at the tent-door addressing a company inside and outside my tent. Each morning and evening Hamad joined us in our reading and on Sunday he was a long time with us. He already knew the Gospels fairly well, so we began the Acts together. He stopped his harvest-men from working the Sunday we were there. I could see there was a struggle going on in his mind, and he once said to me: 'Mohammed was a prophet, but he was not like Christ.' "

This Sheikh invited the Doctor to exhibit the magic lantern. The pictures illustrated scenes in the life of Joseph. At the end the Sheikh declared that several of the incidents had been missed out. This was true, and the Doctor found that he had been reading the Bible which had been given to him in Tiberias. "Then," said the Doctor, "*you* tell the people the whole story," and to his surprise was informed that he had been reading from the Book to crowds of astonished hearers.

There was no more welcome sight to the people along the shores of the Lake than the Doctor's vessel, *The Clyde*. The scenes reminded him of those

connected with the ministry of Jesus. One day he sailed her to Magdala, and after addressing those who gathered round he attended to their ailments. Down the hillside came a donkey bearing an old blind man suffering from senile cataract, who laughed at the idea of a cure being effected. After some temporary treatment the Doctor asked him to come to the dispensary at Tiberias, which he did. So successful was the operation that the patient found his own way back to his astonished friends. "What did he do to you?" they asked him eagerly, and after the same manner he replied: "One thing only I know, that whereas I was blind now I see. . . . If this man were not of God he could do nothing."

One of the young men who frequented Mr. Ewing's house in Tiberias on the Jewish Sabbath was Ephraim, the head teacher in a Rabbinical school. He was foremost in the controversial discussions which took place, was exceedingly bitter in spirit, and was regarded as the champion of the orthodox in their opposition to the Christian faith. Now and again his wife and children came under the healing ministry of Dr. Torrance, and when he himself fell ill, he was treated with kindness and care which took no cognizance of religious views. He sought to probe the motive underlying so selfless a service, and had many talks with the Doctor. He began to read the New Testament in Hebrew, and was profoundly moved by the personality and teaching of the Man of Galilee. The Doctor passed him on to Mr. Ewing.

The latter tells how, one evening at sunset, Ephraim walked into his study and, taking off his

tarbush or fez, an act of unusual courtesy, said: "I am minded to be a Christian." With deep feeling he described the struggle between a growing conviction of the incomplete nature of Judaism and a realization of the truth of Christianity; between a longing to surrender himself to Christ and his loyalty to the ancient faith of his race. Tenderly and wisely Mr. Ewing arranged that he should undergo a course of instruction at a quiet hour of the evening.

The regular visits to the missionary's study aroused suspicion, and a watch was set on his movements. He was about to come to the deciding point when he was charged by the Rabbis with apostasy. Not denying his purpose, he was suspended from his position as a schoolmaster and subjected to a pitiless storm of persecution. His resolution remained unshaken. Then his wife and children pled with him, and outwardly he took his place again among his people, but in his heart he never changed. When the Jewish feasts were due he started off for Nazareth, but the rabbis shrewdly suspecting that it was a plan to avoid taking part in the ceremonies raised a hostile crowd, which followed him and forced him to return to the town.

Then he disappeared from the knowledge of the missionaries. Afterwards it became known that a false accusation of theft had been brought against him, and that he had been confined in a filthy cell and suffered unspeakable degradation. His resolution and his spirit remaining unbroken, he was flogged and starved, a punishment which injured his health for life. Still he was true to his convictions. Condemned as a traitor and repudiated by his wife and family, he was secretly removed from

the town to a Jewish colony at the waters of Merom (Lake Huleh) and his name was blotted out of the remembrance of his friends and companions.

"Many months later," writes Mr. Ewing, "one of the missionaries riding in the Upper Jordan valley saw a forlorn figure bending to his task in the field, under a hot sun, and was surprised, on nearer approach, to find it none other than Ephraim.

"He was greatly changed. The hardships he had endured had left their marks upon his frame, and the lines had deepened on his weather-beaten features; but there was a light of eager welcome in his eyes. In answer to questions he told briefly of his experiences. But these things had not moved him. Nothing daunted, he held on his way. Return to Tiberias was then impossible. For self-support he willingly endured the weariness of unwonted toil in the service of a stranger, until it should please God to make his duty plain. He stood among the furrows waving a genial farewell to his departing friend; then, heartened by the interview, he bent afresh to his labour.

Not long afterwards Ephraim turned up at Nazareth, the light of great purpose in his eyes, and was there baptized by the missionaries. A new peace and dignity of soul came to him. Finding his way to Jerusalem, he accepted and carried on humble, but useful, work in connection with a Bible Depot, and there he lived his days, standing every test and enduring with steadfast courage the trials and difficulties of his lot. Christianity, seemingly so slight and intangible a power, had won against the organized might of Judaism."

Many of the Jews chafed against Rabbinical rule,

and at this time were leading an informal movement for a less rigid religious and social code. It was Mr. Christie's fortune to take advantage of this spirit and to be the inspirer of the young men who came to his evening class. He continued to lead many to the verge of belief; one was James Cohen. He was born in 1873, in Russia, was sent to a Rabbinical school and, later, emigrated with his father to Safed, where he continued his studies until 1890. He entered Baron Rothschild's school and acquired a knowledge of French. Then he was selected to work as an apprentice gardener in a Rothschild colony, at the waters of Merom.

While there he paid occasional visits to Safed, attended the evening classes, and came under the influence of Mr. Christie and Mr. Soutar, who presented him with a copy of the New Testament in Hebrew. He read it through, and was angry with himself for having done so, as it unsettled his belief, hitherto unshaken, in the traditional law. In order to be able to refute its teaching he studied it again thoroughly, but the result was still more disastrous to his own faith. He became convinced of the truth, believed in Christ, and accepted Him whom he had previously despised and hated.

The change which the event made in his character and life was so marked that suspicion was aroused; he was interrogated by the rabbis, and his replies were so compromising that he was dismissed from his post. Some time afterwards, he sought an interview with Mr. Soutar, and after a long talk, which lasted late into the night, he confessed his conversion and asked for baptism. The missionaries, always reluctant to grant this without prolonged probation,

kept him for nearly a year under instruction and thoroughly tested his sincerity.

On New Year's Day, 1895, he made an earnest appeal to be received, and on 10th February was baptized by Mr. Soutar at Tiberias.

Cohen suffered much at the hands of the Jews. After being given temporary employment by the Mission, he was sent to Aleppo, and on his return in 1896, took charge of the Bible Depot and acted as colporteur, and, in addition to his Hebrew, Yiddish and French, acquired a more fluent use of English and Arabic. In time he won the respect of every class of the community, and became a great spiritual power in the district.

When Dr. Torrance began building his hospital his ideal was sixty beds, but practical considerations reduced the number to twenty-four and six cots, and it was a testimony to the interest felt in the Mission in Scotland that nearly all these found supporters at the cost of £20 per bed and £10 per cot per annum.

A few desperate cases were taken in some weeks before the building was finished, but the formal opening took place on 1st January, 1894.

Many of the results achieved were marvellous. The Doctor himself attributed them to the better accommodation and equipment and the efficiency of the nursing, but much was due to his own skill and care. When critical cases were in the wards he would not take time for meals. He could not rest at night or go to sleep, but would rise and visit the hospital to reassure himself about the conditions of the patients. It was, at any rate, to him that the patients attributed their recovery. They would kiss his hand when he entered the wards; women would

even kneel and kiss his feet, and in the street little children would run after him to express their gratitude in the same graceful way. Old patients would send him sheep, goats, oil, raisins, butter and other gifts.

On one occasion on a desert journey he found war going on between two tribes. When it became known that "Trance" was in the vicinity, hostilities ceased, and members of both parties visited his tent for treatment and medicine. Side by side they sat, also, and listened to the Gospel of Peace.

Of a more distant tour Torrance gives this glimpse:

"At El Husand I spent several days camping on the threshing-floor. My tent was surrounded with patients, so that I had to request the use of a large room, which was readily granted by a Moslem, an old patient. There I sat for five or six hours at a stretch attending to patients and addressing audiences of fifty or sixty. I was invited to meals at all the principal houses. I was afraid if I visited Irbid, the seat of Government, that the Governor might send me back bag and baggage to Tiberius, missionaries—and all Europeans—being forbidden in this region, so I sent the camp on before me, and, meanwhile, with medicine in saddle-bags, visited the Moslem village of Eidun. Here the Sheikh entertained me at lunch and kept me busy attending the sick. Then he sent a horseman with me to Irbid. At Irbid I was pleasantly surprised to find that my tents had been pitched on the castle hill adjoining the Government offices, and that chairs had been brought from there for my use. Amongst the patients were the children of the Governor.

From the roof of his house, Dr. Torrance looked down on the town, a veritable ghetto, and thought of what would happen if the worst came, but the local officials continued apathetic.

The worst did come, suddenly and violently. On 24th October he was called out to a case, and diagnosed cholera. He notified the Government, and a guard was stationed round the house. It was too late. Other cases occurred, and panic seized the people. The Government went to pieces. Its only resource was the soldiery, and these were placed outside the walls to act as a cordon. In their wild excitement the people endeavoured to break through, and were driven back and bottled up. They began to die like flies at the blast of winter. Strong men and women succumbed in a few hours. The bodies lay in the houses until the neighbours were compelled by the stench to remove them. For a time they were thrown outside the walls and left unburied.

The Doctor stopped the clinic and closed the hospital, retaining, however, the patients already there, and devoted himself day and night to the work of relief. His figure, dressed in white overalls, was seen everywhere; he visited the stricken, succoured the destitute, advised the officials on the measures to be taken. Mr. Soutar, coming from Safed, found that the Doctor was working at high pressure. "It would be difficult," he wrote, "to praise his work too highly. If only he were backed up by the Government, there would be hope of checking the disease. . . ."

In the second week a German from Haifa was

taken ill. The Doctor fought for his life, but he died twenty-four hours after he was attacked.

That day Mrs. Torrance watched for her husband's return from the funeral of the German. He saw her there standing silhouetted against the sunset light. She came to meet him. "David," she said quietly, "I think I must have got it." He took her in his arms and carried her up to her room.

After a day of suffering she died, and was laid to rest at sunset in the little corner cemetery. She was the only victim in the Mission compound.

To the Doctor, who had already known so much sorrow, the blow was a severe one, but he bore it with fortitude for the sake of the keen eyes that were watching him. There had been a pitiful revelation of weakness and cowardice amongst the populace, especially among the Moslems, for many of the Jews exhibited a noble devotion and courage, and felt that Christianity was on its trial. "The whole community, Jews, Moslems and Christians," wrote Mr. Soutar, "confess that there must be something worth having in a religion which enables one to bear so manfully and cheerfully so heavy a burden."

A WANDERER FOR CHRIST

SADHU SUNDAR SINGH

SADHU SUNDAR SINGH was born in 1889, his father, a Sikh, being a landowner, and Sundar's boyhood went in luxurious surroundings, till the call came to become a "Sadhu" or homeless preacher, travelling where the spirit led, but ever

carrying the Message of the Master. He did so in fulfilment of the wishes of his dead and greatly loved mother, obeying whom, Sundar unflinchingly faced the anger of his Hindu relatives and the ridicule of his Christian brethren. Thirty-three days after his baptism, when only a boy of sixteen, he took this step in the firm belief that God had called him to this particular kind of life and work. Since that day he had never ceased to interpret to his countrymen in truly Eastern manner, the great things for which the Saviour gave his life. The following account is from Mrs. Parker, of Trivandrum, S. India:

When it became known that he had chosen Jesus as his master, it seemed too heinous a thing for any member of his family to believe. That one of their number, belonging as they did to a proud and influential family, should dream of joining the despised sect of Christians, none could contemplate. The father, with much earnest pleading and tenderness, urged his son to put aside such degrading and foolish thoughts; to remember the high estate he had been born to, and the noble prospects that lay before him.

None but Sundar can tell the temptations of that dreadful hour to the boy of sixteen. Anguish filled his soul that he should bring reproach on those he loved. At that moment, too, were spread before him the temptations, ambitions and glitter of the world.

About this time, when it was fully realised that Sundar had made up his mind to follow Christ, a fresh attempt was made to turn him aside and to win him back to his old faith. An honoured uncle, the possessor of great wealth, one day took him off

to his large house, and led him to a deep cellar below the main building. Taking him inside, the uncle locked the door and Sundar wondered whether his last hour had come. But, taking a key, his uncle stepped forward and unlocked a large safe. Throwing open the door there was revealed to the boy's eyes such wealth as he had never dreamt of. Rolls of bank-notes, priceless jewels, and quantities of money were what he saw. His uncle then besought him not to disgrace the family name by becoming a Christian, and taking his pugaree from his own head he laid it on Sundar's feet, as the last and humblest supplication he could make, with the words: "All these shall be yours if you will remain with us."

Sundar's eyes filled with tears as he beheld the pugaree lying on his feet—marking the disgrace which he must bring on those he loved, and his uncle standing bareheaded before him. But at that moment his heart became filled to overflowing with such love and devotion to Christ that refusal came easily to his lips, and with it came such a sense of divine approbation and acceptance of his dearest Saviour as strengthened every holy resolution to be faithful to his Lord. After that his father made it plain to him that he was no longer a son of the house, but an outcast.

Sundar saw that it was impossible for him to remain in his father's house, and so eventually he made his way to the headquarters of the American Presbyterian Mission in Ludhiana, where the missionaries received him kindly and took care of him, and Sundar entered the high school to continue his education. The sensitive boy had high ideals as to

what Christians ought to be, and before long he discovered that his school-mates were for the most part only nominally Christian, and the conduct of some of them caused him to leave the mission and retrace his steps homewards. Arrived at Rampur his parents naturally thought he had given up Christianity and received him with great kindness. But they were speedily disillusioned, for they soon found him to be a more determined follower of Jesus than before.

Then fell on this poor boy the bitterest blow of all. He was to be disowned, cast out, treated only as the lowest of the low, and that by those who loved him best. He was no longer counted as one of the family. His food was served to him outside the house, and he was made to sleep in the same place.

The Rajah heard of the matter, and he summoned Sundar to appear before the bar of the State Assembly (Durbar) to account for his conduct. The Rajah used much persuasive language, and made glowing offers to him. Neither argument nor appeal, nor yet offers of high position, were able to move him in his resolution to follow Christ at all costs. Before sunrise the following day he was cast forth with nothing but the thin clothes he wore, and enough money to take him to Patiala by rail. Homeless, friendless, and utterly destitute, Sundar turned his back on the home of his childhood.

As Sundar sat in the train the thought came to him that in Ropur there was a little colony of Christians—some from Rampur, whither they had fled when persecution made life impossible in their own village—and so stepping out of the train he made his way to the house of the kind Indian pastor and

his wife. It was by the providence of God that Sundar did this, for very soon after his arrival he fell violently ill and a physician had to be called in. Then it became known that a deadly poison had been mixed in the food given him before leaving home. It was not the intention of his friends that they should be degraded in the eyes of the world, but rather that he should die in the train.

Sundar lay in mortal pain with the blood flowing from his mouth and his strength ebbing fast. But as he lay, there came to him the profound belief that God had not called him out of the darkness to die without witnessing to his faith in Christ, so he began to pray with all his remaining powers. When morning came he was still alive, though exceedingly weak. The physician came according to his promise and was amazed to find the boy alive. So deeply impressed was he that he took a copy of the New Testament and began to study it. In this way the physician himself became a believer in Christ, and to-day is working as a missionary in Burma.

When Sundar was sufficiently strong to undertake the short journey to Ludhiana he went back to the kind care of the American missionaries there.

After certain events it became necessary for Sundar to go away where he would be protected from his enemies, and he was sent to the American Medical Mission at Sabathu, a small place twenty-three miles from Simla, where he was free from persecution, and able to give his mind completely to the study of his beloved New Testament. Set free from all earth's ties, he became increasingly anxious to confess Christ by baptism. Again and again he begged that he might be allowed to take this step,

and eventually on his birthday, September 3, 1905, the Rev. J. Redman baptized him in the Church of England at Simla.

The day had now come when he could make an utter self-surrender for Jesus Christ.

He had long felt drawn to the life of a Sadhu, and knowing what such a life involved, he willingly made the final sacrifice for it. His books and personal belongings were soon disposed of, and on October 6, 1905, just thirty-three days after his baptism, he adopted the simple saffron robe that was to mark him off for all time as one vowed to a religious life. With bare feet and no visible means of support, but with his New Testament in his hands and his Lord at his side, Sadhu Sundar Singh set out on the evangelists' campaign that has lasted to this day.

The years 1911 and 1912 were spent in touring in Garhwal, Nepal, Kulu, the Punjab and many other places, whilst each year during the six months of hot weather the Sadhu went along to Tibet. The following incidents give some idea of his life and work at that time.

One morning a number of Sadhus were gathered on the banks of the Ganges at a place called Rishi Kesh amidst a crowd of religious bathers, and amongst them stood Sadhu Sundar Singh, Testament in hand, preaching. Some were listening in a mildly interested way, whilst others joked and scoffed at the man and his message. Unexpectedly a man from the crowd lifted up a handful of sand and threw it in his eyes, an act that roused the indignation of a better-disposed man, who handed the offender over to a policeman. Meanwhile, the Sadhu went down to the river and washed the sand from his eyes.

Upon his return he begged for the release of the culprit and proceeded with his preaching. Surprised by this act and the way he had taken the insult, the man, Vidyananda, fell at his feet begging his forgiveness, and declaring a desire to understand more of what the Sadhu was speaking about. This man became a seeker after truth, and afterwards accompanied him on his journey, learning with meekness from his lips the story of redeeming love.

An educated Arya Samaj gentleman relates how one day when he was descending a mountain he met Sundar going up. Curiosity prompted him to watch what would happen, so, instead of joining him for a talk as he at first thought of doing, he waited, and this was what he saw: When the Sadhu got to the village he sat down upon a log, and wiping the perspiration from his face he commenced singing a Christian hymn. Soon a crowd gathered, but when it was found that the love of Christ was the theme, many of the people became angry. One man jumped up and dealt him such a severe blow as felled him to the ground, cutting his cheek and hand badly. Without a word, Sundar rose and bound up his bleeding hand, and with blood running down his face prayed for his enemies and spoke to them of the forgiving love of Christ. In writing of this incident this gentleman adds that he himself, by seeing the Sadhu's conduct, was "drawn out of the well of contempt, and brought to the fountain of life." The man, Kripa Ra, who had thrown Sundar down, sought long and earnestly for him, in the hope that he might be baptized by that "wounded hand," but not finding him, he openly

confessed Christ by baptism, and still hopes to see Sadhu Sundar Singh some day.

In 1914, Sadhu Sundar Singh entered Nepal, knowing that he ran every risk of ill-treatment and possibly death. For some time, however, in spite of opposition and threats, he went from place to place publishing the good news, until he came to a town called Hom. He had not been there long when he was told he must discontinue preaching or some evil would befall him.

An order was issued for his imprisonment, and whilst delivering his message he was seized and hurried off to the common prison, to spend his days and nights with murderers and thieves. Here was an opportunity for him to speak for his Master, and soon he began to tell the unhappy prisoners of the power of Christ to change men's hearts and to bring peace to their consciences even within the dismal walls of a prison. Many believed his message of joy and accepted Christ, and thus were these fearful days converted into seasons of blessing both to the Sadhu and to those whom he taught.

The news that he was changing the hearts of his fellow prisoners was told in high places, and on this charge Sundar was removed from the prison and taken to the public market for punishment. Here he was stripped of his clothes, and made to sit on the bare earth. His feet and hands were fastened into holes in upright boards (stocks), and in this crippled position, without food or water, he was made to remain all day and the following night. To add to his tortures a number of leeches were thrown over his naked body, and these immediately fastened upon him and began to suck his life-blood. He

carries the marks of this horrible treatment today. A mocking crowd stood round to watch his torture, and none offered him even a drink of water to relieve his physical misery.

Through the long night he agonized, growing hourly weaker with loss of blood, but when morning came he was still alive. When his persecutors saw the Sadhu's tranquil face they were filled with superstitious dread, and being sure that he held some strange power they did not understand, they took him out of the stocks and set him free.

With a deep determination to make the name of Christ known in the hostile country of Tibet the Sadhu continued his work, knowing that sooner or later bitter persecution would be his lot. At a town called Rascar he was arrested and arraigned before the head Lama on the charge of entering the country and preaching the Gospel of Christ. He was found guilty, and midst a crowd of evil-disposed persons he was led away to the place of execution. There he was stripped of his clothes and cast into the dark depths of the dry well of execution—a ghastly charnel-house—with such violence that his right arm was injured.

Day passed into night, making no change in the darkness of this awful place and bringing no relief by sleep. Without food or even water the hours grew into days, and Sundar felt he could not last much longer.

On the third night, just as he had been crying to God in prayer, he heard a grating sound overhead. Someone was opening the locked lid of his dismal prison. He heard the key turned and the rattle of the iron covering as it was drawn away. Then a

voice reached him from the top of the well, telling him to take hold of the rope that was being let down for his rescue. As the rope reached him he grasped it with all his remaining strength, and was strongly but gently pulled up from the evil place into the fresh air above.

Arrived at the top of the well the lid was drawn over again and locked. When he looked round his deliverer was nowhere to be seen, but the pain in his arm was gone, and the clean air filled him with new life. All that the Sadhu felt able to do was to praise God for his wonderful deliverance, and when morning came he struggled back to the town, where he rested in the serai until he was able to start preaching again. His return to the city and his old work was cause for great commotion. The news was quickly taken to the Lama that the man they all thought dead was well and preaching again.

The Sadhu was again arrested, and brought to the judgment seat of the Lama, and being questioned as to what had happened he told the story of his marvellous escape. The Lama was greatly angered, declaring that someone must have secured the key and gone to his rescue, but when search was made for the key and it was found on his own girdle, he was speechless with amazement and fear. He then ordered Sundar to leave the city and get away as far as possible, lest his powerful God should bring some untold disaster upon himself and his people. Thus was Sundar delivered from a fearful death, and praised God for interposing on his behalf."

A full and critical account of the life and work of Sadhu Sundar Singh has recently appeared by Dr. Heiler, to which the reader is also referred.

AFRICA

THE PATHFINDER OF THE DARK CONTINENT

DAVID LIVINGSTONE

THE dauntless heroism of the high cause, and the gentleness of David Livingstone himself combine to give his story a powerful human appeal for all time. Born at Blantyre, in Scotland, in 1813, David, as so often with the Scot, worked in a factory and at the same time studied. Thereby he was able, in 1836, to attend medical classes in Glasgow, and in 1840 qualified for the diploma of Glasgow faculty of Physicians and Surgeons. In the same year he was accepted for the mission field and sailed to the Cape of Good Hope. His marriage with Mary Moffat took place in 1844, and together they laboured in the heart of Africa. Many accounts have appeared of his long and extensive labours, and it is difficult to select a typical instance of his multitude of deeds done for Christ. In 1871 occurred the epic journey of H. M. Stanley to find Livingstone. For two years after meeting Stanley he struggled against illness and died, in 1873, in the vicinity of Lake Bangweolo. He lies buried in Westminster Abbey, as described below.

Arriving at Cape Town, he started up country by ox wagon, experiencing the tribulations of travel in those days, with many an adventure and peril by the way. His objective was Kuruman, which mission he was instructed to occupy till Dr. Moffat returned

from England; thereafter Livingstone was to pierce into the north to found a new station. He was quite content to go into the unknown: "My life may be spent as profitably as a pioneer as in any other way," he said. Farther north there was a denser population. It was therefore his purpose, along with a brother missionary, to make an early journey to the interior, and bury himself among the natives, to learn their language, and slip into their modes of thinking and feeling. He purposed to take with him two of the best qualified native Christians of Kuruman.

Accordingly, in company with a brother missionary from Kuruman, a journey of seven hundred miles was performed before the end of the year.

In fulfilment of a promise made to the natives in the interior that he would return to them, Livingstone set out on a second tour into the interior of the Bechuna country on 10th February, 1842. His objects were, first, to acquire the native language more perfectly, and second, by suspending his medical practice, which had become inconveniently large at Kuruman, to give his undivided attention to the subject of native agents. He took with him two native members of the Kuruman church, and two other natives for the management of the wagon.

The first person that specially engaged his interest in this journey was a chief of the name of Bubi, whose people were Bakwains. With him he stationed one of the native agents as a teacher, the chief himself collecting the children and supplying them with food.

In advancing, Livingstone had occasion to pass through a part of the great Kalahari desert, and here

he met with Sekomi, a chief of the Bamangwato, from whom also he received a most friendly reception.

Before he had been a year in the country Livingstone learned how to rule the Africans. From the very first, his genial address, simple and fearless, yet firm manner, and transparent kindliness, formed a spell which rarely failed. He had great faith in the power of humour. He was never afraid of a man who had a hearty laugh. By a playful way of dealing with the people, he made them feel at ease with him, and afterwards he could be solemn enough when the occasion required. His medical knowledge helped him greatly; but for permanent influence all would have been in vain if he had not uniformly observed the rules of justice, good feeling and good manners. Often he would say that the true road to influence was patient continuance in well-doing. It is remarkable that, from the very first, he should have seen the charm of that method which he employed so successfully to the end.

In the course of this journey, Livingstone was within ten days of Lake 'Ngami, the lake of which he had heard at the Cape, and which he actually discovered in 1849; and he might have discovered it now, had discovery alone been his object. Part of his journey was performed on foot, in consequence of the draught oxen having become sick:

"Some of my companions," he said in his first book, "who had recently joined us, and did not know that I understood a little of their speech, were overheard by me discussing my appearance and powers: 'He is not strong, he is quite slim, and only appears stout because he puts himself into those

bags (trousers); he will soon knock up.' This caused my Highland blood to rise, and made me despise the fatigue of keeping them all at the top of their speed for days together, and until I heard them expressing proper opinions of my pedestrian powers."

His "welcome," or almost so, to his new station at Mabosta, for he had hardly settled down there ere it happened, was exciting. Livingstone himself, after telling how the attacks of lions drew the people of Mabosta away from the irrigating operations he was engaged in, says:

"At last one of the lions destroyed nine sheep in broad daylight on a hill just opposite our house. All the people immediately ran over to it, and, contrary to my custom, I imprudently went with them in order to see how they acted, and to encourage them to destroy him. They surrounded him several times, but he managed to break through the circle. I then got tired. In coming home I had to come near to the end of the hill. They were then close upon the lion, and had wounded him. He rushed out from the bushes which concealed him from view, and bit me on the arm so as to break the bone. It is now nearly well, however, feeling weak only from having been confined in one position so long; and I ought to praise Him who delivered me from so great a danger. I hope I shall never forget His mercy. You need not be sorry for me, for long before this reaches you it will be quite as strong as ever it was. Gratitude is the only feeling we ought to have in remembering the event. Do not mention this to anyone. I do not like to be talked about."

Still, all the world knows the story of the encounter at Mabosta, which was near to ending Liv-

ingstone's career. Nothing in all Livingstone's history took more hold of the popular imagination, or was more frequently inquired about when he came home. By a kind of miracle his life was saved, but the encounter left him with a permanently disabled arm.

The journey from Linyanti to Loanda occupied from the 11th of November, 1853 to 31 May, 1854. It was in many ways the most difficult and dangerous that Livingstone had yet performed, and it drew out in a very wonderful manner the rare combination of qualities that fitted him for his work. The route had never been traversed, so far as any trustworthy tradition went, by a European. With the exception of a few of Sekeletu's tusks, the oxen needed for carrying, and a trifling amount of coffee, cloth, beads, etc., Livingstone had neither stores of food for his party, nor presents with which to propitiate the countless tribes of rapacious and suspicious savages that lined his path.

Worse, if possible, Livingstone was in wretched health. During this part of the journey he had constant attacks of intermittent fever, accompanied in the latter stages of the road with dysentery of the most distressing kind. In the intervals of fever he was often depressed alike in body and in mind. Often the party were destitute of food of any sort, and never had they food suitable for a fever-stricken invalid. The vexations he encountered were of no common kind; at starting, the greater part of his medicines were stolen, much though he needed them; in the course of the journey his pontoon was left behind; at one time, while he was under the influence of fever, his riding ox threw him, and

he fell heavily on his head; at another, while crossing a river, the ox tossed him into the water; the heavy rains, and the necessity of wading through streams three or four times a day, kept him almost constantly wet; and occasionally, to vary the annoyance, mosquitoes would assail him as fiercely as if they had been waging a war of extermination. The most critical moments of peril, demanding the utmost coolness and most dauntless courage, would sometimes occur during the stage of depression after fever; it was then he had to extricate himself from savage warriors, who vowed that he must go back, unless he gave them an ox, a gun, or a man. The ox he could ill spare, the gun not at all, and as for giving the last—a man—to make a slave of, he would sooner have died. At the best, he was a poor ragged skeleton when he reached those who had hearts to feel for him, and hands to help him. Had he not been a prodigy of patience, faith and courage, had he not known where to find help in all time of his tribulation, he would never have reached the haunts of civilized men.

Without following Dr. Livingstone into all details of his expedition, a few of the more salient points are noted in connection with the opportunities it afforded for the achievement of his object and the development of his character. On the 10th March, 1858, Dr. Livingstone, accompanied by Mrs. Livingstone, their youngest son, Oswell, and the members of his expedition, sailed from Liverpool on board Her Majesty's colonial steamer, the *Pearl*, which carried the sections of the *Ma-Robert*, the steam launch with Mrs. Livingstone's African name, which was now to be used in the exploration of the

Zambesi and its tributaries. The remainder of 1858 was employed in exploring the mouths of the Zambesi, and the river itself up to Tette and the Kebrabasa Rapids, a few miles beyond. Next year—1859—was devoted mainly to three successive trips on the River Shire, the third being signalized by the discovery of Lake Nyassa. In 1860, Livingstone went back with his Makololo up the Zambesi to the territories of Sekeletu. In 1861, after exploring the River Rovuma, and assisting Bishop Mackenzie to begin the Universities' Mission, he started for Lake Nyassa, returning to the ship towards the end of the year. In 1862 occurred the death of the Bishop and other missionaries, and also, during a detention at Shupanga, the death of Mrs. Livingstone; in the latter part of the year Livingstone again explored the Rovuma. In 1863 he was again exploring the Shire valley and Lake Nyassa, when an order came from Her Majesty's Government, recalling the expedition. In 1864, he started in the *Lady Nyassa* for Bombay, and thence returned again to England.

On Livingstone's going out from England for the third time he entered from Zanzibar to Ujiji; and for eight more years he travelled and struggled unceasingly to end the atrocious slave-trade and bring men and women to his Master.

Then worne out with privations and labours, the end came. The 29th April, 1873, was the last day of his travels. In the morning he directed Susi to take down the side of the hut that the kitanda might be brought along, as the door would not admit it, and he was quite unable to walk to it. Then came the crossing of a river; then progress through swamps and plashes; and when they got him to any-

thing like a dry plain, he could beg of them to lay him down.

At last they got him to Chatambo's village and they laid him upon a rough bed in the hut, where he spent the night. Next day he lay undisturbed. His people knew that the end could not be far off. At four in the morning, the boy who lay at his door called in alarm for Susi, fearing that their master was dead. By the candle still burning they saw him, not in bed, but kneeling at the bedside, with his head buried in his hands upon the pillow. The sad yet not unexpected truth soon became evident; he had passed away on the farthest of all his journeys, and without a single attendant.

When the sad event became known among the men, it was cordially resolved that every effort should be made to carry their master's remains to Zanzibar. Susi and Chuma, the old attendants of Livingstone, became now the leaders of the company, and they fulfilled their task right nobly.

Arrangements were made for drying and embalming the body, after removing and burying the heart. Jacob Wainwright carved an inscription on the Mvula tree under which the body had rested, and where the heart was buried, and Chitambo was charged to keep the grass cleared away, and to protect two posts and a cross-piece which they erected to mark the spot.

On Saturday, April 18, 1874, the remains of the great traveller were committed to their resting-place near the centre of the nave of Westminster Abbey. Many old friends of Livingstone came to be present, and many of his admirers, who could not but avail themselves of the opportunity to pay the

tribute of respect to his memory. The Abbey was crowded in every part from which the spectacle might be seen. The pall-bearers were Mr. H. M. Stanley, Jacob Wainwright, Sir T. Steele, Dr. Kirk, Mr. W. F. Webb, Rev. Horace Waller, Mr. Oswell, and Mr. E. D. Young. Two of these, Mr. Waller and Dr. Kirk, along with Dr. Stewart, who was also present, had assisted twelve years before at the funeral of Mrs. Livingstone at Shupanga. Dr. Moffat, too, was there, full of sorrowful admiration. Amid a service which was emphatically impressive throughout, the simple words of the hymn, sung to the tune of Tallis, were peculiarly touching:—

"O God of Bethel! by whose hand
Thy people still are fed,
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led."

The black slab that now marks the resting-place of Livingstone bears this inscription:—

BROUGHT BY FAITHFUL HANDS
OVER LAND AND SEA,
HERE RESTS

DAVID LIVINGSTONE,

MISSIONARY, TRAVELLER, PHILANTHROPIST,

BORN MARCH 19, 1813,
AT BLANTYRE, LANARKSHIRE.
DIED MAY 4, 1873,
AT CHITAMBO'S VILLAGE, ILALA.

For thirty years his life was spent in an unwearied effort to evangelize the native races, to explore the

undiscovered secrets and abolish the desolating slave-trade of Central Africa, where, with his last words he wrote

"All I can say in my solitude is, may Heaven's rich blessing come down on every one—American, English, Turk—who will help to heal this open sore of the world."

Along the right border of the stone are the words:—

TANTUS AMOR VERI, NIHIL EST QUOD NOSCERE MALIM QUAM FLUVII CAUSAS PER SAECULA TANTA LATENTES.

And along the left border—

OTHER SHEEP I HAVE WHICH ARE NOT OF THIS FOLD, THEM ALSO I MUST BRING, AND THEY SHALL HEAR MY VOICE.

Sir Bartle Frere, as President of the Royal Geographical Society, after a copious notice of his life, summed it up in these words: "As a whole, the work of his life will surely be held up in ages to come as one of singular nobleness of design, and of unflinching energy and self-sacrifice in execution. It will be long ere any one man will be able to open so large an extent of unknown land to civilized mankind. Yet longer, perhaps, ere we find a brighter example of a life of such continued and useful self-devotion to a noble cause.

"As a missionary and explorer I have always put him in the very first rank. He seemed to me to possess in the most wonderful degree that union of opposite qualities which were required for such a work as opening out heathen Africa to Christianity

and civilization. No man had a keener sympathy with even the most barbarous and unenlightened; none had a more ardent desire to benefit and improve the most abject. In his aims, no man attempted, on a grander or more thorough scale, to benefit and improve those of his race who most needed improvement and light. In the execution of what he undertook, I never met his equal for energy and sagacity, and I feel sure that future ages will place him among the very first of those missionaries, who, following the apostles, have continued to carry the light of the gospel to the darkest regions of the world throughout the last 1,800 years. As regards the value of the work he accomplished, it might be premature to speak—not that I think it possible I can over-estimate it, but because I feel sure that every year will add fresh evidence to show how well-considered were the plans he took in hand, and how vast have been the results of the movements he set in motion."

The heart of David Livingstone was laid under the Mvula tree in Ilala, and his bones in Westminster Abbey; but his spirit marched on. The history of his life is not completed with the record of his death. The continual cry of his heart to be permitted to finish his work was answered, answered thoroughly, though not in the way he thought of. The thrill that went through the civilized world when his death and all its touching circumstances became known, did more for Africa than he could have done had he completed his task and spent years in this country following it up. From the worn-out figure kneeling at the bedside in the hut in Ilala, an electric spark seemed to fly, quickening hearts on every side. The statesman felt it; it put new vigour

into the dispatches he wrote and the measures he devised with regard to the slave-trade. The merchant felt it, and began to plan in earnest how to traverse the continent with roads and railways, and open it to commerce from shore to centre. The explorer felt it, and started with high purpose on new scenes of unknown danger. The missionary felt it a reproof of past languor and unbelief, and found himself lifted up to a higher level of faith and devotion. No parliament of philanthropy was held; but the verdict was as unanimous and as hearty as if the Christian world had met and passed the resolution—"Livingstone's work shall not die:—AFRICA SHALL LIVE."

So, in brief, is visualized the wonderful life, work and personality of Livingstone.

DYING FOR UGANDA

ALEXANDER MACKAY

ALTHOUGH these noble words, "I die for Uganda," are Bishop Harrington's, he would be the first also to put them on the lips of Alexander Mackay, who, after being "persecuted beyond all hope of further continuance of useful work," died at Usambiro in 1890. Called to missionary service in 1876, in his twenty-eighth year, he started in stalwart Christian faith, for he was a son of the Manse, his father, the Reverend Alexander Mackay, LL.D., being a Free Church Minister in Aberdeen, and later in Edinburgh, where young Alexander studied at the University.

The march across the heart of Africa was a ter-

rible undertaking. The sufferings they had patiently to bear were enough to test the powers of the strongest and most godlike of men. It is a stock slur against missionaries, in some quarters, that they go out into these out-of-the-way quarters for the purpose of living lives of ease and affluence. Surely the records which come from this pioneer expedition to the Nyanza are in themselves a perfect refutation of these slanders. It must be remembered that almost all these men had been brought up in cultured and refined homes, and the prospects of two or three of them were nothing short of brilliant, whereas they were content to place themselves in the hands of God, and undergo all manner of privations for the purpose of carrying the message of love and hope and peace to benighted Uganda. All the world united in paying tribute to H. M. Stanley, and rightly so. But it must not be forgotten that the same work has been done in a more complete degree by many who are now lying in unnamed and unknown graves in the land where they laboured.

Mackay himself gives a grim sombreness to the dark picture of the lands he evangelized. "The king and I are great friends, and the chiefs also have great confidence in me, and I hope to be able to guide them in the way of more humane policy than has existed hitherto. Cruelty, slavery, polygamy, witch-craft, are only some of the terrible evils to be combated, and I have not been slack in my testimony regarding them. Only the grace of God can undo all that the devil has been doing here since the world began. But that grace is sufficiently powerful to do so and more."

Mackay possessed a wonderfully strong faith in

the vitality of the Truth to outlive, and eventually subdue, all forms of error and strife. So he worked patiently, devotedly, and his influence began to be perceptibly felt in the purification of the moral atmosphere of King Mtesa's court. Frequent services and Bible readings were held at court in the presence of the king and his numerous chiefs.

Acquiring the language, he began to carve wooden types for the purpose of printing select portions of the Gospels in their own tongue, after which he commenced the necessarily slow and tedious task of teaching numbers of people to read. Mackay was a statesman and organiser just as much as he was a Christian missionary. Like a strong, patient, self-constrained man, he laboured (as Gordon laboured in another not very distant part of Africa) for the purpose of placing a boundary upon the paralysing effects of the slave trade. His influence upon Mtesa was considerable. He argued with him on the question of slavery, from its religious and humane points of view, with such power that he published a decree forbidding any person in Uganda to sell a slave on pain of death. The king also forbade Sunday labour, and after a long struggle Mackay wooed him from his bloody charms, which in his heathen superstition he considered were a prevention against the machinations of the evil one.

Mackay's hopefulness of the king's intentions was not fully realized. He played with the old superstition and the new faith until at last the missionary felt compelled to ask him if he desired him to cease teaching the word of God at court. The king's reply was a negative one, but it soon became evident that his life was not perceptibly improved by Chris-

tian teaching. He began to regard Mackay as one of his slaves almost, and constantly ordered or requested him to use his mechanical skill in his service.

On one occasion (very soon after the time when Mackay asked the king if he should cease teaching at court) Mtesa said he had understood that missionaries came to teach him and his people how to make powder and guns. What he wanted at his court was men who could do so. Mackay said that he could not, if he would, teach the king how to make guns and powder, and insisted that the object of his presence in Uganda was to teach the people the Word of God, and rather than teach them to make guns and powder he would go back to England.

Referring to the vitality of faith among the native Ugandians, the explorer wrote: "I take this powerful body of native Christians in the heart of Africa, who prefer exile for the sake of their faith to serving a monarch indifferent or hostile to their faith, as more substantial evidence of the work of Mackay than would be any number of imposing structures clustered together and called a Mission Station. These native Africans have endured the most deadly persecutions—the stake and the fire, the cord and the club, the sharp knife and the rifle bullet, have all been tried to cause them to reject the teaching they have absorbed. Staunch in their beliefs, firm in their convictions, they have held together stoutly and resolutely, and Mackay and Ashe may point to these with a righteous pride as the results of their labours, to the good, kindly people at home who trusted in them."

It is common knowledge how the people of Uganda were driven to insurrection by the violent

deeds of King Mwanga, Mtesa's son and successor, who was compelled to flee from the throne; how in his avowed penitence he sought the aid of Mackay in recovering his kingdom; how Mackay, with truly Christian magnanimity, did all he possibly could to destroy the feud and to assist the wretch back to his throne.

In a letter he wrote to Mackay, the fallen king says (25th June, 1889): "Do not remember bygone matters. We are in a miserable plight, but if you, my fathers, are willing to come and help me to restore my kingdom, you will be at liberty to do whatever you like. Formerly I did not know God, but now I know the religion of Jesus Christ. . . . Sir, do not imagine that if you restore Mwanga to Uganda he will become bad again. If you find me become bad, then you may drive me from the throne; but I have given up my former ways, and I only wish now to follow your advice."

Judging from Mackay's last message, the young king's protestations of repentance were sincere. He was successful in recovering his throne. "All the posts of authority are occupied by Christians; all the land falls in their hands; even the king himself is no more their despotic master, but an instrument in their hands. God has given them the victory."

Later, in the same sad last letter, Mackay writes: "Mwanga writes: 'I want a host of English teachers to come and preach the gospel to my people.' "

The reader should obtain a copy of "Dying for Uganda," published by Pickering & Inglis, for a graphic account of Alexander Mackay's deeds done for Christ.

IN THE HEART OF AFRICA

FREDERICK STANLEY ARNOT

AS A missionary, the romance of Arnot's career has a fascination akin to that of Henry Martyn of Persia; as a traveller he covered 29,000 miles, without counting train or ocean transit, either to and from England, or round the coasts of Africa. Certainly a record for Africa, and possibly a world record for one who made it afoot, by donkey, or canoe.

Born in 1858, in Glasgow, his "Africa" interest started at the age of six on hearing Dr. Livingstone describe his Zambesian explorations; as both homes were in Hamilton the Arnots and Livingstone became friendly. What wonder then Africa called insistently to the mind?

Arnot commenced work for his Master early, and was preaching in the open air at fifteen. He sailed for Africa in 1881, and from that day till his death in 1914 he never ceased to work for the cause. Mr. E. Baker has written a vivid account of his labours, in which the following story appears:

In order to fit himself for his work in Africa, Arnot would frequently take cross-country journeys at home, guided only by the compass. In his spare time the future missionary learnt to make shoes, to cut out cloth and sew it as a tailor. He learnt how to take a watch to pieces, and to put it together again, and practised working as a blacksmith and as a joiner. He also acquired a certain amount of medical and surgical knowledge which on several occasions stood

him in good stead, both as to himself and others. To all this he added a careful systematic study of the Scriptures, the result of which was that all his addresses were edifying as well as suggestive.

Arnot tells of some of his experiences on the way from the coast:

"I sent three men to dig the well deeper, hoping to strike water, so that we might rest to-day; but it was in vain, so off we started. The sun was very hot, yet we could not wait, and walked on without resting to take breath more than five or ten minutes at a time. At last we reached a well with some water in it, which, after a little digging, proved sufficient for the night. I felt as if I were lying on raw flesh because my back is so sunburnt. About midday, as we reached a hill-top, we came in sight of Leshuma with the Zambesi in the distance. I sat down to rest a bit, and wondered at the grace and tenderness of my God Who had brought me this far. I sang the hymn, 'Simply Trusting,' and it filled my soul—not that my trust has ever been so real as the words of the hymn express, but I felt it was no vain thing to trust the Lord, even though my measure had been very small. Above all, there is a fullness of joy in proving the Word of God, in finding that the same wondrous grace of God which gave us promises is able to fulfil, and does fulfil them to us. At length, after a long two months' journey from Shoshong, I have reached the Zambesi River.

"We were busy getting our camp into order when some Baluchaze came, evidently bent on mischief. Getting nothing for their impudence they left us. In a short time, however, we saw the long grass on fire on all sides of us. All our men turned out,

and beating down the flames as they approached our camp, they succeeded in stamping out the fire. We then called the men together and discovered that eight of our number were missing, so that our worst suspicions concerning these Baluchaze were confirmed.

"Calling for volunteers, I procured from the bottom of my trunk a pistol and set to cleaning and loading it. And now what about a short prayer? I fumbled with my pistol. Certainly, to the African mind I knew I could not have it both ways. So, after a struggle, I hastened back to my box, replaced the pistol, and then in the midst of the men I knelt and humbly asked God, for Jesus' sake, to give us back the stolen men. And so off we set. The light was just sufficient to enable us to find the trail; soon darkness fell as we sped on in silence.

"After a weary ten-mile journey over the hills we came upon the robbers, and found them ready to fight, as they only thought we had come to recover by force the stolen men. I made every effort to get between my own men and the Baluchaze, and, as a sign of my peaceful intentions, I held up one of their native stools in front of the threatening crowd and then sat down upon it, urging them to sit down and talk with me. At last, one by one they came near and sat down. We talked the matter over, and they promised to bring down the captives next day to camp. They kept their word, and the stolen men were brought next day; presents were exchanged, and thus ended what had been to me a very trying ordeal.

"I am thinking of journeying alone. Going merely as a visitor will not prevent my remaining

for one or two years. It requires all that time in Africa ere the people will venture to say that they know you. Though outwardly things are quiet and agreeable, yet there lacks not opposition from certain quarters. The Arab traders who come here have done what they could in spreading evil reports and lying stories about the 'designing English,' etc.

"Difficulties have arisen because I have not followed the custom of giving presents to bands of drummers in camp. I have refused to do so, and have often had trouble in clearing my camp of these boisterous musicians. In the first place I cannot give lawfully the Lord's money to the support of such folly, and to do so might lead to the annoyance of all servants of the Lord who come after me, by encouraging and perpetuating the practice. The custom also of giving presents to headmen, minor chiefs, etc., who have no lawful claim to tribute, I have opposed, thus raising no little amount of dissatisfaction.

"One of our young men heard a conversation at his own village between two little lads, unknown to them. One said to the other: 'The words of God are good words, and I will go and learn to read, that I may know more about them. They tell me they will beat me, but what if they do? They cannot take the words out of my heart?' This lad is now going with us to the coast, and wants to remain at our village instead of going back to his people on his return.

"A little boy, Kasinda, had no father, and his mother was sold by the people of the village because they said she was a witch. Kasinda was only a little boy and didn't know anything, but he grew to be

a man, and when he heard of God and of Jesus Christ he was converted. He began to think of his mother and that she was a slave. So he said to his sister that it would be nice to redeem their mother, and they began to work hard and save their money. When Kasinda had forty yards of calico saved up and a pig that his sister had been feeding, he started away to redeem his mother from the man who had bought her. But Kasinda found that he had hardened his heart, and would not let her go. Kasinda then came back to the village, and his neighbours said that he should go to the judge, who would put the cruel slave owner into prison. But Kasinda said: 'No! I will not go to the judge. I will pray to God to soften his heart.' When one said to Kasinda that it would be very difficult for God to do so, Kasinda said: 'Has God not softened my heart, making me to love my mother more than forty yards of calico and a pig? God can soften this man's heart, too.' So Kasinda gave himself several days' journey, without adding any more to what he had taken before. This time to his great joy the man said: 'The price is enough. Take your mother and go.' And so Kasinda returned to his village with his mother in triumph."

Another story may be told. On one occasion he was in a lonely part and in a district of which he was ignorant. He asked his way to the nearest railway station. A coal miner directed him, and as the distance was considerable, and as this stranger knew the nature of the inhabitants, and also saw a few suspicious characters on the road, he called two of his sons, who were also miners, and told them to follow Arnot and guard him till he reached his

destination. This they did. In after years in Central Africa, when welcoming a party of missionaries sent to reinforce him, Arnot was told by one of the new arrivals of the incident, and the narrator added: "I am one of those who followed you to guard you, little thinking that I would become a missionary and meet you in Africa."

AN EPIC OF THE IVORY COAST

WILLIAM WADE HARRIS

A KROO by race, William Wade Harris was born near Cape Palmas in Liberia, and for some time worked as a shipping labourer till, many years ago —for he is now over eighty—he attended services at the Wesleyan Church in Tinabu and there learned to read. After itinerating and preaching in Liberia, he started in 1903 along the Ivory Coast, and in 1914 into the Gold Coast territory, with the result that since then a number estimated at over sixty thousand natives have left their idols and turned to God.

Harris, feeble and old, still does a little preaching in his retirement not far from Monrovia, the capital of Liberia, unless, unchronicled, he has died. Mr. F. Denville Walker tells the wondrous story in "Ivory Coast," Cargate Press.

A dozen years ago the Ivory Coast rang with the name of William Wade Harris, the Kroo evangelist, who was rousing the villagers from their age-long fetichism. Appearing suddenly, an unknown man, and probably illiterate, he stirred the whole country for several hundred miles. With the fiery zeal of

a Hebrew prophet, this untutored African denounced the old heathen religion with such power that multitudes of people destroyed their fetiches and shrines, and declared themselves ready to serve the great God Whom he proclaimed. Whole villages yielded to the spell of his appeals. Even degraded fetich priests joined with the chiefs and people in cutting down the sacred groves in which the old worship centred.

Harris kept to the villages along the coast, and the lagoons that lie behind it. But as his fame spread crowds of men and women came from up-country, trooping along the forest paths to hear him. He was reputed to be a prophet, and every day his fame increased. Miracles were attributed to him. Chiefs hesitated to oppose this wonderful man, and the fetich-priests found themselves powerless before him. The story of the early Apostolic Church repeated itself, "and great fear came upon as many as heard these things."

But fear was not the chief force at work. Harris had a message, a living message of the Living God. It was just what the people needed; it appealed to the hunger in their own hearts. Like all African pagans, the Ivory Coast tribes worshipped numerous spirits and demi-gods because they imagined themselves surrounded by countless evils. Certain it is the people believed that he knew what he was talking about, and that he was right in what he said about the uselessness of fetichism and the mighty power of the One Great God. So when he bade them forsake the ways of their fathers and serve the True God, they obeyed with a strange enthusiasm that was probably a mixture of fear and joy.

Their motives were doubtless very mixed, but it is quite certain that no pecuniary impulse was at work. In India one has often heard the taunt of "rice Christians" levelled against our outcast converts, i.e., that they are Christians only in order to get rice (or money). There is no such possibility on the Ivory Coast. These children of the forest do not need either food or money; they are entirely self-supporting and well able to satisfy their simple needs. What they *did* need supremely was the knowledge of God; Harris told them about Him, and they responded. "The people were ripe for such preaching; they were ready to listen to anyone," said a French Administrator, himself a Roman Catholic, as he told us how the "Harris Movement," as it is called, swept the Coast.

As he travelled from place to place, this strange apostle lived with the utmost simplicity. It is said that, when he entered upon his mission, he had seven shillings and sixpence, and it seems established beyond question that he made nothing by his preaching. He utterly refused the gifts—sometimes large ones—offered him by the chiefs and people. He accepted from them his daily food and the shelter of their homes at night. His zeal was indefatigable, his labours unceasing.

The secret of his strength, and his power to move the people, probably lay in the fact that with all his heart he believed that God had called him and sent him to preach. We know him by the fruits of his ministry, and without hesitation we believe him to be a man sent by God, a mighty messenger to the people who sat in darkness.

His methods were very simple. The crowds

gathered round him in the open air and he preached to them. If he entered a new village where he was unknown, he would begin by talking about God to two or three people who met him, and soon a crowd would gather to see what was the matter. He did not know any Ivory Coast language, but always spoke in pidgin English and used an interpreter. This increases the wonder of his success. Those who have preached through an interpreter know how difficult it is to move a congregation in that way. Yet, in spite of these serious limitations, this wonderful man moved to their depths the hearts of thousands.

Striking proof of the vitality of faiths, once the spiritual seed is planted, is furnished by these simple natives of West Africa who learned of Christ from William Wade Harris. Incomplete and imperfect as was his untutored message, yet the germ of life was there—as the sequel shows. They lost their leader; they lost their places of worship, but the loss was to gain in spiritual life and strength—persecution, as ever, reinforced faith.

We can imagine the grief with which those simple converts saw their little sanctuaries go up in flames. At one place, the whole Christian community, in indignation, left their homes and tramped across the frontier to the Gold Coast, where, under the British flag, they might have freedom to worship God in their own way. When the French Governor called upon them to return, they named as their condition the rebuilding of their church. Bereaved of their prophet, without teachers or shepherds, those Ivory Coast Christians remained firm to the allegiance Harris had taught them. Braving the wrath of the

Government, they maintained their Christian faith and worship, and as time went on even dared to rebuild their churches. Harris told them that one day a white man would come and teach them about God, and they settled down to wait and pray for his coming. They were all illiterate, and they knew but the barest facts of their new religion.

In some villages, as time went on, they collected stones—usually blocks of red laterite—and built for themselves a church more worthy of their new faith. A mean mud hut did duty for the old fetich; they would build something better for the great God they had come to worship. As the walls grew, some of them went into the forest and cut wood for rafters, and the women and children collected long elephant grass for the roof. In some villages the people were so determined to have the very best church they could make, that they tramped many miles to the nearest trading centre and bought corrugated iron for the church roof, carrying it back upon their heads, through the narrow forest paths. We have heard of the people of one village tramping a five days' journey to buy the iron sheets. Some of these churches are buildings to be proud of—fine large structures with a double row of stone pillars to support the roof. Our missionaries estimate that several of them would cost us a couple of thousand pounds each to build. Every church had a bell-tower standing independently—often a simple structure of rough posts, but in some cases a well-built stone campanile, roofed with iron or tiles.

Sunday after Sunday the church bell rang to summon the people to the House of God. When they were assembled, the official "preacher" did his best

to conduct a service. An unlearned and ignorant man, it was but little he could do. Yet those congregations held together most faithfully, strengthened doubtless by their mutual determination never to return to fetichism.

At first they had no Bibles—nor anyone to read them, had it been possible to obtain such things. Thus, thrown upon their own slender resources, those eager multitudes groped slowly forward with their faces towards the dawn.

A few of these shepherdless churches found help in an unlooked-for quarter.

The Government of the Ivory Coast has been very slow to develop the education of the people. This has led considerable numbers of educated youths from the British Gold Coast to cross the frontier in order to get posts on French soil. These Gold Coast clerks are mostly of the Fanti race, speaking both the Fanti and English languages, and many of them are Methodists, educated in Methodist schools; a few, indeed, being local preachers or exhorters. These Fanti clerks were the first Protestant Christians to get into touch with the "Harris Churches."

Finding that the Christians in the villages around their stores had no teachers, these Fantis did their best to help them. On Sundays they would visit the churches in their vicinity and minister to them. But the Harris Christians needed teachers even more than preachers, and it was in this more especially that the Fanti clerks did their best work. They taught the people the Lord's Prayer and the Ten Commandments, and some even learned the Apostles' Creed—though it is doubtful how much of it they

understood. The Fantis had with them their pocket Bibles, and read from them to the people. The Bible! That was the very thing the Harris Christians desired. Could they buy Bibles for themselves. They had bought bells, could they now purchase Bibles? One of the Fantis set to work to meet this need. His name was Joseph Albert Penny. Penny found his firm as ready to trade in Bibles as in any other merchandise, and he placed orders. With eager ambition he got out a consignment of large family Bibles—printed in English! Far and wide these Bibles were carried, and eagerly bought by the people and laid on the tables of the churches —English Bibles that neither "preacher" nor congregation could understand! If a Fanti clerk chanced to come round, he could read from it, and translate a passage or two for the people. Often that clerk himself, not knowing the vernacular of the village, would have to speak through an interpreter. It was a slow, cumbrous process; but it certainly enabled the people to get a little spiritual food.

Scores of those village churches never had a visit from one of the Fantis or any other messenger of Christ. They had an unintelligible Bible and an illiterate "preacher," that was all. Yet it is evident that these poor ill-equipped men did their best to discharge their duties. Sometimes one of them would journey down to Grand Bassam that he might hear a sermon in the Methodist Chapel; and then, staff in hand, he would trudge back home again to repeat to his flock as much of it as he could remember. Often, probably, that preacher only half understood—or wholly misunderstood—the sermon he had

listened to, and his congregation would get a strangely distorted version of it.

In 1922—when they had been waiting for eight years—there came a cruel disappointment. Under a new law those Bibles, so prized by the people, were declared illegal, because they were printed in the English language, and the French government seized and confiscated them!

Help at last came to those multitudes of Harris Christians who for ten years had been waiting for their long-expected white man. The very law that took from them their precious Bibles brought W. J. Platt to the Ivory Coast.

While Mr. Platt was in Great Bassam, negotiating for the reopening of the closed church, he heard from Mr. Dickson and others of the vast multitude of Harris Christians away to the west. One day he was in the office of a French lawyer.

"Are you a missionary?" asked the lawyer.

"Yes."

"Then what have you missionaries been doing for the last ten years? Away yonder there are thousands of village people waiting for you." Then he told how, on one occasion, a deputation of Harris Christians came into his office and laid down money on the table, saying that if he would go to Europe and bring them missionaries, they would pay all his expenses. "But what," he asked, "have your missionaries been doing all the time?"

This was striking news. The more Mr. Platt inquired, the more clear it became that right along the Ivory Coast, and up to the interior, there had been such a mass movement as had never been heard of in the history of modern missions.

He made a visit to the Ivory Coast for the special purpose of getting at the facts. Accompanied by Mr. Dickson, he travelled by dugout canoes along the lagoons that run for two hundred miles behind the coast, visiting as many villages as he could reach in the time at his disposal.

His report was amazing. It read more like a romance than sober truth. Wherever he went, the villagers, hearing of his coming, turned out in huge crowds to welcome him as the answer to their prayers. They hailed him as "their white man," whose coming Harris had told them to await. Their joy knew no bounds. They met Mr. Platt on the beach with flags and singing, and bore him in triumph to their churches. Often the village streets and the churches were decorated with flags and palms. "We have waited ten years for you," the people said.

At the village of Cosrou, along the lagoon, Mr. Platt preached to at least 500 people packed like sardines into the little church. After the service, he was arranging to spend the night there, when a little jerky man with an air of great self-importance came up. "Please sir, come with me to Toupa; there is a motor-car. The people of Toupa are waiting for you. Please come at once!" Our pioneer explained that it was quite impossible, he was very short of time. It was evening; he must spend the night in Cosrou and leave by canoe early in the morning.

But the jerky little man would not be denied. "You *must* come, sir! All the people in Toupa are waiting for you! I have hired the motor specially, and you *must* come!" The people of Cosrou were immediately in arms; they claimed their prior

right to the long-looked-for white man. A heated argument followed. The Cosrou apostles pressed their claim with vigour. But the jerky little man won, and in triumph dragged Mr. Platt to the car. The motor sped away for a few miles till the big village of Toupa was reached, and here Mr. Platt found one of the biggest churches and best congregations he had seen.

At every village the cry was the same: "Send us teachers. We want men who can read God's book and tell us about God."

When the news reached London, despite decreasing revenues, the London Missionary Society decided to send three men to the field.

At present there are twenty-seven catechists to teach the 32,000 enrolled people, worshipping in about 160 village churches. It is impossible for so few men to do all that is required, and every month the Christian community is increasing.

A MAN OF KENT IN THE CAMEROONS

ALFRED SAKER

ALFRED SAKER was born in the Kentish village of Borough Green. His earliest years were spent in the heart of a fair countryside. Yet he was not a strong lad, so naturally gravitated to lighter pursuits, and instead of learning in his father's workshop to become a millwright and engineer, he took service with a chemist preparatory to becoming a doctor. Financial losses compelled this avenue to be closed, and so, after all, he worked with his father. In 1834, after a period of heart-

searching, he was baptized into the Baptist community; he was married in 1840, and in 1843 went to Fernando Po, and thence in 1845 to the Cameroons on the mainland of West Africa, where he found his life-work and where, in 1880, he died in harness.

Saker was baptized on Sunday, January 5, 1834. From that date his ministry for the Lord became more pronounced. In cottage and village services, in public and private life, in prayer-meetings and Bible classes, the opinion among his friends gained ground that he was called to the ministry.

It is eloquent of the power of Christianity that emancipated Christian slaves of Jamaica were alive to the need of their brethren in Ethiopia, and some were anxious to carry to them the good news of the freedom which had made them free, not only from the tyranny of earthly oppressors, but from the thraldom of sin. The Baptist Missionary Committee, with the same noble end in view, had inaugurated a forward movement.

In 1842, Dr. Prince and Mr. Clarke from the Baptist Society, visited Devonport to tell their tale and arouse the enthusiasm of the Churches on behalf of West Africa. Among their hearers in Morice Square Chapel was Mr. Saker. Mrs. Saker, though loving the cause of missions with all her heart, was unable through sickness in the family to be present.

"Are you prepared to go to Africa?" said Mr. Saker to his wife on returning home from the meeting. "Think about it for a week!"

To both Mr. and Mrs. Saker it was a week of anxious questioning and heart-searching, for both had early in life offered themselves to the Lord

for Foreign Mission service. They accepted the invitation from the Baptist Missionary Society, and prepared forthwith to take up the new work.

The story of the first Sunday's work in Cameroons will serve as a sample of Mr. Saker's first endeavours to preach the Gospel to the cannibal Duallas.

"Sabbath Day, June 22. Rose early and met the chiefs and people in King Akwa's Town, soon after six. We had a good meeting, and they sat for nearly two hours to hear the word of God. At nine the children, with a few adults, came to our little house. Johnson and myself sat with different companies nearly three hours. At half-past twelve I went to King Bell's Town to have my first meeting. I could not collect more than about twelve men, who sat with the king for about half an hour. I tried to engage their attention, but they had had too much acquaintance with the destructive rum. I left them and walked to Joss's Town. After waiting a little, while they settled one of their palavers, we had a large yet noisy company."

After returning home Mr. Saker visited a town he had not previously seen, lying back in the bush between Akwa's and Bell's Towns. There they had a meeting which was memorable.

"As I explained to them, the design of the Saviour's mission into our world, and illustrated His Divine power by His miracles and His love by freely giving Himself to death for us and not for Himself, the astonishment and manifested surprise of these people was past my power of utterance. More than a hundred old and young sat in a circle before me with an attention surpassed by no congregation

at home. To me it was an hour of hallowed feeling. After closing I invited the children to school the next day. Thus closes my first Sabbath of labour at Cameroons."

On Monday the school was opened.

The attempts on Mr. Saker's part to erect a fence round the land on which his house was built, annoyed particularly a chief named Angwa. Not content with bringing his men at night and stealing or throwing down the posts, he tried to poison the food and the drinking water. Finally, he gave up his last piece of cloth to buy from the medicine man, i.e. the secret poisoner, a powerful irritant to throw in Mr. Saker's path, which, by his treading upon it, should cause his death. He watched the path, but the missionary came and went unhurt.

Enraged, the would-be murderer seized one of the offending posts, and ran at Mr. Saker, intending to fell him to the ground. Johnson saw the purpose and succeeded in striking his arm aside. The post fell harmlessly to the earth.

The poor savage was perplexed by the failure of all his plans. He began to attend the services, to learn the secret of this man's "charm." In time he found it. The Divine secret was revealed to him. He became a Christian. In later days, when the Christian Church was formed in Bethel, this man became a deacon, and for over thirty years maintained an upright Christian character. No one would recognize in the quiet, gentle, patient Angwa of those later days the once fierce, wild heathen of 1845. He bore witness to the power of Christ to subdue passion in, and transform the nature of, the most turbulent of Adam's sons.

Saker writes: "During the year, I have baptized sixteen persons. Fifteen of those I hoped well of in October, 1849, have endured painful trials since, and through all have exhibited the Christian spirit. Many more wish to join with us. It was proved that Dualla is changed; as universally they express their joys and sorrows only with heathen noise, yet here was no noise save the sobbing of those whose deep feeling could not be depressed. I have married four couples. Numbers are deeply anxious for instruction, and the only limit to our usefulness now is our time and strength. The people seek a hand to lead them. One thing may be recorded. Concern for instruction succeeds conversion. Ignorance is not deplored till guilt is a burden. Our church now numbers twenty members; inquirers, twenty-five. The congregation fills our little temple. The school is not large, but I hope efficient.

"At four and five every morning, the school-room is crowded to hear the Word of God, and in the evenings the people will only retire when bidden. . . . Numbers use every effort to learn to read. We have two schools. At the station, Bethel, where we have so long been fixed, the school may be said to continue day and night almost. Adults and children assemble soon after four o'clock in the morning for scripture lessons and prayer until six or half-past six; the hour for children's school continues till ten. Afternoon session is short. At five the adults assemble for reading and prayer. At seven again they assemble in Mr. Johnson's house till nine, or sometimes till eleven at night. . . . Labour, lessons, singing, and prayer form the life at Cameroons."

The strenuous years of Mr. Saker were filled up with compiling hymn-books, class-books, and an edition of the New Testament. His story, told by E. M. Saker and published by the R.T.S., should be read by every reader of these pages.

IN AFRICAN FORESTS

DR. A. SCHWEITZER

THE mission field called Dr. Schweitzer from the scholastic air of Strasburg University, where he held the chair for New Testament exegesis, and from the writing of many theological books, as well as one on organ-building, for he is an enthusiastic organist.

Born at Kayserberg in 1875, Albert Schweitzer was educated at the University of Strasburg, at Paris and at Berlin, and taking his Ph.D. joined the Professional Staff of the University. He studied medicine with Equatorial Africa in mind as his mission area, and took his M.D. in 1913.

The following incidents which Dr. Schweitzer gives, make interesting reading: "I gave up my position of professor in the University of Strasburg, my literary work, and my organ-playing, in order to go out as a doctor to Equatorial Africa. How did that come about?

"I had read about the physical miseries of the natives in the virgin forests; I had heard about them from missionaries, and the more I thought about it the stranger it seemed to me that we Europeans trouble ourselves so little about the great humanitarian task which offers itself to us in far-off lands.

"Moved by these thoughts I resolved, when already thirty years old, to study medicine and to put my ideas to the test out there. At the beginning of 1913, I graduated as M.D. That same spring, I started with my wife, who had qualified as a nurse, for the River Ogowe in Equatorial Africa, there to begin my active work.

"I chose this locality because some Alsatian missionaries in the service of the Paris Evangelical Mission had told me that a doctor was badly needed there on account of the constantly spreading sleeping sickness. The mission was prepared also to place at my disposal one of the houses at their station at Lambarene, and to allow me to build a hospital in their grounds, promising further to give me help with the work.

"As to operations, one undertakes, naturally, in the forest only such as are urgent and which promise a successful result. The one I have had to perform oftenest is that of hernia, a thing which afflicts the negroes of Central Africa much more than it does white people, though why this should be so we do not know.

"How can I describe my feelings when a poor fellow is brought to me in this condition? I am the only person within hundreds of miles who can help him. Because I am here and am supplied by my friends with the necessary means, he can be served, like those who came before him in the same condition and those who will come after him, while otherwise he would have fallen a victim to the torture. This does not mean merely that I can save his life. We must all die. But that I can

save him from days of torture, that is what I feel as my great and ever-new privilege.

"So, when the poor, moaning creature comes, I lay my hand on his forehead and say to him: 'Don't be afraid; in an hour's time you shall be put to sleep.' Very soon he is given an injection of omnipon; the doctor's wife is called to the hospital, and, with Joseph's help, makes everything ready for the operation. When that is to begin she administers the anaesthetic, and Joseph, in a long pair of rubber gloves, acts as assistant.

"The operation is finished, and in the hardly lighted dormitory I watch for the sick man's awakening. Scarcely has he recovered consciousness when he stares about him and ejaculates again and again: 'I've no more pain! I've no more pain!' His hand feels for mine and will not let it go. Then I begin to tell him, and the others who are in the room, that it is the Lord Jesus who has told the doctor and his wife to come to the Ogowe, and that white people in Europe give them the money to live here and cure the sick negroes. Then I have to answer questions as to who these white people are, where they live, and how they know that the natives suffer so much sickness.

"How shall I sum up the resulting experience of these four and a half years? On the whole it has confirmed my view of the considerations which drew me from the world of learning and art to the primeval forest.

"For myself, now that my health, which in 1918 had been very uncertain, has been restored as the result of two operations, and that I have succeeded, by means of lectures and organ concerts, in discharg-

ing the debts which I had to incur during the war for the sake of my work, I venture to resolve to continue my activity among the suffering folk of whom I have written. The work, indeed, as I began it, had been ruined by the war. The friends from two nations who joined in supporting us, have been, alas! deeply divided by what has happened in the world, and of those who might have helped us further, many have been reduced to poverty by the war.

"Nevertheless, I have not lost courage. The misery I have seen gives me strength, and faith in my fellow-men supports my confidence in the future . . . I do hope that among the doctors of the world there will soon be several besides myself who will be sent out, here or there in the world, by 'the Fellowship of those who bear the Mark of Pain.' "

Dr. Schweitzer's marvellous story is, happily, still unfinished. The years but add to his deeds done for Christ.

THE AMERICAS

JESUITS AND THE MISSIONARY SPIRIT

WITH the founding of the Order of Jesuits by Ignatius Loyola in 1534, came a revival in Missionary enterprise, and missionaries were despatched to carry the Faith both East and West.

One of the first of Loyola's associates was Francis Xavier, who became the greatest and most zealous missionary of his time. Encouraged by the joint co-operation of the Pope and of John III of Portugal,

who was also strongly tinged by ideas of chivalry and self-devotion, he disembarked at Goa, on May 6, 1542, and during the ten years of his labours in the East, he met with great success. He gathered many converts in the kingdom of Travancore, converted the Paravas, a caste of fishermen near Cape Cormorin, and visited the island of Malacca.

He then founded a mission in Japan, and thereafter, impelled by an unconquerable desire to unfurl the banner of the Cross in China, set out thither, but only to fall a victim to malignant fever at the early age of forty-six, when within sight of that vast empire.

The immediate successor of Xavier was Antonio Criminalis, who lost his life in 1652, and is regarded by the Jesuits as the first martyr of their Society. He was followed by Matteo Ricci, an Italian, who became an indefatigable workman in the missionary cause in China for twenty-seven years.

During the seventeenth century the missionary work carried on by the Jesuit Fathers, both in the Far East and West, was remarkable.

In 1642, a band of missionaries was despatched to Japan, and Fathers Escoffie and Basire were sent to North Africa to ransom Christian slaves in Tunis. In 1643, De Rhodes, a missionary, journeyed from Cochin China to Macao, leaving behind him ten catechists, five of whom in three months made such progress, that they baptised 393 natives. He returned to Cochin China in the following year, where he was well received at Court, owing to the aunt of the ruling King embracing Christianity. Thence he went to the province of Cham, where he and

his followers were fiercely persecuted. De Rhodes escaped to the southern provinces secretly, hidden in a boat, but was finally taken and thrown into prison. He was condemned to death, but escaped by the aid of a friendly official and was sentenced to banishment. He returned to Macao, and afterwards established Missions in Macassar, Java and Sumatra.

In 1647, the Jesuit Fathers underwent terrible persecutions in Japan. Some native members of the St. John the Baptist Mission were imprisoned, others burnt at the stake, and the remainder forced to leave their country. In 1648, when the Tartars conquered China, the Jesuit Mission stationed at Chang-Chow was burnt, and several of the Fathers lost their lives in the massacre of the inhabitants.

In the following year they claimed that there was no kingdom or province in the whole of Asia that their missionaries had not reached. Banished from Cochin China, they returned in July, 1648, to find their church augmented by 500 native Christians, and from Goa to Macao two Fathers have recorded that they enumerated 1,800 Christians on the road.

TOIL, DISASTER, AND REWARD
JESUITS IN THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY

In 1632, Le Jeune, who was to carry afresh the faith of the Cross to the New World, sailed from Havre with De Noue and Gilbert, a lay brother, reaching Quebec in July, where they occupied two houses built by former compatriots on the banks

of the St. Charles. They soon found their limitations and speedily set themselves to the remedy.

The beginning of Le Jeune's missionary labours was neither imposing nor promising. He describes himself seated with a small Indian boy on one side and a small negro on the other, the latter of whom had been left by the English as a gift to Madame Herbert. As neither of the three understood the language of the others, the pupils made little progress in spiritual knowledge. The missionaries, it was clear, must learn Algonquin at any cost; and, to this end, Le Jeune resolved to visit the Indian encampments.

Meanwhile, winter closed in with a severity rare even in Canada. The mission-house of Notre Dame des Anges was half-buried in the drifts, which, heaped up in front where a path had been dug through them, rose two feet about the low eaves. The priests, sitting at night before the blazing logs of their wide-throated chimney, heard the trees in the neighbouring forest cracking with frost, with a sound like the report of a pistol. Le Jeune's ink froze, and his fingers were benumbed, as he toiled at his declensions and conjugations, or translated the *Paternoster* into blundering Algonquin. The blankets of the two priests were fringed with the icicles of their congealed breath, and the frost lay in a thick coating on the lozenge-shaped glass of their cells.

It was the end of May, when the priests one morning heard the sound of cannon from the fort, and were gladdened by the tidings that Samuel de Champlain had arrived to resume command at Quebec, bringing with him four more Jesuits—Brebeuf,

Masse, Daniel, and Davost. Brebeuf, from the first, turned his eyes towards the distant land of the Hurons—a field of labour full of peril, but rich in hope and promise. Le Jeune's duties as Superior restrained him from wanderings so remote. His apostleship must be limited, for a time, to the vagabond hordes of Algonquins, who roamed the forests of the lower St. Lawrence and of whose language he had been so sedulous a student.

On a morning in the latter part of October, Le Jeune embarked with the Indians, twenty in all, men, women, and children. No other Frenchman was of the party. Champlain bade him an anxious farewell, and commended him to the care of his red associates, who had taken charge of his store of biscuit, flour, corn, prunes, and turnips, to which, in an evil hour, his friends had persuaded him to add a small keg of wine. The canoes glided along the wooded shore of the Island of Orleans, and the party landed, towards evening, on the small island immediately below. Le Jeune was delighted with the spot, and the wild beauties of the autumnal sunset.

Passing over numerous adventures by water and land, we find the party, on the twelfth of November, leaving their canoes on an island, and wading ashore at low tide over the flats to the southern bank of the St. Lawrence. As two other bands had joined them, their number was increased to forty-five persons. Now, leaving the river behind, they entered those savage highlands whence issue the springs of the St. John—a wilderness of ragged mountain-ranges, clad in dense, continuous forests, with no human tenant but this troop of miserable

rovers, and here and there some kindred band, as miserable as they. Winter had set in; lakes and ponds were frozen, rivulets sealed up, torrents encased with stalactites of ice; the forest was silent as the grave.

Through this desolation the long file of Indians made its way, all on snow-shoes, each man, woman, and child bending under a heavy load, or dragging a sledge, narrow, but of prodigious length. They carried their whole wealth with them, on their backs or on their sledges—kettles, axes, bales of meat, if such they had, and huge rolls of birch-bark for covering their wigwams. The Jesuit was loaded like the rest. The dogs alone floundered through the drifts unburdened. There was neither path nor level ground. Descending, climbing, stooping beneath half-fallen trees, clambering over piles of prostrate trunks, struggling through matted cedar-swamps, threading chill ravines, and crossing streams no longer visible, they toiled on till the day began to decline, then stopped to encamp.

At the outset, the native who had proffered his aid to Le Jeune in his study of the Algonquin tongue, palmed off upon him the foulest words in the language as the equivalent of things spiritual. Thus it happened, that, while the missionary sought to explain to the assembled wigwam some point of Christian doctrine, he was interrupted by peals of laughter from men, children, and squaws. And now, as Le Jeune took his place in the circle, the sorcerer bent upon him his malignant eyes, and began that course of rude bantering, which filled to over-flowing the cup of the Jesuit's woes. The missionary bore all in silence. It should be ex-

plained that the native was the brother of the tribal sorcerer who, as the silversmith in Paul's day, saw gain and influence in danger. Le Jeune thus learned the difficulties of the Algonquin Mission and turned attention to the Huron population by the vast lakes of the West.

The way was pathless and long, by rock and torrent and the gloom of savage forests. The goal was more dreary yet. Toil, hardship, famine, filth, sickness, solitude, insult—all that is most revolting to men nurtured among arts and letters, all that is most terrific to monastic credulity—such were the promise and the reality of the Huron mission. In the eyes of the Jesuits, the Huron country was the innermost stronghold of Satan, his castle and his donjon keep. Far from shrinking, the priest's zeal rose to tenfold ardour. He signed the cross, invoked St. Ignatius, St. Francis Xavier, or St. Francis Borgia, kissed his reliquary, said nine masses to the Virgin, and stood prompt to battle with all that should befall him.

Under the guidance of Brebeuf, his colleague, he employed himself, amid other avocations, in studying the Huron tongue. A year passed, and Brebeuf essayed another perilous journey, at the end of which, after following, bewildered and anxious, a gloomy forest path, he issued upon a wild clearing, and saw before him the bark roofs of Ihonatiria.

A crowd ran out to meet him. "Echom has come again! Echom has come again!" they cried, recognizing in the distance the stately figure, robed in black, that advanced from the border of the forest. They led him to the town, and the whole population swarmed about him. After a short rest,

he set out with a number of young Indians in quest of his baggage, returning with it at one o'clock in the morning. There was a certain Awandoay in the village, noted as one of the richest and most hospitable of the Hurons—a distinction not easily won where hospitality was universal. His house was large, and amply stored with beans and corn; and though his prosperity had excited the jealousy of the villagers, he had recovered their good-will by his generosity. With him Brebeuf made his abode, anxiously waiting, week after week, the arrival of his companions. One by one, they appeared—Daniel, weary and worn; Davost, half-dead with famine and fatigue; and their French attendants, each with his tale of hardship and indignity. At length, all were assembled under the roof of the hospitable Indian, and once more the Huron mission was begun.

A VICTORY OF FAITH AND ITS PRICE
JESUIT MISSION FOUNDED AT ROCHELLE

The establishment of the mission among the Hurons stirred the faith of those at home in France and fired enthusiasm. To serve in the mission of the Hurons was the secret longing of the fervent heart of many a member of the Society of Jesus, for here the largest spiritual harvest promised to repay labour, even though hardship and danger abounded.

Two Jesuits, Pijart and Le Mercier, had been sent thither in 1635; and in midsummer of the next year three more arrived—Jogues, Chatelain, and Garnier. When, after their long and lonely journey,

they reached Ihonatiria, one by one, they were received by their brethren with scanty fare indeed, but with a fervour of affectionate welcome which more than made amends. On their way, they had met Daniel and Davost descending to Quebec, to establish there a seminary of Huron children—a project long cherished by Brebeuf and his companions.

Scarcely had the newcomers arrived when they were attacked by a contagious fever, which turned their mission-house into a hospital. Jogues, Garnier, and Chatelain fell ill in turn; and two of their domestics also were soon prostrated, though the only one of the number who could hunt, fortunately escaped. Those who remained in health attended the sick, and the sufferers vied with each other in efforts beyond their strength to relieve their companions in misfortune. The disease in no case proved fatal, but scarcely had health begun to return to their household, when an unforeseen calamity demanded the exertion of all their energies.

The pestilence, which for two years past had from time to time visited the Huron towns, now returned with tenfold violence, and with it soon appeared a new and fearful scourge—the small-pox. Terror was universal. The contagion increased as autumn advanced; and when winter came, far from ceasing, as the priests had hoped, its ravages were appalling. Such was the despondency and dismay, that suicide became frequent. The Jesuits, singly or in pairs, journeyed in the depth of winter, from village to village, ministering to the sick, and seeking to commend their religious teachings by their efforts to relieve bodily distress.

It was clear to the Fathers that their ministrations were valued solely because their religion was supposed by many to be a "medicine," or charm, efficacious against famine, disease, and death. They themselves, indeed, firmly believed that saints and angels were always at hand with temporal succours for the faithful.

When we see them, in the gloomy February of 1637, and the gloomier months that followed, toiling on foot from one infected town to another, wading through the sodden snow, under the bare and dripping forests, drenched with incessant rains, till they descried at length, through the storm, the clustered dwellings of some barbarous hamlet—when we see them entering, one after another, these wretched abodes of misery and darkness, and all for one sole end, the baptism of the sick and dying, we must needs admire the self-sacrificing zeal with which the work was pursued.

The town of Ossossane, or Rochelle, stood on the borders of Lake Huron, at the skirts of a gloomy wilderness of pine. Thither, in May, 1637, repaired Father Pijart, to found, in this, one of the largest of the Huron towns, the new mission of the Immaculate Conception. The Indians had promised Brebeuf to build a house for the black-robes, and Pijart found the work in progress. There were, at this time, about fifty dwellings in the town, each containing eight or ten families. The quadrangular fort had been completed by the Indians, under the instruction of the priests.

The new mission-house was about seventy feet in length. No sooner had the savage workmen secured the bark covering on its top and sides than the

priests took possession, and began their preparations for a notable ceremony. At the farther end they made an altar, and hung such decorations as they had on the rough walls of bark through half the length of the structure. This formed their chapel. On the altar was a crucifix, with vessels and ornaments of shining metal; while, above, hung several pictures—among them a painting of Christ, and another of the Virgin, both of life-size. The entrance was adorned with a quantity of tinsel, together with green boughs skilfully disposed. Never before were such splendours seen in the land of the Hurons. Crowds gathered from afar, and gazed in awe and admiration at the marvels of the sanctuary. One is forced to wonder at, if not to admire, the energy with which these priests and their scarcely less zealous attendants toiled to carry their pictures and ornaments through the most arduous of journeys, where the traveller was often famished from the sheer difficulty of transporting provisions.

A great event had called forth all this preparation. Of the many baptisms achieved by the Fathers in the course of their indefatigable ministry, the subjects had all been infants, or adults at the point of death; but at length a Huron, in full health and manhood, respected and influential in his tribe, had been won over to the Faith, and was now to be baptized with solemn ceremonial in the chapel. It was a strange scene. Indians were there in throngs, and the house was closely packed—warriors, old and young, glistening in grease and sunflower-oil, with uncouth locks, a trifle less coarse than a horse's mane, and faces perhaps smeared with paint, in honour of the occasion; girls in gay attire; hags muffled in a

filthy discarded deer-skin, their leathery visages corrugated with age and malice, and their hard, glittering eyes riveted on the spectacle before them. The priests, no longer in their daily garb of black, but radiant in their surplices, the genuflections, the tinkling of the bell, the swinging of the censer, the sweet odours so unlike the fumes of the smoky lodge-fires, the mysterious elevation of the Host (for a mass followed the baptism), and the agitation of the neophyte, whose Indian imperturbability fairly deserted him—all these combined to produce on the minds of the savage beholders an impression that seemed to promise a rich harvest for the Faith. To the Jesuits it was a day of triumph and of hope. The ice had been broken; the wedge had entered; light had dawned at last on the long night of heathendom. Here was a convert whose example and influence threatened to shake his Huron empire to its very foundation.

The result of this achievement was the renewed fury of the sorcerers, who accused the Jesuits of themselves dealing in sorcery. The persecution of the Jesuits as sorcerers continued, in an intermittent form, for years; and several of them escaped very narrowly. In a house at Ossossane, a young Indian rushed suddenly upon Francis Du Peron, and lifted his tomahawk to brain him, when a squaw caught his hand. Paul Ragueneau wore a crucifix, from which hung the image of a skull. An Indian, thinking it a charm, snatched it from him. The priest tried to recover it, when the savage, his eyes glittering with murder, brandished his hatchet to strike. Rageuneau stood motionless, waiting the blow. His assailant forebore, and withdrew, muttering.

Pierre Chaumonot was emerging from a house at the Huron town, called by the Jesuits St. Michel, where he had just baptized a dying girl, when her brother, standing hidden in the doorway, struck him on the head with a stone. Chaumonot, severely wounded, staggered without falling, when the Indian sprang upon him with his tomahawk. The bystanders arrested the blow. Francois Le Mercier, in the midst of a crowd of Indians in a house at the town called St. Louis, was assailed by a noted chief, who rushed in, raving like a madman, and in a torrent of words charged upon him all the miseries of the nation. Then, snatching a brand from the fire, he shook it in the Jesuit's face and told him that he should be burned alive. Le Mercier met him with looks as determined as his own, till, abashed at his undaunted front and bold denunciations, the Indian stood confounded.

So through the next ten years the uphill work went on. But at a price. In 1646 the Mohawks were making their way through the forests between the Mohawk and Lake George, when they met Jogues and Lalande. They seized them, stripped them, and led them in triumph to their town. Here a savage crowd surrounded them, beating them with sticks and with their fists. One of them cut thin strips of flesh from the back and arms of Jogues, saying, as he did so, "Let us see if this white flesh is the flesh of an oki." "I am a man like yourselves," replied Jogues; "but I do not fear death or torture. I do not know why you would kill me. I come here to confirm the peace and show you the way to heaven, and you treat me like a dog."

"You shall die to-morrow," cried the rabble.

"Take courage, we shall not burn you. We shall strike you both with a hatchet, and place your heads on the palisade, that your brothers may see you when we take them prisoners." The clans of the Wolf and the Tortoise still raised their voices in behalf of the captive Frenchmen; but the fury of the minority swept all before it.

In the evening—it was the 8th of October—Jogues, smarting with his wounds and bruises, was sitting in one of the lodges, when an Indian entered, and asked him to feast. To refuse would have been an offence. He arose and followed the savage, who led him to the lodge of the Bear chief. Jogues bent his head to enter, when another Indian, standing concealed within, at the side of the doorway, struck at him with a hatchet. An Iroquois, called by the French Le Berger, who seems to have followed in order to defend him, bravely held out his arm to ward off the blow; but the hatchet cut through it, and sank into the missionary's brain. Lalande was left in suspense all night, and in the morning was killed in a similar manner. The bodies of the two Frenchmen were then thrown into the Mohawk.

Three years later the Jesuits at Sainte Marie were one day saddened by news of the killing of Brebeuf and Lalemant.

LIGHT AND LOVE IN LABRADOR

SIR WILFRED THOMASON GRENFELL

SIR WILFRED THOMASON GRENFELL was born in 1866, and took his diplomas in medicine and surgery at the London Hospital. He was converted at a Moody mission service, and very soon after taking his degree was on the North Sea with a mission ship. So eager was his solicitude for "those that go down to the sea in ships" that he was instrumental in building an hospital for sailors, a co-operative store, a mill, an orphanage and a school.

Then hearing, from Lord Strathcona, of the perils and plights of the fisher-folk of Labrador, he went to that cold and rugged coast in 1892, where, ever since, he has done wonderful missionary service, his services being recognized by a knighthood in 1927.

Within the first three months of his sojourn in Labrador, Dr. Grenfell had nine hundred patients, to whom he felt that he could commend the Gospel with pills and plasters, without fear of denominational interference. Within the same short period he witnessed, also, a condition of poverty to which among even his worst experiences he had been a stranger among his North Sea fisher-folk.

Of all the missionaries in this bleak nothern land, devoted as every one of them is to his life work, none was more devoted and none was doing a more self-sacrificing work than the Rev. Samuel Miliken Stewart of Fort Chimo. His novitiate as a missionary was begun in one of the little out-port fishing villages of Newfoundland. Finally, he trans-

ferred to that fearfully barren stretch among the heathen Eskimos north of Nachvak. Here he and his Eskimo servant gathered together such loose driftwood as they could find, and with this and stones and turf erected a single-roomed igloo. It was a small affair, not over ten by twelve or fourteen feet in size, and an imaginary line separated the missionary's quarters from his servant's. On his knees, in an old resting-place for the dead, with the bleaching bones of heathen Eskimos strewn over the rocks about him, he consecrated his life's efforts to the conversion of his people to Christianity.

He set himself the infinite task of mastering the difficult langauge. He lived their life with them, visiting and sleeping with them in their filthy igloos —so filthy, and so filled with stench from the putrid meat and fish scraps that they permit to lie about and decay, that frequently at first, until he became accustomed to it, he was forced to seek the open air and relieve the resulting nausea. He studied his people, administered medicines to the sick, and taught the doctrines of Christianity, Love, Faith and Charity, at every opportunity.

That first winter was a trying one. All his little stock of fuel was exhausted early. The few articles of furniture that he had brought with him he burned to keep out the frost demon, and before spring suffered greatly with the cold. The winter before our arrival he transferred his efforts to the Fort Chimo district, where his fuel would be larger and he could reach a greater number of the heathen. During the journey to Fort Chimo, which was across the upper peninsula, with dogs, he was lost in storms that prevailed at the time, his provisions were

exhausted, and one dog had been killed to feed the others, before he finally met Eskimos, who guided him in safety to George River. At Fort Chimo the Hudson's Bay Company set aside two small buildings to his use, one for a chapel, the other a little cabin in which he lived.

Some years ago Grenfell buried a young Scotch fisherman and his wife in a desolate sandspit of land running out into one of the long fjords of Labrador. Amidst the poverty-stricken group that stood by as the snow fell were five little orphan children. Having assumed the care of all of them, he advertised two in a Boston newspaper and received an application from a farmer's wife in New Hampshire. Later on he visited the farm; it was small and poor and away in the backwoods. The woman had children of her own. Her simple explanation as to why she took the children is worth recording: "I cannot teach in the Sunday School, or attend prayer-meetings, Doctor, they are too far away, and I wanted to do something for the Master. I thought the farm would feed two more children." Perhaps, after all, we grade our Christians by a wrong standard.

Here is a typical sketch of Dr. Grenfell's wonderful strength of purpose and daring from the pen of Norman Duncan; a picture indeed of one who makes friends with all hero-loving hearts.

"We fell in with him at Red Bay in the Straits, in the thick of a heavy gale from the north-west. The wind had blown for two days; the sea was running high, and still fast rising; the schooners were huddled in the harbours, with all anchors out, many of them hanging on for dear life, though they lay

in shelter. The sturdy little coastal boat, with four times the strength of the *Strathcona*, had made hard work of it that day—there was a time when she but held her own off a lee shore in the teeth of the big wind.

It was drawing on towards night when the Doctor came aboard for a surgeon from Boston, for whom he had been waiting.

"I see you've steam up," said the captain of the coastal boat. "I hope you're not going out in this, Doctor!"

"I have some patients at the Battle Harbour Hospital, waiting for our good friend from Boston," said the Doctor briskly. "I'm in a hurry. Oh, yes, I'm going out!"

"For God's sake, don't," said the captain earnestly.

The Doctor's eye chanced to fall on the gentleman from Boston. "Oh, very well," he said. "I'll wait until the gale blows out."

He managed to wait a day—no longer; and the wind was still wild, the sea higher than ever; there was ice in the road, and the fog was dense. Then out he went into the thick of it. He bumped an iceberg, scraped a rock, fairly smothered the steamer with broken water; and at midnight—the most marvellous feat of all—he crept into Battle Harbour through a narrow, difficult passage, and dropped anchor off the Mission Wharf.

One day in Labrador, Grenfell was told that some Eskimos were going to desert a little child who was dying. Notwithstanding that Grenfell and his crew were six hundred miles from their base, and wanted all the coal which was in their bunkers, they set

off to find this child. After a time, by the aid of the glass, they saw this little boy. They picked him up. He was as naked as when he was born and had three or four open sores on him, and a diseased hip joint. He was lying on the stones of Labrador with nothing but a miserable death before him. They asked the woman (not his mother) who had charge of him what she was going to do with him. She said: "You can do as you like with him. Take him or leave him." They took him away, and he got a good deal better. And when they got back to the Hudson Bay settlement a letter was found for him, and it just told the boy of the love of Christ for the soul of an Eskimo child.

It appeared that the man who wrote the letter had seen the child when he was on show in Chicago at the World's Fair in 1893. When the boy was asked if he knew the man whose picture was with the letter, he said, "Why me love him." This little lad remained with them three years, and became a true Christian boy. He was a very great help and comfort to them. Meanwhile, the old man, who had never before heard of the mission, wanted to hear more about it, so he (Dr. Grenfell) went in 1896 to North America. Thereby the life of that little boy was the cause of the commencement of the work there.

Pomiuk, the rescued ice-waif, contracted spinal weakness. The helpless lad was placed in one of the little mission hospitals, on an island two hundred miles north of Straits of Belle Isle. The boy, it appears, so fully learned the story of the Saviour's love that he was baptized; and as a sign of his new life in Christ Jesus he received the name of Gabriel,

the angel of comfort. Bright and happy, in spite of suffering and increasing weakness, Pomiuk, who was subsequently conveyed to Battle Harbour Hospital, became an object of widespread interest among friends in America; a band of children, known as the "Corner" of the Boston *Congregationalist*, forming themselves into his guardians. They said, "He belongs to us. We will take care of him"; and faithfully was the promise kept.

The Doctor threw his great heart around the little fellow, afterwards writing: "It was a lovely thing to see this stray child of the North land blossom out into the simple Christian graces. He had many gifts sent him from American boys and girls. These he loved for their own sakes at first, and treasured them closely. But soon he learned to love better the sharing of them with other cripple friends that from time to time found their way into the hospital. His busy fingers, too, put into models the dog-sleighs and kyaks (canoes) the affection in his heart for all those who were kind to him." At a later date, suffering intensely, yet bright, cheerful, and singing to the last, he quietly passed home.

In something like exultant tones, Dr. Grenfell recorded the largely increased scope of the work of late years, owing to the number of volunteers who have come from Canada and the States at their own expense to help, actuated solely by a desire to do something. "I am writing now, swinging at anchor fifty schooners. A volunteer from Harvard (Mass.) and a volunteer from Montreal are ashore building yet another open-air shelter for a lad with tuberculosis."

The addition of a fourth hospital in 1906 in

Canadian Labrador, 200 miles from the next nearest hospital, gave Dr. Grenfell extreme pleasure; the Victorian Order of Nurses founded by Lady Aberdeen furnishing the hospital with a nurse and matron. Writing at the time, the Doctor recorded: "A Montreal newspaper has contributed a motor-launch and some beautiful hickory dog-sleighs. Halifax has contributed a medical missionary officer, and Monteral and Toronto have furnished not only a number of cots, but have guaranteed part of the running expenses. For the first time in their lives the people of this large section of Canadian Labrador have enjoyed the presence of a doctor on the coast all the winter. The long telegraph line which the energy of the Canadian Goverment has carried to the Atlantic coast, affords opportunities for professional calls, which took the doctor last winter as many as eighty miles a day.

"Harvard University has furnished one hospital with a volunteer medical officer this summer, one all last winter, and another assistant with us on the hospital ship also. Bowdoin University is sending us two men to help with running the motor-launches, both volunteers. Princeton University sent us two similar men last year, and many others of the workers on our staff every year have been volunteers, both British and American coming out for 'work' at their own charges. The medical staff proper includes the names of Drs. Cluny McPherson (Battle), Norman B. Stewart (St. Anthony), H. Mather Hare (Harrington), and George H. Simpson (Indian Harbour).

"It seems to us in this out-of-the-world place that you, in civilization, are not so absorbed in the quest

of the almighty dollar as many would have us believe, and that the teaching of the universities must evidently be more and more, and very definite, that the best part in life is 'to go and do something.'

"Many of these Labrador people are truly religious, the more so when one reflects how rarely they see a clergyman, for there are none on the coast, save in summer, and visitations are necessarily hurried with such an area to cover. The people will voyage twenty miles to attend Grenfell's services, often travelling over-night to do so.

"Sectarianism is unknown; priests and parsons travel with him, co-operate with him, and trust their people to his compassionate care. On the north-east coast of Newfoundland, where he spent a recent winter and erected a third hospital, there was no other doctor within hundreds of miles, and he travelled weary leagues through snow and frost to attend a dying priest, stricken through his own journeys among his scattered flock, while the settlers in every harbour, no matter what their creed, went ahead in gangs to break a path for him through the untrodden drifts and to help him with his baggage over the rough places, that he might make better speed on his errand of mercy."

Other incidents attest the same remarkable spirit of communal interest which animates them. In a much frequented harbour on Northern Labrador, where hundreds of schooners put in when voyaging south in the stormy autumn months, a fisherman maintains a light nightly in his house as a beacon, since none other exists there. A worthy old couple on the upper shore, living absolutely alone on an isolated headland, were visited by some other fisher-

folk from the nearest hamlet, miles away, who said:

"Here, granny, are a few dollars for you."

"For me," she said; "who is it from?"

"Oh, it's the old man's share of the Government road money."

"But he wasn't able to work on the roads," she answered.

"No, we know he's past his labour, but some of the boys worked his time for him."

"God bless you!" was all she had time to say before the delegation was beyond the reach of words.

Dr. Grenfell is the master and navigator of a small steamer which cruises about that rock-bound unlighted coast in a way that astonishes even the Labrador fishermen themselves, and they are among the most fearless sailors in the world; he can amputate a leg, contract the walls of a pleuritic lung by shortening the ribs, or cure, by the use of modern methods but with the home-made appliances, a man suffering from a certain sort of paralysis of the lower limbs; a hundred and fifty miles from a shipyard he can raise the stern of his little iron steamer out of the water by the rough application of the principles of hydraulics, and repair her propellor; he can handle dynamite, and blast out an excavation under one of his simple hospital buildings in which to place a heating apparatus; he can start a lumber-mill, and teach the starving inhabitants of lonely Labrador not only how to handle a saw, but how to sell the product for a living wage; he can establish co-operative stores, and, what is better, make them pay, so that those fishermen who have practically been slaves to unscrupulous traders, never

seeing the smallest piece of silver from one year's end to another, can accumulate their little savings in cash; and he has a "muscular Christianity" that enables him to knock down and drag out the human beast that comes into Labrador to add the illicit whisky-bottle to the other sources of suffering which the inhabitants have to endure.

Sailor, surgeon, engineer, industrial leader, manufacturer, explorer, and policeman, as well as teacher and preacher, he combines in one person, all, or nearly all, the activities that make the best modern missions a center of civilization and a bringer of life wherever they are established. And one has but to talk to him and live with him to know that all his activities spring from the most simple and unostentatious religious spirit.

He set out into the world to find two things; first a chance for fine adventure, and second, an opportunity to practise the religion of Jesus Christ, and he found them both on the wild coast of Labrador, away up where the very summer is almost like winter, and where the winter is a male adult winter, without any mistake.

He has discovered among the people who live on those desolate shores of the northern sea, and among the fishermen who ply their perilous work up there, a wonderful chance to do good.

For years Sir Wilfred Grenfell has thrown himself into the work of helping these people in Christ's name and in Christ's way. He has healed the sick, clothed the naked, delivered the captive, and taught the people of his thousand-mile parish to understand the love of God through the love of man. He has built four hospitals, and established five co-

operative stores, where fishermen get fair prices for their fish, and buy their supplies at reasonable rates, given surgical and medical care to thousands of patients, and preached the good news of Christianity from house to house and from ship to ship.

PREACHING TO THE PARAGUAYANS

W. BARBROOKE GRUBB

ONE who was the means of establishing the South American Mission among the previously savage and intractable natives of the Paraguayan Chaco, must needs be a man of personality, and indeed the name by which he was known among the natives, "The Peacemaker of the Indians," gives all needed insight.

Grubb followed Henricksen, who had landed in Paraguay in 1891 and died only a year after, and a year later, from ill-health, Henricksen's two colleagues, whom Grubb had joined, had to abandon the just-begun work, leaving Grubb alone to the gigantic task.

To bring the heart of the Indian into touch with his God and into obedience to His revealed will was the object of Barbrooke Grubb's presence among them. "We did not expect," he wrote, "nor had we any reason to hope, for the conversion of the people as a nation to real Christianity. Our Commission was to bear the message of the Gospel to them, and to take care that they were left with no excuse for rejecting it. God alone could know what the results would be.

"We were sowers and builders, and we thought

not only of the Indians with whom we came into contact, but also of those unborn, and our work, therefore, was fraught with a double responsibility—in the first place to win those who would be won, and in the second place to prepare the way for those who were to come after, in order that they might, on their advent, have the advantages of a purer state of life, better opportunities, and more enlightened knowledge.

"Sixteen years passed since the mission began, and the Gospel had been preached throughout the Lengua-Mascoy villages, either directly or indirectly through the Indians, who, true to their innate desire to carry news, had propagated it, quite apart from any desire to serve God or to spread the Faith. It was no uncommon thing to find Indians in remote villages praying of their own accord to the God of whom they had not heard. It is not altogether to be wondered at that their lives were not appreciably changed as far as spiritual matters were concerned, but it is evident that they showed a decided interest in, and a desire to know more about, Christianity.

"Apart from direct spiritual influence, great changes were wrought. Public opinion on such questions as infanticide and drunkenness began to take a higher tone.

"I remember visiting a village in the far interior, where formerly it was rare to see an infant, and where the people not long previously had unblushingly acknowledged that they had not only killed numbers of their children, but angrily asserted that they had no intention of giving up the practice. But on this occasion the chief beckoned to me, and on going to the place indicated he proudly showed me

seven young women marshalled in line, each with an infant in her arms, and looking highly gratified. This was solely the result of Christian influence.

"Drunkenness, formerly universal among adult men at feasts, soon began to be looked upon as a disgrace, although it continued to be indulged in. From the very commencement of the mission no cases of intemperance, or, in fact, of partaking of alcoholic drink, were ever met with on our stations. We had strongly condemned this vice, and never settled in any place until the people had assured us that no strong drink would be used by them, and they faithfully kept their promises.

"A most striking example of the widespread influence of the Chaco infant Church is afforded in the case of a Lengua-Mascoy clan known as the Mopai-senhiks, or 'White Partridges.' Their villages, situated some 150 miles from Waikthlating-mangyalwa, had never been visited by any of the staff except on one occasion, and that solely for the purposes of exploration. What news of the mission and its teaching had reached them had been carried to them by Indians only. In the year 1900, a large party of Mopai-senhiks, led by their chief, visited the mission with feathers and skins for trading purposes, and to see and hear for themselves some of the strange things of which they had been told.

"Up to this time we had never succeeded in persuading an Indian girl to remain with us apart from her relatives, but on this occasion the young daughter of the chief of the 'White Partridges' consented to remain, and her parents made no objection to her doing so. Seeing that she came from such a distance,

and that her people were returning to their country, this was a great triumph.

"In course of time her father and mother came to reside with us, which was what we had hoped for and partly expected. Eventually other members of her clan permanently settled with us.

"The chief's daughter possessed intelligence above the ordinary, and by her willingness to learn she soon became one of our most useful women—so much so that in a few years she was capable of doing ordinary housework and cooking. But what encouraged us most was that she showed an unmistakable desire to become a Christian, and was eventually admitted into the full fellowship of the Church, as the first-fruits of the Lengua-Mascoy women, being baptized with the name of Celia.

"James was the son of a witch doctor, and his character showed strength of will and determination. When he came under the influence of Christianity he soon began to shape for himself and follow a decisive course, just as the celebrated witch doctor had done. Even when a schoolboy—and he was one of the first scholars—he took life seriously, and proved his capacity for independent thought and action by asking awkward questions, such as why angels in pictures had wings, and, if we had never seen them, how did we know in what way to depict them.

"As he grew older, his religious views began to take a very pronounced form. His Christian life was based upon firm conviction and he maintained his right to think out matters for himself. James was never one of those who are content to become a mere tool in the hands of a set system.

"He was of a deeply religious nature, and was more interested in matters pertaining to religion and church management than in the social advancement and temporal good of his tribe. His austerity prevented him from becoming a general favourite with his people, but the sincerity of his life, and a desire to do what was just and right, commanded their respect. He was in every way more qualified to become a leader in the Church than any Indian we have known. His own spiritual life was creditable and thoroughly practical. He applied himself assiduously to the private reading of such Scriptures as were translated, and to the regular habit of asking God's blessing on all his undertakings. This was done so quietly and unobtrusively that it was only by accident we came to know of it. James could never be accused of that unworthy and contemptible parade of religion which favourably impresses some people.

"He is destined to play an important part in the development and future of the Indian Church.

"As a striking contrast to James, some mention needs to be made of Metegyak (his companion from childhood) as the social leader of his people. He was brought up in connection with the mission, and was baptized a year later than James, taking the name of John.

"He was always a bright boy, and developed into a keenly intelligent and quick-witted young man. Although quite as sincere a Christian as James, and one who has from the first taken a prominent part in the development of the Church, yet Metegyak's (John's) trend of mind is rather towards advancing the social and material welfare of his people, thus

indirectly proving to them the advantages of a Christian civilization.

"Industrious and thrifty, he is one of our cleverest mechanics, and is the leading native merchant, trading having been developed among them by the Indian Co-operative Society.

"He has taken a leading part in providing recreation and entertainment of a refined and ennobling character to take the place of the baser and more childish diversions common to his people, and from which they are gradually breaking away owing to the spread of education and the consequent desire for higher tastes. He holds the office of Secretary of the Young Men's Social Society.

"Metegyak, of all others, exercises by far the greatest influence over the native women, which is a high tribute to the strength and uprightness of his character, because the Indian women are exceedingly difficult to manage. Although he is young, he is able to censure and guide them, and yet retain their regard and respect. He is exceedingly tactful, and knows so well how to handle his fellow-countrymen that he can rule and direct without giving offence. He is popular far and wide, and is regarded with almost affection by heathen and Christian alike.

"There is one thing which must not be overlooked, apart from the future of this Indian Church itself: the influence that it has had directly and indirectly upon those outside of it. Almost since the discovery of South America, the Chaco peoples have been looked upon as a scourge and nuisance which would have to be got rid of, and until recently few who knew anything about these tribes

ever considered them worth helping or preserving. It is true that on the borders of the Chaco some of the tribes were sought for and utilized to help in cheap, common labour; but few ever thought that it would be possible that they might develop into peaceful, industrious citizens, and still less into Christian men and women who could take a useful place in the world, although humble, and be trusted in and depended upon.

"Interest in missionary work in the Continent, especially among our own people, has been stimulated. Many South Americans and foreigners have already been impressed by what has been done. Paraguay is willing to admit all Indians qualified for it to citizen's rights. Missionary zeal at home has been encouraged and some new missionary agencies directly and indirectly stimulated through the example of this little Church in the wilds. Far distant Indian tribes have heard of the mission, and in proportion to their knowledge of it are disposed to receive its agents in a friendly spirit. In brief, apart from any direct benefit to the Mascoy tribe itself, the influence of this little Indian Church has had a far-reaching and beneficial effect."

The reader is further referred to "Barbrooke Grubb," by W. B. Grubb, published by Seeley Service & Co., for an excellent account of this great missionary.

THE ISLES OF THE SEAS

MISSION MARVELS IN MADAGASCAR

DAVID JONES

A PIONEER of the undaunted sort was David Jones, born in the Welsh village of Nenaddlwydd, Cardiganshire, 1797. At the close of his "teens" he was studying under Dr. T. Phillips, a sincere man strongly resentful of slave-trading. To his class he asked, "Who will go as a missionary to Madagascar?" "I will," cried David Jones. He reached Madagascar in 1818, where amid unparalleled difficulties he worked, until worn out, he died in 1840. Mr. E. H. Hayes gives the following vivid account:

As soon as David Jones began to prepare for the journey to Madagascar he found himself faced by many discouragements and difficulties. He had brought important letters from the Colonial Office in London to General Farquhar, the British Governor at Mauritius, a man of fine character, who had urged the Missionary Society to send men out to establish a mission on Madagascar. But he had left for a long period of leave. The Deputy-Governor, General Hall, was not only opposed to the work of missionaries, but appears to have been in league with the slave-traders. Instead of helping David in his plans he curtly refused to allow him even to proceed to the island.

He explained that the British Government had

tried to arrange a treaty with King Radama, head of the dominant tribe of the Malagasy, to stop the export of slaves. These negotiations had been abruptly broken off by Radama, who accused the British of a breach of faith, and James Hastie, their agent, had been compelled to withdraw from the island.

"What hope is there," urged the General, "of missionaries from England being allowed to land? Besides, the climate is so unhealthy that no English can live there. When Tamatave was captured from the French in 1811, our troops were compelled to abandon the place on account of the fever, which swept away nearly the whole garrison!"

It was in vain for David to protest that he feared neither the anger of the king nor the danger of Malagasy fever; he could not induce General Hall to alter his decision.

But nothing could turn the missionaries from their purpose. Discouraged though they were, they refused to hold back from their mission, especially when they learned that traders were allowed to go to the island.

"If traders are not afraid to go to Madagascar, shall missionaries of the Gospel hold back," cried David Jones.

Determined to break through this cordon of hostility and discouragement, he thought out a clever stratagem. If the Deputy-Governor would not permit them to go with their wives as missionaries to Madagascar, he surely could not prevent the two men going as visitors to the island of their quest. Eagerly he discussed the plan with Thomas Bevan and the

two brave women who were sharing the hazards of their great adventure.

With a quickly beating heart David Jones set foot on Madagascar for the first time; it was the eighteenth day of the eighth month of the year 1818, a red-letter day in the history of the island. The captain introduced the two young Welshmen to Jean Rene, Malagasy prince and illicit slave-dealer, and to James Bragg, an English settler, and this meeting was prophetic of the struggle about to begin. As the four men faced each other, the missionaries symbolised the Christian Gospel measuring its might against heathenism and native cunning, represented by the Malagasy prince, and against the exploitation of human life for sordid gain embodied in the English settler.

The trader could get no peace until he had introduced the missionaries to Fisatra, chieftain of Hivondrona, a brother of Jean Rene and a man of much finer character. They found Fisatra of frank and attractive manner, beloved for his bravery in war, and his just and humane rule in peace. He welcomed them with great cordiality:

"I am delighted with the object of your visit," he declared, "and I promise you my support. If you remain here and open a school, my son, Berora, shall be one of your scholars, and I will urge my people to send their children to you."

To prove that he was in earnest, Fisatra called the head people of his village together next day, and explained to them the object of the white men's visit.

"Tsara be, tsara be!" (very good, very good!) shouted the villagers in delight.

The next few days were full of activity. On the 8th of September David Jones opened the first Christian school on Madagascar, with six scholars, all of them sons of chiefs, and among them Fisatra's boy, Berora. From the first moment the school was a success, for the boys were both eager and quick to learn. Fisatra had set the fashion as a parent, for all the fathers in the village seemed anxious to send their children to school. Jones had to harden his heart, however, and refused to take any more children, as the school had been opened simply as an experiment.

Within five weeks the scholars had made such progress in learning to read short English words that both their white teachers were satisfied beyond any doubt that there was no truth, only malice, in the jibes of the planters at the idea of the Malagasy learning anything.

A break was made for Jones to bring his wife from Mauritius. David and Mary Jones landed at Tamatave on the 19th of November, and were greeted with the word:

"Arahaba! Arahaba!" (welcome, welcome). The Malagasy folk were delighted to see the missionary again, after his journey to Mauritius to bring over his wife and the baby born in his absence, and were charmed with his young wife, but the white baby, the first they had ever seen, was a source of delight and never-ending wonder. David Jones was much cheered to find that the Malagasy children were impatient for school to be re-opened, and had been passing on to their friends the teaching they had already received. He was surprised and delighted to note that a change had come over Jean Rene,

who was no longer anxious to get the missionaries away from Tamatave into other territory.

"You can stay here," he said, "and begin your work among my own people. I will give you a plot of land on which a school-house can be built."

David felt bound in honour to go back to Fisatra's village and settle there. He plunged into the work of building a school-house with a right goodwill, but before it could be finished he realised that they had arrived at the worst season of the year. They were overtaken by the warm and unhealthy wet season, and the house was completed in heavy rains. The damp, humid atmopshere made the whole family, still poor in health, an easy prey to the prevalent Malagasy fever, and soon they were all utterly prostrated by the violence of a malarial attack. Too ill to take proper care of their baby, cut off from all European aid, and surrounded only by ignorant natives, many of whom were quite unfriendly, their pitiable condition was aggravated a few days later by the death of the little daughter.

For a whole week they lay helplessly ill, stricken with grief over the loss of their babe. Then the fever was aggravated by attacks of violent sickness, so unusual a symptom that foul play was suspected. At last James Bragg came forward to help them. He had a thorough search made of the house, and found traces in the kitchen of the dreaded tangena, a well-known Malagasy poison. For a few days they were at least safe from poison, but the fight against fever still went on. On the 29th of December David rallied, but his wife became much worse, and died during the day.

Robbed by death of wife and child, David Jones was alone in Madagascar!

Early in January, 1819, Thomas Bevan arrived at Tamatave with his wife and baby. They had sufficiently recovered from their illness at Mauritius to be able to come to the aid of their friends, but knew nothing of the misfortune that had befallen them.

Thomas Bevan and his wife were stunned by the news. In spite of the unhealthy season and the dismal prospect, they nobly determined to remain in Madagascar. Three days after their arrival they, too, were all in the grip of the terrible Malagasy fever. As the critical days passed, David Jones was slowly creeping back to life, but the condition of his friends remained very serious, and on the 24th of January their baby died. After this Thomas Bevan's condition became critical, and one evening he said to David:

"I shall certainly die; but you will recover and proceed with your work, and ultimately succeed in the mission."

His words proved true, for on the 31st of January he died. At this time Mrs. Bevan appeared to be recovering, but she died suddenly on the 3rd of February. In both cases poisoning was suspected.

Thus was David Jones left alone on Madagascar, in the middle of the unhealthy wet season, the sole survivor of a party of six, and still gripped in the toils of the Malagasy fever. But even now the heroic man had no thought of turning back beaten. Uncowed by adversity he determined to "hold on."

Finding him unshaken in this determination, James Bragg became his open enemy. Insult, ridi-

cule, and cruelty became his daily portion. The few belongings of the two families were stolen. Bragg and his friends came and jeered at the helpless invalid, ate his provisions, and robbed him. But they were unable to conquer his spirit or shake his will. His strength gradually returned, his hopes revived, and his courage triumphed. One day when Bragg and his fellows came to torment him a surprise awaited them. The house was empty; their victim had escaped.

Slowly he crawled rather than walked to Tamatave. For a time he searched in vain for shelter and protection, but in the end found a native house where he was allowed to lie down and was given some water to drink. His liberty, however, was short-lived, for Bragg soon discovered his retreat, and had him taken back by force. By this time he could offer no resistance to this compulsory hospitality, for he was again weak and helpless under a fresh attack of fever. Thus began a further period of ill-treatment.

At this point an incident occurred that revealed how cleverly the forces of evil were mobilised against him in his task. One day he was astonished to see a white man in military uniform, and attended by native soldiers, enter Tamatave along the road that led from King Radama's capital. The stranger made himself known to David as General Brady, an Englishman attached to the court of Radama, and appointed by that far-sighted monarch to re-organise his army on European lines.

"When are you coming to Antananarivo?" asked Brady. "The king is well disposed towards mis-

sionary work, and is most anxious to secure English teachers at the capital."

As the conversation developed it became clear that the opposition of Radama, about which David had heard so much from Bragg, was part of a deep-laid plot to prevent him going to the capital, where an extensive slave-trade was carried on. He now learned that when the news of their first landing had reached the ears of Radama he had at once despatched messengers to Tamatave to invite them to Antananarivo, but the slave-dealers there had sent word back to the king that both the missionaries were dead—a lying statement that doubtless they hoped would soon come true. But before it could come about Jones was again laid low by fever. He almost died, but at last, on the 3rd of July, almost too weak to stand, and scarcely sensible, he was carried by his Malagasy friends to the shore. The last survivor of his party, he was put on board a bullock-vessel bound for Port Louis, Mauritius. Crawling along the deck, he rolled himself among some bundles of dried grass near the oxen, and soon fell into a long and refreshing sleep.

"I am the only one left," he said, as he dragged himself to the house.

Confronted with the weak and emaciated figure of David Jones, who had come back alone, broken but unbeaten, from the first missionary attack on Madagascar, Le Brun was moved to tears. It was evident that his friend's chief need was a long period of rest and convalescence, far from scenes that would daily remind him of his bereavement. The hostile traders were openly jubilant at his "failure." Jones was therefore sent to the seclusion of Belombre,

forty miles from Port Louis, where, in the country house of Charles Telfair, private secretary to Governor Farquhar, he enjoyed the hospitality of a Christian home for the next nine months.

Through the care of this "Good Samaritan" and his family, Jones was nursed back to health, but refused to remain idle a day longer than he could help. Finding his host deeply interested in languages, he showed him the rude attempts of the Malagasy children to write English characters, and also the rules for making a Malagasy alphabet, that he had drawn up with the help of Thomas Bevan. Telfair thereupon produced some manuscripts in the Malagasy language, which were among his treasured literary possessions, and helped his guest in other ways to study the language. Governor Farquhar, who had now returned to Mauritius, had also for years taken a great interest in Madagascar, and had collected much information about its people, their language, customs and religion—information that was of great help to David Jones in his studies.

The party left Port Louis in September, 1820, for Madagascar. On the way scenes met their eyes that moved Hastie, the British Agent, to anger and Jones to tears.

"In the course of this morning we were passed by about a thousand slaves, who were proceeding from the Hova country to Tamatave for sale," wrote the missionary in his journal. "How dreadful to behold such a number of human beings bound in irons and driven from their native country to be sold like sheep in a market; and among them a number of children between six and seven years of age taken away from their parents for ever. My

heart ached for them, and tears gushed from my eyes at the inhuman sight."

After fourteen days' travel they reached a large village on the crest of a high hill, and surrounded by an immense fosse (or moat, long since dry)—a relic of an earlier system of fortification common among the Malagasy villages.

Pressing on, they climbed the last steep assent into the upper plateau, and entered Imerina, the country of the Hovas. Here David Jones was thrilled by getting his first glimpse of Antananarivo, the city of his dreams. Built on a long and rocky hill, it was the landmark for miles around. The roofs of the distant city held him like a spell. Here was the heathen stronghold, the capital city of Madagascar!

The days that followed their arrival in Antananarivo were full of excitement and anxiety for the two white men. The British Agent spent them in long conferences and much argument with King Radama and his councillors, bending every effort to secure the king's signature to the treaty that would put an end to the traffic in slaves.

David Jones could do little to assist Hastie in his difficult and delicate task. He had several long talks with Radama, and was impressed by the ability and intelligence of this Malagasy king. The supreme ambition of Radama for his people was that they should secure the blessings of education, industry and prosperity, and it was for promised benefits in this direction that he had signed the treaty earlier.

At the end of a week the king summoned a great kabary (a grand council of the leading people) to decide the vexed question. Hour after hour

throughout the day, and far into the night, the talk in the great kabary went on, while the two white men sat in their house, waiting, praying, and hoping for a favourable decision.

Next morning at eleven o'clock the king sent his ministers to the agent bearing his decision.

"Hurrah! We have won! The treaty is to be signed," cried Hastie, waving the king's letter in the air above his head.

It seemed too good to be true!

Both white men hurried out into the streets. As cannons boomed and the king's heralds announced the end of the traffic in slaves, scenes of wild joy met their eyes. The British flag, in union with that of Madagascar, was being hoisted in front of Radama's palace, amid signs of popular enthusiasm. The slave-dealers, who had fought to the last against the treaty, prudently kept out of the way as the people danced for joy—the prospect of being sold into slavery for debt, or of having their children torn away from them to be sent to the coast, had been banished for ever.

"A wide door for Christianity and civilisation has been opened in Madagascar to-day, and that of slavery, I trust, bolted for ever. A powerful monarch has become the patroniser of Christian missions and of artificers, instead of dealers in slaves."

These words, written by David Jones on the 11th of October, 1820—the day the treaty was signed—proved prophetic. When the excitement was over the king sent his secretary to the missionary, begging him to stay in the capital, promising him a house and two servants, and asking him to get from England as many missionaries as he could.

From that time forward the work of David Jones was "Under Royal Patronage." Radama allotted him a house in the courtyard of the palace, and within two months of reaching the capital he had acquired sufficient knowledge of the language to begin his work.

The beginning was a very humble one. On the 13th of December he opened in his house the first school in the capital. Only three children attended that day, but next morning the number increased to six, and from day to day new scholars appeared, until the house was crowded to the doors. These first scholars were either of royal blood or princely birth; three of them were children of the king's sister, one of them the heir to the throne. Their eagerness to learn, and the progress they made in their lessons, soon became a difficulty to their teacher, since he himself was but a learner in the language, and his progress in that direction set the pace for the school work.

Within two months the value of the work done pleased the king so much that he built a large schoolhouse and a residence for David Jones. Before long the school roll had forty-four names on it, and the new building was full.

In May another missionary reached the capital. This was David Griffiths, who had volunteered to fill the gap at Madagascar caused by the death of Thomas Bevan. The new missionary, who was destined to share with David Jones the arduous privilege of founding the Madagascar mission, was a man of very different type to the pioneer—he was short and muscular, hardy and active, and his square jaw showed that he would not lightly give up a job

when it became difficult, but would hold on it to the end.

David Griffiths could not wait for his house to be furnished before starting the second school in Antananarivo. This was opened on the 23rd of October in a native house in the center of the town, at some distance from the Royal School. On the first day eleven boys and four girls attended, children of the principal families in the capital.

The re-opening of the Royal School was delayed for some days, as David Jones was again incapacitated by a violent attack of Malagasy fever. When the school was re-opened the king attended in person and examined the scholars in the various subjects they had been taught. He was delighted to find they had not forgotten their lessons, although the school had been closed for some time.

"I have now forty-four scholars under my care," reports David Jones at this period (March, 1822). "They continue to use the same diligence, and show the same ability for learning as they have always done. Some of them can read the New Testament, write on paper, and work the common rules of arithmetic. On Sundays they learn their hymns, catechisms, and prayers, and begin to have a fair knowledge of religion."

Early in May, 1826, a list of the Malagasy schools was prepared, and in a report sent to London at that time, we find nearly thirty are scheduled, with a total of over two thousand scholars.

On Midsummer Day, 1822, four missionary artizans arrived at the capital with another ordained missionary, John Jeffreys. John Jeffreys at first

helped David Jones in the Royal School, then moved out to Ambatomanga to begin a mission station there.

By the end of 1822 David Jones had good reason to feel assured that his pioneer work was beginning to bear fruit. Up to this point he had been so engrossed in the work of establishing schools for teaching English to the young Malagasy, that the arduous work of reducing the Hova language to writing had been more or less left in abeyance.

With a large band of workers around him, he felt that he could now devote himself to making an alphabet and producing native literature.

By February, 1826, both Jones and Griffiths had sufficient command of the language to be able to preach fluently to the people. Soon the schools were thronged with adult congregations on Sunday to hear the Good News of Christ in their own tongue.

The work of translating the Bible into Malagasy went steadily on, and in a report dated 23rd May, 1824, we read:

"As to the translation of Scripture, Mr. Jones has translated the first twenty-four chapters of Genesis and the first eleven chapters of Matthew into the Malagasy language; and Mr. Griffiths the twentieth and the first eleven chapters of Exodus, and the first eleven chapters of Luke.

A printing press was secured, which Jones learned to operate. The work of translating went on till first the New Testament and then the Bible was printed in Malagese.

While the work in the schools went forward, David Jones devoted his Sundays to preaching in the big wooden church in the capital, or visiting the

schools in the outlying villages to conduct worship there. Wherever he went there was no lack of congregations, for no building was ever large enough to hold all who desired to hear the Good News. When the school was full, people crowded round the doors and windows and filled the courtyard.

One bright Sunday morning, before a great congregation that filled the church to overflowing, twenty Malagasy Christians pledged themselves to the service of Jesus Christ. They were baptized by David Griffiths, the first-fruits of Christ's harvest in Madagascar. On the following Sunday, in the new church at Ambàtonakàn eight more young Malagasy, six of them young men from the schools, were baptized and received into church membership.

From that humble beginning the Malagasy church grew steadily in numbers and in power, and within a few months fifty or sixty native Christians were joined in church fellowship, including several holding high ranks under the government. Strangely enough—and yet, perhaps, it was not so strange after all—this spiritual prosperity went side by side with renewed hostility on the part of the queen and the native priests.

The King Radama died and the new ruler was Queen Ràvavàlona, who was antagonistic to Christian teaching, culminating in her boast: "I will put an end to Christianity, if it costs the life of every Christian in the island," she stormed, stamping her foot. Then an edict was issued to the missionaries, dated the 26th of February, 1835, in which the queen thanked them for the useful teaching they had given to the people of Madagascar. They could have full liberty to worship and observe their own

religious customs, but it was henceforth against the law of the land for any of her own subjects to take part in any but the religious customs of the country.

Jones expostulated, but a further proclamation was issued—"the forsaking of idols must stop and foreign worship and Sunday observance are forbidden. All who have received baptism, entered into the new society, and formed separate houses for prayer and worship, are required to report to the public officers in the course of the present month. If they do not confess within that period they shall surely die."

The immediate effect of the edict had been to scatter the Christians far and wide, for be it said to their lasting honour, an overwhelming majority of them absolutely refused to go back on their new faith. Thus all that the edict accomplished was to stop the preaching and teaching of the missionaries, and the assembling of the natives in public for Christian worship.

At dead of night, usually at the end of the week, small groups would gather stealthily at a chosen spot and by the light of a lantern, carefully screened from view, read together the Word of God.

When their retreat was discovered they would seek a fresh meeting-place. Sometimes they met for worship on a high hill, so that the queen's spies or pursuing soldiers could be easily seen, and they would have time to escape. The missionaries found themselves shunned by all their native friends, for to be seen speaking to them meant fines and imprisonment.

At last Ràvavàlona made a desperate effort to

terrorise the Christians into obedience to her edict. The next victim arrested was a woman named Rasalàma, who was threatened with death unless she renounced Christ. Under this terrible test many a mere beginner in the Christian life might well have failed, but not Rasalàma.

"The gods of our ancestors are no gods at all," she declared. "I will not worship them, nor will I give up the worship of Jehovah."

Finding her obdurate, they flogged her every day for a week. She was then condemned to death and taken to Ambohipotsy, the southern suburb of Antananarivo, singing hymns as she walked to her doom. At the place of execution, as she knelt in prayer, she was speared to death.

The queen thought that this public execution would intimidate the Christians and make the new religion unpopular in the eyes of all her subjects. But she knew nothing of the story of the Christian church through the ages, or of the failure of force to conquer love.

The fearless and joyful way in which the brave-spirited Rasalàma had met her death made a deep impression on the crowd which was present, and even her executioner was moved to admiration.

"There is some charm in the religion of the white people," he said, "which takes away the fear of death."

Early in the year 1840 the fever again laid Jones low. Although only forty-three years of age, his constitution had long been undermined by his struggle against an unhealthy climate. His spirit was as willing as ever, but his body was now utterly worn

out. It was his last battle, for on the first of May he passed on to the higher service.

A LABOURER IN LEPERLAND

FATHER DAMIEN

O God, the cleanest offering
Of tainted earth below,
Unblushing to thy feet we bring—
"*A leper white as snow*"—J. B. TABB.

JOSEPH DAMIEN, whose name will ever be revered as the missionary to the lepers on the island of Molokai, one of the Hawaiian Islands in the Pacific, was born on the 3rd of January, 1841, near Louvain, of pathetic fame in the Great War, where until recently his brother was a priest.

On his nineteenth birthday his father took him to see his brother, who was then preparing for the priesthood, and he left him there to dine, while he himself went on to the neighbouring town.

Young Joseph decided that here was an opportunity for taking one step which he had long been desiring to take; and when his father came back he told him that he wished to return home no more, and that it would be better thus to miss the pain of farewells. His father consented willingly. Afterwards, when all was settled, Joseph revisited his home, and received his mother's approval and blessing.

His brother was bent on going to the South Seas for mission work, and all was arranged accordingly; but at the last he was laid low with fever, and, to his bitter disappointment, forbidden to go. The im-

petuous Joseph asked him if it would be a consolation for his brother to go instead, and, receiving an affirmative answer, he wrote surreptitiously, offering himself, and begging that he might be sent. He was accepted.

For some years thereafter Joseph worked on other islands in the Pacific, but it happened that he was, one day in 1873, present at the dedication of a chapel in the island of Mauim, when the bishop was lamenting that it was impossible for him to send a missioner to the lepers at Molokai and still less to provide them with a pastor. He had only been able to send them occasional and temporary help. Some young priests had just arrived in Hawaii for mission work, and Father Damien instantly spoke.

"Monseigneur," said he, "here are your new missioners; one of them could take my district, and I will go to Molokai and labour for the poor lepers whose wretched state of bodily and spiritual misfortune has often made my heart bleed within me."

His offer was accepted, and that very day, without any farewells, he embarked on a boat that was taking some cattle to the leper settlement.

Father Damien always expected that he should sooner or later become a leper, though exactly how he caught it he does not know. But it was not likely that he would escape, as he was constantly living in a polluted atmosphere, dressing the sufferers' sores, washing their bodies, visiting their deathbeds, and even digging their graves.

"Whenever I preach to my people," he said, "I do not say, 'my brethren,' as you do, but 'we lepers.' People pity me and think me unfortunate, but I think myself the happiest of missionaries."

Henceforth he came under the law of segregation, and journeys to the other parts of the island were forbidden. But he worked on with the same sturdy, cheerful fortitude, accepting the will of God with gladness, undaunted by the continual reminders of his coming fate which met him in the poor creatures around him.

"I would not be cured," he said to me, "if the price of my cure was that I must leave the island and give up my work."

EVANGELIZING IN THE NEW HEBRIDES

DR. JOHN G. PATON

PATON of the Hebrides will ever be an outstanding figure in the mission-field. Born in 1824, at Kirkmahoe in Dumfries, he early became imbued with the missionary spirit, and under the auspices of the Reformed Presbyterian Church went out to the cannibal isle of Tanna in 1858, where he worked for four years, then moved on to the isle of Aniwa, where he had the joy of seeing his twenty years' work ripen into the whole of the islanders becoming Christians. A long and useful life closed in 1907.

An engagement was secured by Paton with the sappers and miners, who were mapping and measuring the country of Dumfries in connection with the Ordnance Survey of Scotland. He writes: "I found much spare time for private study, both on the way to and from my work and also after hours. I stole away to a quiet spot on the banks of the Nith, and there pored over my book, all alone. Our lieutenant, unknown to me, had observed this from his

house on the other side of the stream, and after a time called me into his office and inquired what I was studying. I told him the whole truth as to my position and my desires. After conferring with some of the other officials there, he summoned me again, and in their presence promised me promotion in the service, and special training in Woolwich at the Government's expense, on condition that I would sign an engagement for seven years. Thanking him most gratefully for his kind offer, I agreed to bind myself for three years, or four, but not for seven.

"Excitedly he said, 'Why? Will you refuse an offer that many gentlemen's sons would be proud of?'

"I said, 'My life is given to another Master, so I cannot engage for seven years.'

"He asked sharply, 'To whom?'

"I replied, 'To the Lord Jesus; and I want to prepare as soon as possible for His service in the proclaiming of the Gospel.'

"In great anger he sprang across the room, called the paymaster and exclaimed, 'Accept my offer, or you are dismissed on the spot.'

"I answered, 'I am extremely sorry if you do so, but to bind myself for seven years would probably frustrate the purpose of my life; and though I am greatly obliged to you, I cannot make such an engagement.'

"His anger made him unwilling or unable to comprehend my difficulty; the drawing instruments were delivered up, I received my pay, and departed without further parley.

"My dear Green Street people grieved excessively at the thought of my leaving them, and daily pled

with me to remain. Indeed, the opposition was so strong from nearly all, and many of them warm Christian friends, that I was sorely tempted to question whether I was carrying out the Divine Will, or only some headstrong wish of my own. This also caused me much anxiety, and drove me close to God in prayer. But again I clearly saw that all at home had free access to the Bible and the means of grace, with Gospel light shining all around them, while the poor heathen were perishing, without even the chance of knowing all God's love and mercy to men.

"On meeting with so many obstructing influences, I again laid the whole matter before my dear parents, and their reply was to this effect: 'Heretofore we feared to bias you, but now we must tell you why we praise God for the decision to which you have been led. Your father's heart was set upon being a Minister, but other claims forced him to give up. When you were given to them, your father and mother laid you upon the altar, their first-born, to be consecrated, if God saw fit, as a Missionary of the Cross; and it has been their constant prayer that you might be prepared, qualified, and led to this very decision; and we pray with all our heart that the Lord may accept your offering, long spare you, and give you many souls from the Heathen World for your hire.' From that moment, every doubt as to my path of duty for ever vanished. I saw the hand of God leading me to the Foreign Mission field.

"Namuri, one of my Aneityumese Teachers, was placed at our nearest village. There he had built a house for himself and his wife, and there he led

amongst the heathen a pure and humble Christian life. Almost every morning he came and reported on the state of affairs to me. Without books or a school, he yet instructed the Natives in Divine things, conducted the Worship, and taught them much by his good example. His influence was increasing, when one morning a Sacred Man threw at him the kawas, or killing-stone, a deadly weapon like a scythe-stone in shape and thickness, usually round, but sometimes angular, and from eighteen to twenty inches long. They throw it from a great distance and with fatal precision. The Teacher, with great agility, warded his head and received the deep cut from it in his left hand, reserving his right hand to guard against the club that was certain to follow swiftly. The Priest sprang upon him with his club and with savage yells. He evaded, yet also received, many blows; and, rushing out of their hands, actually reached the Mission House, bleeding, fainting, and pursued by howling murderers. I had been anxiously expecting him, and hearing the noise I ran out with all possible speed.

"On seeing me, he sank down by a tree, and cried: 'Missi, Missi, quick! and escape for your life! They are coming to kill you; they say, they must kill us all to-day, and they have begun with me; for they hate Jehovah and the Worship!'

"I hastened to the good Teacher where he lay; I bound up, washed, and dressed his wounds; and God, by the mystery of His own working, kept the infuriated Tannese watching at bay. Gradually they began to disappear into the bush, and we conveyed the dear Teacher to the Mission House. In three

or four weeks he so far recovered by careful nursing that he was able to walk about again.

"All appearing friendly for some time, and willing to listen and learn, the Teacher earnestly desired to return to his post. I pled with him to remain at the Mission House till we felt more assured, but he replied: 'Missi, when I see them thirsting for my blood, I just see myself when the Missionary first came to my island. I desired to murder him as they now desire to kill me. Had he stayed away for such danger, I would have remained Heathen, but he came, and continued coming to teach us, till, by the grace of God, I was changed to what I am. Now the same God that changed me to this can change these poor Tannese to love and serve Him. I cannot stay away from them, but I will sleep at the Mission House, and do all I can by day to bring them to Jesus.'

"He returned to his village work, and for several weeks things appeared most encouraging. The inhabitants showed growing interest in us and our work, and less fear of the pretensions of their Heathen Priest, which, alas! fed his jealousy and anger. One morning during Worship, when the good Teacher knelt in prayer, the same savage Priest sprang upon him with his great club and left him for dead, wounded and bleeding and unconscious. The people fled and left him in his blood, afraid of being mixed up with the murder. The Teacher, recovering a little, crawled to the Mission House, and reached it about midday in a dying condition. On seeing him, I ran to meet him, but he fell near the Teacher's house, saying: 'Missi, I am dying! They will kill you also. Escape for your life.'

"Trying to console him, I sat down beside him, dressing his wounds and nursing him. He was quite resigned; he was looking up to Jesus, and rejoicing that he would soon be with Him in Glory. His pain and suffering were great, but he bore all very quietly, as he said, and kept saying: 'For the sake of Jesus! For Jesu's sake.' He was constantly praying for his persecutors: 'O Lord Jesus, forgive them, for they know not what they are doing. Oh, take not away Thy Worship from this dark island! O God, bring all the Tannese to love and follow Jesus!'

"One day I held a service in the village where morning after morning their tribes assembled, and declared that if they would believe in and follow the Jehovah God, He would deliver them into a happy life. There were present three Sacred Men, Chiefs, of whom the whole population lived in terror, professors of sorcery, and claiming the power of life and death, health and sickness, rain and drought, according to their will.

"On hearing me, these three stood up and declared they did not believe in Jehovah, nor did they need His help; for they had the power to kill my life by Nakah (i.e. sorcery or witchcraft), if only they could get possession of any piece of the fruit or food that I had eaten. This superstition was the cause of most of the bloodshed and terror upon Tanna; and being thus challenged, I asked God's help and determined to strike a blow against it.

"A woman was standing near with a bunch of native fruit in her hand, like our plums, called quonquore. I asked her to be pleased to give me some; and she, holding out a bunch, said: 'Take freely what you will!'

"Calling the attention of all the Assembly to what I was doing, I took three fruits from the bunch, and taking a bite out of each, I gave them one after another to the three Sacred Men, and deliberately said in the hearing of all: 'You have seen me eat of this fruit, you have seen me give the remainder to your Sacred Men; they have said they can kill me by Nahak, but I challenge them to do so if they can, without arrow or spear, club or musket; for I deny that they have any power against me, or against anyone, by their sorcery.'

"The challenge was accepted; the natives looked terror-struck at the position in which I was placed! The ceremony of Nahak was usually performed in secret—the Tannese fleeing in dread, as Europeans would from the touch of the plague, but I lingered and eagerly watched their ritual. Amidst wavings and incantations, they rolled up the pieces of the fruit from which I had eaten, in certain leaves of this sacred tree, into a shape like a waxen candle; then they kindled a sacred fire near the root, and continued their mutterings, gradually burning a little more and a little more of the candle-shaped things, wheeling them round their heads, blowing upon them with their breaths, waving them in the air, and glancing wildly at me as if expecting my sudden destruction.

"At last they stood up and said: 'We must delay till we have called all our Sacred Men. We will kill Missi before his next Sabbath comes round.'

"I replied: 'Very good! I challenge all your Priests to unite and kill me by sorcery or Nahak. I am protected by the true and living Jehovah God!'

"Every day, throughout the remainder of that

week, the Conchs were sounded; and over that side of the island all their Sacred Men were at work trying to kill me by their arts.

"Sabbath dawned upon me peacefully, and I went to that village in more than my usual health and strength. Large numbers assembled, and when I appeared they looked at each other in terror, as if it could not really be I myself still spared and well. Entering into the public grounds, I saluted them to this effect: 'My love to you all, my friends! I have come again to talk to you about the Jehovah God and His Worship.'

"The three Sacred Men, on being asked, admitted that they had tried to kill me by Nahak, but had failed, and on being questioned why they had failed, they gave the acute and subtle reply, that I also was myself a Sacred Man, and that my God being the stronger had protected me from their gods.

"Addressing the multitude, I answered thus: 'Yea, truly; my Jehovah God is stronger than your gods. He protected me, and helped me; for He is the only living and true God, the only God that can hear or answer any prayers from the children of men. Your gods cannot hear prayers, but my God can and will hear or answer you, if you will give heart and life to Him, and love and serve Him only.'

"Having said this, I sat down on the trunk of a fallen tree, and addressed them: 'Come and sit down all around me, and I will talk to you about the love and mercy of my God, and teach you how to worship and please Him.'

"Two of the Sacred Men then sat down, and all

the people gathered round and seated themselves very quietly. I tried to present to them ideas of sin, and of salvation through Jesus Christ, as revealed to us in the Holy Scriptures.

"The third Sacred Man, the highest in rank, had meantime gone off for his warrior's spear, and returned brandishing it in the air and poising it at me. I said to the people: 'Of course he can kill me with his spear, but he undertook to kill me by Nahak or sorcery, and promised not to use against me any weapons of war; and if you let him kill me now, you will kill your friend, one who lives among you and only tries to do you good. I know that if you kill me thus my God will be angry and will punish you.'

"Thereon I seated myself calmly in the midst of the crowd, while he leapt about in rage, scolding his brothers and all who were present for listening to me. The other Sacred Men, however, took my side, and, as many of the people also were friendly to me and stood closely packed around me, he did not throw his spear. Though we got safely home, that old Sacred Man seemed still to hunger after my blood. For weeks thereafter, go where I would, he would suddenly appear on the path behind me, poising in his right hand the same Goliath spear.

"Before I had gone far on another of my journeys, the sun went down, and no Native could be hired to accompany me. They all told me that I would for certain be killed on my way. But I knew that it would be quite dark before I reached the hostile districts, and that the Heathen are great cowards in the dark and never leave their villages at night in the darkness, except in companies for

fishing and suchlike tasks. I skirted along the seashore as fast as I could, walking and running alternately; and, when I got within hearing of voices, I slunk back into the bush till they had safely passed, and then groped my way back near the shore, that being my only guide to find a path.

"Having made half the journey, I came to a dangerous path, almost perpendicular, up a great rock, round the base of which the sea roared deep. I succeeded in climbing it, till I reached safely to the top. There, to avoid a village, I had to keep crawling slowly along the bush near the sea, on the top of that great ledge of rock. I had to leave the shore, and follow up the bank of a very deep ravine. By holding too much to the right, I missed the point where I had intended to reach it. I heard the voices of the people talking in one of our most Heathen villages.

"I now knew where I was, and easily found my way towards the shore; but I could not in the darkness find the path down again. I groped about till I was tired. I knew that one part of the rock was steep-sloping, with little growth or none thereon, and I searched about to find it, resolved to commend myself to Jesus and slide down thereby, that I might again reach the shore and escape for my life. Thinking I had found this spot, I hurled down several stones and listened for their splash, that I might judge whether it would be safe. But the distance was too far for me to hear or judge. The darkness made it impossible for me to see anything. Knowing that to wait the daylight would be certain death, I prayed to my Lord Jesus for help and protection, and resolved to let myself go. After one

cry to the Saviour, having let myself go as far as possible by a branch, I at last let go. I rushed quickly down, and felt no obstruction till my feet struck into the sea below, and I regained my feet; it was low tide, I had received no injury and, wading through, I found the shore path easier and lighter than the bush had been.

"I saw no person to speak to till I reached a village quite near to my own house, fifteen or twenty miles from where I had started.

"Praising God for His preserving care, I reached home. The Natives, on hearing next day how I had come all the way in the dark, exclaimed:

" 'Surely any of us would have been killed! Your Jehovah God alone thus protects you and brings you safely home.'

"Worn out with long watching and many fatigues, I lay down that night early, and fell into a deep sleep. About ten o'clock the Savages again surrounded the Mission House. My faithful dog, Clutha, pulled at my clothes, and awoke me, showing danger in her eye glancing at me through the shadows. I silently awoke Mr. and Mrs. Mathieson, who had also fallen asleep. We committed ourselves in hushed prayer to God and watched them, knowing that they would not see us. Immediately a glare of light fell into the room. Men passed with flaming torches; and first they set fire to the Church all round, and then to a reed fence connecting the Church and the dwelling-houses. In a few minutes the house, too, would be in flames, and armed savages waiting to kill us on attempting an escape!

"Taking my harmless revolver in the left hand and a little American tomahawk in the right, I pled

with Mr. Mathieson to let me out and instantly again to lock the door on himself and wife. He very reluctantly did so, holding me back and saying: 'Stop here and let us die together! You will never return!'

"I said: 'Be quick! Leave that to God! In a few minutes our house will be in flames, and then nothing can save us.'

"He did let me out, and locked the door again quickly from the inside; and, while his wife and he prayed and watched for me from within, I ran to the burning reed fence, cut it from top to bottom, and tore it up and threw it back into the flames, so that the fire could not by it be carried to our dwelling-house. I saw on the ground shadows, as if something were falling around me, and started back. Seven or eight savages had surrounded me and raised their great clubs in the air. I heard a shout: 'Kill him! kill him!'

"One savage tried to seize hold of me, but, leaping from his clutch I drew the revolver from my pocket and levelled it as for use, my heart going up in prayer to my God. I said: 'Dare to strike me, and my Jehovah God will punish you. He protects us, and will punish you for burning His Church, for hatred to His Worship and people, and for all your bad conduct.'

"They yelled in rage, and urged each other to strike the first blow, but the Invisible One restrained them. I stood invulnerable beneath His invisible shields, and succeeded in rolling back the tide of flame from our dwelling-house.

"At this dread moment occurred an incident, which my readers may explain as they like, but which

I trace directly to the interposition of my God. A rushing and roaring sound came from the south, like the noise of a mighty engine or of muttering thunder: it was one of their awful tornadoes of wind and rain. Now, mark, the wind bore the flames away from our dwelling-house; had it come in the opposite direction no power on earth could have saved us from all being consumed. It made the work of destroying the Church only that of a few minutes; but it brought with it a heavy and murky cloud, which poured out a perfect torrent of tropical rain. Now, mark again, the flames of the burning Church were thereby cut off from extending to and seizing upon the reeds and the bush; and, besides, it had become almost impossible now to set fire to our dwelling-house.

"The mighty roaring of the wind awed those savages into silence. All lowered their weapons of war, and several, terror-struck, exclaimed: 'That is Jehovah's rain! Truly their Jehovah God is fighting for them and helping them. Let us away!'

"They threw away their remaining torches; in a few moments they had all disappeared in the bush; and I was left alone, praising God for His marvellous works.

"Returning to the door of the Mission House, I cried: 'Open and let me in. I am now all alone.'

"Mr. Mathieson let me in, and exclaimed: 'If ever in time of need God sent help and protection to His servants, in answer to prayer, He has done so to-night! Blessed be His holy Name!'

"One morning I said to the old Chief and his fellow-Chief, both now earnestly inquiring about the religion of Jehovah and of Jesus: 'I am going

to sink a deep well down into the earth, to see if our God will send us fresh water up from below.'

"They looked at me with astonishment, and said in a tone of sympathy, approaching to pity: 'O, Missi! Rain comes only from above. How could you expect our island to send up showers of rain from below?'

"The good old Chief now told off his men in relays to watch me, lest I should attempt to take my own life, or do anything outrageous, saying: 'Poor Missi! That's the way with all who go mad. We must just watch him now. He will find it harder to work with pick and spade than with his pen, and when he's tired we'll persuade him to give it up.'

"I did get exhausted sooner than I expected, but we never own before the Natives that we are beaten; so, getting some large, beautiful English-made fish-hooks, I cried: 'One of these to every man who fills and turns over three buckets out of this hole!'

"A rush was made, and bucket after bucket was filled and emptied rapidly, till we had cleared more than twelve feet deep—when lo! next morning, one side had rushed in, and our work was all undone.

"Steeping my poor brains over the problem, I became an extemporized engineer and began once more sinking away at the well, but at so great an angle that the sides might not again fall in. Not a native, however, would enter that hole, and I had to pick and dig away till I was utterly exhausted.

"And thus I toiled on from day to day, my heart almost sinking sometimes with the sinking of the well.

"One evening I said to the Chief: 'I think that

Jehovah God will give us water to-morrow from that hole!'

"At the moment I knew that I was risking much, and probably incurring sorrowful consequences, had no water been given, but I had faith that the Lord was leading me on, and I knew that I sought His glory, not my own.

"Next morning, I went down again at daybreak and sank a narrow hole in the centre, about two feet deep; the perspiration broke over me with uncontrollable excitement, and I trembled through every limb, when the water rushed up and began to fill the hole. Muddy though it was, I eagerly tasted it, lapping it with my trembling hands, and then I almost fell upon my knees in that muddy bottom as my heart burst up in praise to the Lord! It was water! It was fresh water!

"The chiefs had assembled with their men near by. They closed around me in haste, and gazed on it in superstitious fear. The old Chief shook it, to see if it would spill, and then touched it to see if it felt like water. At last he tasted it, and rolling it in his mouth with joy for a moment, he swallowed it, and shouted: 'Rain! Rain! Yes, it is Rain! But how did you get it?'

"I repeated: 'Jehovah, my God, gave it out of His own earth in answer to our labours and prayers. Go and see it springing up for yourselves!' When all had seen it with their own eyes, the old Chief exclaimed:

" 'Missi, wonderful, wonderful is the work of your Jehovah God! No God of Aniwa ever helped us in this way. The world is turned upside down

since Jehovah came to Aniwa! Will you and your family drink it all, or shall we also have some?'

" 'You and all your people,' I answered, 'and all the people of the Island, may come and drink and carry away as much of it as you wish. I believe there will always be plenty for us all, and the more of it we can use the fresher it will be.'

"And there it stands as one of the greatest material blessings which the Lord has given to Aniwa. All visitors are taken to see the well, as one of the wonders of Aniwa; and an Elder of the Native Church said to me lately: 'But for that water, during the last two years of drought, we would all have been dead!'

"The break-up at Tanna had robbed me of my own neat little printing-press. I had since obtained at Aneityum the remains of one from Erromanga, that had belonged to the murdered Gordon. But the supply of letters, in some cases, was so deficient that I could print only four pages at a time; and, besides, bits of the press were wanting, and I had first to manufacture substitutes from scraps of iron and wood. I managed, however, to make it go, and by-and-by it did good service. By it I printed our Aniwan Hymn-book, a portion of Genesis in Aniwan, a small book in Erromangan for the second Gordon, and some other little things.

"The old Chief had eagerly helped me in translating and preparing this first book. He had a great desire 'to hear it speak,' as he graphically expressed it. It was made up chiefly of short passages from the Scriptures, that might help me to introduce them to the treasures of Divine truth and love. Namakei

came to me, morning after morning, saying 'Missi, is it done? Can it speak?'

"At last I was able to answer: 'Yes!'

"The old Chief eagerly responded: 'Does it speak my words?'

"I said: 'It does.'

"With rising interest, Namakei exclaimed: 'Make it speak to me, Missi! Let me hear it speak.'

"I read to him a part of the book, and the old man fairly shouted in ecstasy of joy: 'It does speak! It speaks my own language, too! Oh, give it to me.'

"He grasped it hurriedly, turned it all round every way, pressed it to his bosom, and then, closing it with a look of great disappointment, handed it back to me, saying, 'Missi, I cannot make it speak! It will never speak to me.'

" 'No,' I said, 'you don't know how to read it yet, how to make it speak to you; but I will teach you to read and then it will speak to you as it does to me.'

" 'Oh, Missi, dear Missi, show me how to make it speak!' persisted the bewildered Chief. He was straining his eyes so, that I suspected they were dim with age, and could not see the letters. I looked out for him a pair of spectacles, and managed to fit him well. He was much afraid of putting them on at first, manifestly in dread of some sort of sorcery. At last, when they were properly placed, he saw the letters and everything so clearly that he exclaimed in great excitement and joy:

" 'I see it all now! This is what you told us about Jesus. He opened the eyes of a blind man. The word of Jesus has just come to Aniwa. He has sent me these glass eyes. I have got back again

the sight that I had when a boy. O Missi, make the book speak to me now!'

"I walked out with him to the public Village Ground. There I drew A B C in large characters upon the dust, showed him the same letters in the book, and left him to compare them, and find out how many occurred on the first page. Fixing these in his mind, he came running to me, and said, 'I have lifted up A B C. They are here in my head, and I will hold them fast. Give me other three.'

"This was repeated time after time. He mastered the whole alphabet, and soon began to spell out the smaller words. Indeed, he came so often, getting me to read it over and over, that before he himself could read it freely he had it word for word committed to his memory.

"When strangers passed him, or young people came around, he would get out the little book and say, 'Come, and I will let you hear how the book speaks our own Aniwan words. You say, it is hard to learn to read and make it speak. But be strong and try! If an old man like me has done it, it ought to be much easier for you.'

"The old chief was particularly eager that his wife, Yauwaki, should be taught to read. But her sight was far gone. So, one day, he brought her to me, saying: 'Missi, can you give her glass eyes like mine? She tries to learn, but she cannot see the letters. If she could get a pair of glass eyes, she would be in the new world like Namakei.' In my bundle I found a pair that suited her. She was in positive terror about putting them on her face, but at last she cried with delight, 'Oh, my new eyes! my new eyes! I have the sight of a little girl. I

will learn hard now. I will make up for lost time.'

"Her progress was never very great, but her influence for good on other women and girls was immense.

"In claiming Aniwa for Christ, we had the experience which has ever marked God's path through history—He raised up around us and wonderfully endowed men to carry forward His own blessed work. Among these must be specially commemorated Namakei, the old Chief of Aniwa.

"The death of Namakei had in it many streaks of Christian romance. He had heard about the Missionaries annually meeting on one or other of the islands, and consulting about the work of Jehovah. What ideas he had formed of a mission synod one cannot easily imagine; but in his old age, when very frail, he formed an impassioned desire to attend our next meeting on Aneityum, and see and hear all the missionaries of Jesus gathered together from the New Hebrides. Terrified that he would die away from home, and that that might bring great reverses to the good work on Aniwa, where he was truly beloved, I opposed his going with all my might. But he and his relations and his people were all set upon it, and I had at length to give way. His few booklets were then gathered together, his meagre wardrobe was made up, and a small native basket carried all his belongings. He assembled his people and took an affectionate farewell, pleading with them to be 'strong for Jesus,' whether they ever saw him again or not, and to be loyal and kind to Missi. The people wailed aloud, and many wept bitterly. Those on board the *Dayspring* were amazed to see how his

people loved him. The old chief stood the voyage well. He went in and out to our meeting of Synod, and was vastly pleased with the respect paid him on Aneityum. When he heard of the prosperity of the Lord's work, and how island after island was learning to sing the praises of Jesus, his heart glowed, and he said: 'Missi, I am lifting up my head like a tree. I am growing tall with joy!'

"On the fourth day, however, he sent for me out of the Synod, and when I came to him, he said eagerly: 'Missi, I am near to die! I have asked you to come and say farewell. Tell my daughter, my brother, and my people to go on pleasing Jesus, and I will meet them again in the fair world.'

"I tried to encourage him, saying that God might raise him up again and restore him to his people; but he faintly whispered: 'O, Missi, death is already touching me! I feel my feet going away from under me. Help me to lie down under the shadow of that banyan tree.'

"So saying, he seized my arm, we staggered near to the tree and he lay down under its cool shade. He whispered again: 'I am going! O Missi, let me hear your words rising up in prayer, and then my soul will be strong to go.'

"Amidst many choking sobs, I tried to pray. At last he took my hand, pressed it to his heart, and said in a stronger and clearer tone: 'O my Missi, my dear Missi, I go before you, but I will meet you again in the Home of Jesus. Farewell!'

"That was the last effort of dissolving strength; he immediately became unconscious, and fell asleep.

"After a while the good Queen Litsi was happily married again. She became possessed with a great

desire to go as a missionary to the people and tribe of Nasi, the very man who had murdered her husband She used to say: 'Is there no missionary to go and teach Nasi's people? I weep and pray for them, that they may come to know and love Jesus.'

"I answered, 'Litsi, if I had only wept and prayed for you, but stayed at home in Scotland, would that have brought you to know and love Jesus as you do?'

" 'Certainly not,' she replied.

" 'Now, then,' I proceeded, 'would it not please Jesus, and be a grand and holy revenge, if you, the Christians of Aniwa, could carry the Gospel to the very people whose chief murdered Mungaw?'

"The idea took possession of her soul. She was never wearied of talking and praying over it. When at length a missionary was got for Nasi's people, Litsi and her new husband offered themselves at the head of a band of six or eight Aniwan Christians, and were engaged there to open up the way and assist as teachers and helpers the missionary and his wife. There she and they have laboured ever since.

"During my address at that meeting a coloured girl, not unlike our island girls, sat near the platform, and eagerly listened to me. She was apparently about twelve years of age, and at the close she rose, salaamed to me in Indian fashion, took four silver bangles from her arm, and presented them to me, saying, 'Padre, I want to take shares in your mission ship by these bangles, for I have no money; and may the Lord ever bless you!'

"I replied: 'Thank you, my dear child; I will not take your bangles, but Jesus will accept your offering and bless and reward you all the same.'

"As she still held them up to me saying: 'Padre, do receive them from me, and may God ever bless you!' a lady who had been seated beside her came up to me, and said: 'Please do take them, or the dear girl will break her heart. She has offered them to Jesus for your Mission Ship.'

"I afterwards learned that the girl was an orphan, whose parents had died of cholera; that the lady and her sister, daughters of a missionary, had adopted her to be trained as a Zenana missionary, and that she intended to return with them, and live and die to aid them in that blessed work amongst the daughters of India."

RELIGHTING THE TORCH IN HAWAII

REV. TITUS COAN

THE romance of missions in Hawaii centres round the certainty that the Divine Spark, once ignited, never quite dies out. It may smoulder, but sooner or later the breeze blows the embers into flame once again. The glad tidings of great joy which Tahiti had received gladly, reached Hawaii and they were eager to learn more. That was in 1819, and the next year missionaries went there, with happy result. The efforts of Gingham and Thurston—both Americans—led to the Queen and the Princess becoming Christians, and through them many natives embraced the Faith.

On the death of the Princess and the Queen there was a considerable backsliding, and by 1835 the outlook was dark indeed, till the coming, in that

year, of the Rev. Titus Coan, who inaugurated a new era.

Mr. Coan was a man of splendid physique—an athlete—and full of vital power, spiritually, as well as physically. Stationed at Hilo, on Hawaii, while still engaged in learning the language, he began the series of tours along the coast for a hundred miles which have made his name famous. Each one of these excursions was an adventure hazardous in the extreme. On one, for example, Mr. Coan crossed sixty-three ravines, many of them ranging from 200 to 1,000 feet in depth. "It was often a matter of climbing with both hands and feet, over perilous places; sometimes of being let down by ropes from tree to tree, or being carried on the shoulders of a native, while a company of men with locked hands stretched themselves across the torrent to prevent the danger of being carried over the falls." By efforts like these, village after village, heretofore counted practically inaccessible to the missionaries, was visited and was able to hear the good news of the Kingdom.

Hilo was a hamlet of a thousand souls. When, in 1837, the Divine Spark kindled into fire all along that coast, and Mr. Coan found that 15,000 people in the lonely villages he had visited were clamouring to hear more of the Gospel, he was forced to new measures. He bade those to whom he could not go to come to him, and they came flocking in by families and clans, bringing with them their aged and crippled on litters. Hilo's population of one thousand was raised to ten and for two years sustained at that mark.

Searching and inexorable, the missionary's teaching probed to the very core, not only of secret

idolatry, but of drunkenness, adultery, dishonesty, fighting, murders. Confession of secret and open sin was followed by lives transformed. The High Priest and Priestess of Pele, the great crater of Kilauea, two arch-criminals, had for years held the ignorant masses in subjection by threats of violence; unhesitatingly they would commit murder for the sake of a garment or a little food. Even such servants of diabolism as these came to listen. They were pricked to the heart and confessed their treacheries and their foul deeds of deceit and of blood. In humble penitence they bowed before the Christ who could forgive even sinners such as they. Until death, they bore themselves thereafter as true Christians.

The work thus begun grew until it shook the whole land. In 1838 and 1839 over 5,000 persons were received into the Church. On one Sabbath, 1,705 were baptized, and in the communion of the Lord's Supper following, 2,400 participated. When in 1870, Titus Coan removed from Hilo, he had personally baptized nearly 12,000 persons, and not one of these was admitted to Christian Fellowship without careful scrutiny and testing, and systematic teaching of the standards of Christian faith and living. That the Church of Hawaii was from the first a missionary church was inevitable, for it was in truth an Apostolic Church.

The Jubilee of the introduction of Christianity into the Sandwich Island (Hawaii) was celebrated in 1870. The Rev. Nathaniel G. Clark, Secretary of the American Board, who had come to the islands to share in the celebration, thus recorded his impressions:

"The grandest scene of all that Jubilee day was the veteran native missionary, Kauwealoha, returned after seventeen years in the Marquesas Islands, where after the failure of English missionaries and American missionaries, he, with two others, had driven down their stakes and stayed on, through trial and hardships, till he could report four churches of Christ established, and that 500 men and women had learned to read the story of the Cross. And there, on that 15th of June, standing up in the presence of his king, foreign diplomats, old missionaries, and that great assembly, he held aloft the Hawaiian Bible, saying: 'Not with powder and ball, and swords and cannon, but with this loving Word of God and with His Spirit, do we go forth to conquer the islands for Christ.' "

Once upon a time, an island chieftain from the South Seas was stranded in Hawaii, far to the north of the equator. Finding himself in a civilised Christian community he was vastly struck by its superiority to conditions in his own home, Marquesas, one of the worst cannibal groups under the Southern Cross. Was it possible that such benefits could be conveyed to his far-off islands? Could the Hawaiians, would they, send missionaries to Marquesas?

The Hawaiians, being ardently missionary in sentiment, responded generously. A large sum of money was raised and a vessel chartered and despatched to the Marquesas. On board, besides this Chief, were two ordained Hawaiian ministers, one of whom was Kekela, two deacons with their wives and others.

Kekela settled on the island of Hivaoa, near a rock

platform, famous for barbaric sports, pagan orgies and cannibal feasts.

In the year 1864, Mr. Whalon, a United States Naval Officer on board the American ship *Congress*, was kidnapped on going ashore, stripped of his clothing by the Marquesan savages, taken to this place of infernal rites, chained and tortured. On the morrow he was to be killed.

Early on the following morning, Kekela, having learned what had happened, hastened to the spot, cut the white man's fetters and rushed him to a spot on the shore where his own mission-boat lay at anchor. Bidding the officer enter it without delay and row for his life to his vessel which was standing off the island, Kekela stood his ground before the angry natives as they discovered the loss of their prey. Appeased by the payment of a heavy ransom, the savages abandoned their first threats of vengeance; Kekela's life was spared and spared for nearly fifty years of faithful service on the Marquesas Islands.

When President Lincoln heard of this incident, he wrote a letter to Kekela, expressing the nation's thanks for his heroic rescue of a United States officer and citizen, and with the letter sent gifts and medals of five hundred dollars' value.

The reply of the humble native missionary to the President's letter was as follows:

"When I saw one of your countrymen, a citizen of your great nation, ill-treated, I ran to save him, full of pity and grief at the evil deed of these benighted people. I gave my boat for the stranger's life. This boat came from James Hunnewell, a gift of friendship.

"As to this friendly deed of mine in saving Mr.

Whalon, its seed came from your great land, and was brought by certain of your countrymen who had received the love of God. It was planted in Hawaii, and I brought it to plant in this land and in these dark regions that they might receive the root of all that is good and true, which is love.

1. Love to Jehovah. 2. Love to self. 3. Love to our neighbour.

"If a man have a sufficiency of these three, he is good and holy, like his God Jehovah in His triune character (Father, Son and Holy Ghost), one-three, three-one. If he have two and wants one, it is not well; and if he have one and wants two, this indeed is not well; but if he cherishes all three, then he is holy indeed after the manner of the Bible.

"This is a great thing for your great nation to boast of, before all the nations of the earth. From your great land, a most precious seed was brought to the land of darkness. It was planted here not by means of guns and men-of-war and threatenings. It was planted by means of the ignorant, the neglected, the despised. Such was the introduction of the Word of the Almighty God into this group of Nunhiwa. Great is my debt to Americans, who have taught me all things pertaining to this life and to that which is to come.

"How shall I repay your great kindness to me? Thus David asked of Jehovah and thus I ask you, the President of the United States. This is my only payment—that which I have received of the Lord, love—(aloha)."

HOW MORE LIGHT CAME TO NEW GUINEA

JAMES CHALMERS

BORN of God-fearing parents in the village of Ardrishaig in Argyllshire, James Chalmers first saw the light in 1841; grew up sturdy, intelligent, avid of learning and independent. How he was first drawn to thoughts of a missionary career is told thus. "One Sunday the school was addressed by the minister, the Rev. Gilbert Meikle, on mission work in the Fiji Islands. Mr. Meikle, in closing, said, 'I wonder if there is any lad here who will yet become a missionary?' The boy registered an inward resolve to consecrate his life to this object. He first worked in connection with the Glasgow City Mission in the slums, till 1862, when he went for missionary training to Cheshunt College, and completing, sailed in January, 1866, having, meantime, married Jane Hercus, who shared his prospects and privations at Rarotonga and later at New Guinea, where his great work was accomplished, and where he was killed in 1901."

Ten years were spent in Rarotonga, a period of unremitting labour and uphill work, with some measure of accomplishment. It may be looked on as a preparation for his life's-work in New Guinea, but nevertheless much was done to revive the spirit earlier implanted by John Williams and to foster the education of the natives. The chief burden of work laid upon Chalmers was that in connection with the Institution for the training of native teachers, es-

tablished by John Williams in 1839. In 1870, Chalmers was able to report of his students as follows:

"They are good earnest men and women; not, I hope, mere moral characters, but men and women who know what faith in Christ the Crucified One means. They are anxious to carry the light of truth to dark lands. And although we may tremble to think that real and new advance on the kingdom of darkness is always attended with suffering, they, knowing it, are also anxious to go. The Father will baptise them for the hour of suffering."

In 1875 Chalmers was able to send the gratifying intelligence that the Institution had attained its complement—thirty-one students. Of these, twenty-eight were married men. But it may be noted here that these wives have often been as devoted missionaries as have their husbands. They, too, had their training, for Mrs. Chalmers employed three hours daily in conducting classes for their education in elementary knowledge and housewifery arts and crafts.

The mission possessed a valuable agency in its printing-press, and it was another of Chalmers's duties to superintend its operations. An estimate of its output may be formed from his report for the year 1874. "During the year we have printed a reading-book and another edition of the geography; also a few small books, including a primer."

An idea of the varied routine of work which constituted the daily opportunity and the daily discipline during the years on Rarotonga, is gained from the following:

"Mr. Chalmers attended the morning prayer-

meeting in the church at daybreak—i.e. from half-past five to six o'clock. Then breakfast between half-past six and seven, according to season. Immediately after, prayers were said in English, and then medicine was dispensed until eight o'clock. From eight to ten Mr. and Mrs. Chalmers had students and their wives in classes. Then Mrs. Chalmers was busy with household matters, and the missionary with his students, teaching them to build houses and make furniture, or in his study, until twelve, when dinner was served. After that a rest or little recreation until two, when they bathed and put on clean clothes. Mr. Chalmers went to superintend the printing-office until four o'clock tea. Then they went out to visit the sick, look up church members and others, also to inspect the students' houses and see to any outdoor matters. At six the lamps were lighted, and there were prayers with servants in Rarotongan, after which prayers in English, then they would go to the study and prepare for further work until nine o'clock. By ten all had retired to rest."

Chalmers was instructed to hold himself in readiness to proceed to New Guinea, and in May, 1877, just ten years from the date of their arrival at Rarotonga, he and his wife bade an affectionate farewell to their people and sailed for the West.

New Guinea, or Papua, is the largest island in the world. In rough figures, it extends for 1,400 miles from east to west, and at its broadest for 400 miles from north to south. Its northern coast-line almost reaches the equator, and at its south-eastern extremity it lies between the tenth and eleventh parallels of south latitude.

The characteristics which differentiate the explorer from the ordinary missionary were most marked in Tamate (Chalmers's native name at Rarotonga). He was not content merely to proclaim his message to those who would listen. Each new step supplied him with data from which he, and those who should follow him, might arrive at an accurate and intimate knowledge of native life; and no detail of the habits of the peoples he visited, of their social customs, or of their physical environment, was considered unimportant. In consequence, his journals teem with first-hand observations that have contributed greatly to the sum of useful information in regard to the geography, ethnography, and anthropology of the great dark land of New Guinea.

On the journey they came to a pretty village on a well-wooded point. The people were friendly, and led us to see the water, of which there is a good supply. "This is the spot for which we have been in search as a station for beginning work. We can go anywhere from here, and are surrounded by villages. The mainland is not more than a gunshot across. God has led us."

The Rarotongan teachers who accompanied Tamate, their wives and their goods, were at once landed. A spot for the mission house was selected, and missionaries, teachers, and sailors from the two mission vessels set to work on its erection. On 5th December, 1877, the missionaries went ashore to reside.

Chalmers never tired of praising the devotion, zeal, and other missionary qualities of his Polynesian teachers; but he had occasionally to run serious risks when they had failed to act with all the patience

and tact that their perilous position rendered imperative.

An incident in which the abuse of firearms played an important part came near to terminating the Suau station, and perhaps the lives of the little missionary band. Some natives had boarded the *Mayri*, and a misunderstanding with the captain had arisen. This culminated in a murderous assault upon the captain, who in self-defence shot his assailant dead. Tamate required all the tact of which he was master. The natives rose in arms and crowded into the village, and one who was friendly advised flight. But: "Mrs. Chalmers decidedly opposed our leaving. God would protect us. The vessel was too small, and not provisioned, and to leave would be losing our position as well as endangering Teste and East Cape. We came here for Christ's work, and He would protect us." So they stayed, and even dispatched the *Mayri* to Murray Island with its wounded captain, leaving themselves without means of escape even if they had occasion to change their minds.

By dint of friendly diplomacy and courageous indifference, this storm was weathered, and the good graces of the natives were regained.

However well-fitted Suau may have been as a centre for missionary operations and Christian influence, it proved itself to be even more unhealthy than Port Moresby. Teacher after teacher sickened, and despite the tender solicitude of Mrs. Chalmers, and unwearied nursing by her, four of them died. Then she herself began to show signs of failing health, and it was deemed desirable that she should proceed to the Colonies. She arrived in Sydney in November, 1878, but it was soon evident that the sufferer was

becoming weaker, and on 20th February her gentle and heroic spirit passed away. To the last, her mind was bright and vigorous; she delighted to talk of missionary work, and especially of the scenes and events through which she had passed while in New Guinea. At this time Chalmers wrote home: "The natives learned to love her, and would have done anything possible for her. When they heard of her death they showed much sorrow, and said she ought to have remained with them, and if death came let her lie near to them. I left her once for six weeks, and during all that time they treated her well, many coming daily to see her, some with vegetables, some with fish; putting them down and going away, not waiting for payment, only saying: 'You must eat plenty, and when Tamate returns be strong and fat.' "

Suau was reduced to the status of a native preacher's settlement, and Chalmers joined Mr. Lawes at Port Moresby.

Port Moresby now became Chalmers's headquarters, and he devoted himself chiefly to pioneering work from that centre. Tamate entered every strange village with shouts of "Peace, peace, peace." In a short time it became known that he tried everywhere to make peace, and many a feud was terminated through his mediation. In this connection we may quote the testimony of Dr. Doyle Glanville, who visited New Guinea in 1885 as a member of a Special Commission appointed by the British Government. "Whatever might be its origin, 'Tamate' meant a great deal. If I went to the natives and said, 'Who is the king?' 'Tamate' was the reply. If I said to them, 'Who is like a father unto you?'

they would say 'Tamate.' If I said, 'What is 'maino?'—'maino' meaning peace, remember—they would say, 'Tamate,' because Tamate settled their little quarrels, soothed their strife. Was it not Tamate who turned their quarrels into peace? Had not Tamate been known, when two opposing tribes were approaching, to go and take the two hostile chiefs like two turbulent children, and insist upon their being friends, and not fighting?"

News came that the natives of Motumotu and Lese, in the district of Elema, were making great preparations for a descent on Port Moresby, and boasting that they would kill Tamate and Ruatoka, and then harry the coast right and left. The tidings only made Tamate determine "to visit Motumotu and beard the lion in his den."

The boats had been anchored within two miles of Motumotu, and all were sleeping, when, "I was aroused at two a.m. by shouting and, looking over the gunwale, saw a large double fighting-canoe alongside of Piri's boat, in which all were sound asleep. On awaking, they were startled by the appearance. They were asked by those on the bridge:

" 'Who are you?'

" 'Tamate and Piri going to Motumotu.' "

Arrived at Motumotu, Tamate found "there was a great crowd on the beach; but it was all right, as boys and girls were to be seen there, as noisy as the grown-up folks. A chief rushed into the water, and called on us to come. 'Come, with peace from afar; come, friends, and you will meet me as friends.' " A formal conference revealed the fact that the recent warlike spirit had been roused by false rumours, sedulously circulated by the Lealea natives, who had

selfish objects in view. Peace with Kabadi, peace with the coast villages, peace with Motu; all this was secured from the powerful Motumotuans by Tamate, the peacemaker.

Peace concluded, the usual interchange of courtesies followed. Tamate was accommodated with quarters in the village temple, and next morning made opportunity for two services. "One service in the morning was very noisy—everybody anxious for quiet must needs tell his neighbour to be quiet. Our old Port Moresby chief prayed in the Motumotu dialect. . . . In the afternoon we held service in the main street. The singing attracted a very large and noisy crowd; but when our old friend began to pray, it was as if a bombshell had exploded —men, women, and children running as if for dear life to their home. Another hymn brought them back, armed and unarmed."

In May, Tamate made a westward voyage that would seem to have been the first step in a new forward movement. Landing at Delena, he chose and received the gift of a suitable site for a mission station, and at once commenced the erection of a wooden house, with the intention, evidently, of making Delena a base of operations.

During this stay at Delena there took place one of those warlike incursions by hostile tribes so common in New Guinea. Tamate's presence and influence were successfully used in bringing about an early and satisfactory settlement of the dispute, but not before he had risked his life in the adventure. Upon this occasion, he seems to have been prepared to defend his encampment by means of firearms, if necessary. When his devoted servant, Bob Samoa,

inquired: "Suppose Lolo natives come to us, what we do?" he replied: "Of course they will not come near to us unless they mean to attack, and then we must defend ourselves." "The guns are ready," his journal goes on. "It is not pleasant, but I fancy they will not molest us, so hope to sleep well, knowing we are well cared for by Him who is never far off. Through much trouble we get to be known, and the purpose for which we come is understood." When the fight began in earnest in the village, Tamate left his encampment, all unarmed, mingled with the combatants, and by dint of shouting *maino* secured "a hush in the terrible storm." Having walked through the village and disarmed one or two, he got hold of one of the leaders in the fray. "I take his weapon from him, link him on to me, and walk him up the hill. I speak kindly to him, show him the flag, and tell him we are *maino*, and warn him that his people must on no account ascend the hill." But he had scarcely been seated before a messenger arrived in hot haste to say that his friend Kone was in danger of being killed. Down he went again, this time without his hat. "More canoes have arrived. What a crowd of painted fiends. I get surrounded, and have no way of escape. Sticks and spears rattle round. I get a knock on the head, and a piece of stick falls on my hand. My old Lavao friend gets hold of me and walks me to the outskirt."

The blow Tamate had received was the cause of considerable pain in his head, but he had his reward in the gratitude of the Delena natives, who said: "Well, Tamate, had you not been here many of us

would have been killed, and the remainder gone to Naara, never to return."

At Orokolo: "Last night in the dark we had evening prayers. The deacon gave a short address, I—through him—another, then he engaged in prayer. It was a strange, weird meeting. There were about a dozen present, and we taught them to pray, 'O Lord Jesus, give us light, save us.' Nothing more; it was quite enough. And will He not answer them? Long the deacon spoke to them and told them of God's love. . . . Aruadaera (the deacon) and Aruako have been away for a long time, and have just returned. They have, on the platform of neighbouring dubu, been telling the story of Divine Love as expressed in the gift of Christ. Again and again they had to go over the good old story. The people, they say, were much astonished, and very attentive."

Tamate had the gratification of seeing the gospel preached in cannibal Namau.

"When I awoke, the sun, I found, had preceded me, and they were then, perhaps *still*, talking and listening. I went into the dubu, and looking my friend Aruako, who was now quite hoarse, in the face, I said: 'Arua, have you been at it all night?' He replied: 'Yes, and when I lay down they kept asking questions, and I had to get up, go on, and explain. But enough: I am now at Jesus Christ, and must tell them all about Him.' Yes, my friend had reached Him to Whom we all must come for light and help and peace. When Arua had finished there was but one response from all their lips: 'No more fighting, Tamate, no more maneating; we have heard good news, and we shall strive for

peace.' " Truly the mantle of the missionary of the Cross had fallen upon the shoulders of Aruako, the Motu robber-chief.

The greatest importance was attached by Tamate to the settlement of a teacher at Motumotu. "Ever since Mr. Lawes joined the mission, the one cry of the Motu natives has been 'Westward Ho.' " Of his Motumotu teachers and their wives he wrote: "We bade our friends farewell, leaving these young men and women, who, for Christ's sake and from sympathy with Him and His great work of redeeming the race, had left their comfortable homes, peace and plenty, in Eastern Polynesia, willing to endure sickness, want, and trials, relying upon His care Who alone can care for them. They are certainly the heroes and martyrs of the nineteenth century."

For his dusky comrades, Tamate entertained the sincerest affection and deepest regard. Of them he said: "They are the true pioneers in New Guinea, and to them travellers of all kinds, scientists and explorers, as well as Christian missionaries, owe much." He looked on them as pioneers of civilization, as well as missionary teachers.

After a visit to his home-land, Chalmers made further explorations in the vicinity of his sphere. Returning to Motumotu Tamate rejoiced over the baptism of eight natives at Toaripi, regretting only that there were no women—"until the women are got for Christ, we cannot expect any real living Church." In June of the same year he had secured a very fine tract of country at Jokea and Oiapu, and he had projected the formation of a college for the training of New Guineans for the work of teaching. He felt that he still required an ade-

quate supply of native teachers if he was to continue to break ground towards the west. He was anxious, too, to secure New Guineans, for these seemed to be able to live, and even thrive, in localities in which the swamps reeked with malaria, a malaria that induced dangerous, if not deadly, fever.

In the beginning of 1893, Tamate received timely aid in the provision of a steam-launch—christened *Miro* (Peace)—to enable him to overtake his visitation with greater speed, with less regard to weather conditions. A little later, early in 1893, at Motumotu he had "a great day," baptizing four men and one woman—the first woman in the whole Elena district. "She said to me the night before, when leaving with her husband: 'Tamate, I do love Jesus, and I do want always to love Him.' "

There is little wonder that Tamate had a serious illness after all his exposure and work at high pressure.

In 1897, after returning to the field from furlough, Tamate removed his headquarters from Motumotu to Saguane, a station upon the island of Kiwai. That island is little more than a mud-bank, formed by the alluvial deposit at the mouth of the great Fly River. "There is not a hill, or even a decent-sized stone, to be seen anywhere. Much of the land is only a few feet above high-water mark, and when the tide is low, miles of the foreshore appear as slimy mud-flats." Kiwai is covered with vegetation to the beach, and Saguaine is at its south-eastern extremity.

As may easily be imagined, Tamate chose this spot as the scene of his labours from 1896 until 1900 only because of its strategic position—com-

manding immediate access to the waters of the Fly, and yet keeping him within each of the island stations in Torres Straits. It had also the advantage of a larger share of the sea breezes than had other positions of equal convenience in situation.

"Since last March," Tamate wrote in December, 1898, "a great wave of blessing has been ours in this district. At Mauata, Tureture, Daru, and several other places where there are no teachers, they have regular services, and many meetings for prayer, pleading that a missionary be sent them. . . . Here, at Saguane . . . we have some young men who preach Christ, but who know not a letter. Our school average is fifty-four. . . . In school now the greatest punishment is to forbid a child's coming. All are getting on well."

A year later the report was still one of progress. "The work grows apace; God grant it may grow strong. A fortnight ago I baptized eighty men and women at Mauata, one of our western stations, and sixteen at Yam Island, in Torres Straits. At this same island, they have got from friends and themselves £200 to build a church. In September we opened a church on Darnley Island, free of debt, and now they are going to put up a new mission house of three rooms. They are going to do the same at Mabuiag. Here, and at Jasa, we have opened new churches, free of cost."

In August, 1900, Tamate again dispatched Hiro up river, accompanied this time by six church members and their wives, with instructions to "preach Christ and hold services in every possible village." "The church members are to remain three months, and then return here for a spell. They have no

education, but they know the story of the Cross, and they are in downright earnest. It would have done your heart good to have seen with what enthusiasm they went. I got wearied of waiting and praying, and it was heavily laid upon me to *act*, and do something for the heathen." Thus, Tamate.

This experiment was eminently successful. In December, 1900, Tamate wrote to his life-long friend, Mr. Meikle: "Last August I sent six men and their wives from the church at Saguane up the Fly River, as evangelists, and to remain three months. During that time they were visited and helped. They remained four months, and returned because I sent for them; they were greatly blessed. They lived with the heathen, and preached Jesus. When leaving to return to Saguane, great was the weeping, and everywhere the earnest pleading to 'return quick and teach us more.' Next month we hope to send out eight for four months, and so have the gospel preached far and wide." Writing to another correspondent on the same subject, he concluded: "I cannot hold back. What is a man to do when he is bound to the Spirit's wheels? We can't give up prayer, and we dare not withhold making known the glad tidings."

By this time, however, Saguane had been left to the care of a native teacher, and the missionary had removed his headquarters to Daru, an island forty miles to the south, and the seat of the western magistracy.

He had now established twenty-six preaching stations on the banks of the Fly River, and his desire was "to live long enough to see both banks of the

Fly River occupied by the mission for a hundred miles up."

The annual committee meeting of the New Guinea missionaries was held at Daru in March, and at that meeting Tamate planned a visit to the district of the Aird River. "The Aird River was one of the few places on the coast, where his personality and, probably, his name were unknown. It was some eighty miles from the nearest mission district on the east, and perhaps sixty miles from his own station on the Fly River. It was one of the gaps in our chain of stations which we were all anxious to see filled."

Accompanied by Mr. Tomkins, Tamate arrived at the Aird River on board the *Niue* on Sunday, 7th April. The last entry in the diary of the younger missionary supplies some account of the first communings with the cannibals of this district.

"In the afternoon we were having a short service with the crew, when about twenty canoes were seen approaching. . . . They hesitated as they got nearer to us, till we were able to assure them that we meant peace. Gradually one or two of the more daring ones came closer, and then alongside, till at last one ventured on board. Then, in a very few minutes, we were surrounded by canoes, and our vessel was covered with them. . . . On this, our first visit, we were able to do really nothing more than establish friendly relations with the people. They stayed on board about three hours, examining everything, from the ship's rigging to our shirt buttons. They tried hard to persuade us to come ashore in their canoes, but we preferred to spend the night afloat,

and promised we would visit their village in the morning."

The visit was paid, and the crew of the *Niue* never again saw their missionaries or the twelve native Christians who accompanied them.

What really happened was only ascertained a month later, when His Excellency the Lieutenant-Governor of the Colony visited the Aird River with a punitive expedition, and got the whole story from a captured prisoner. This we may quote from an account supplied by the Rev. A. E. Hunt, who accompanied the Lieutenant-Governor:

"The *Niue* anchored off Risk Point on April 7, and a crowd of natives came off. As it was near sunset Tamate gave them some presents, and made signs that they were to go away and the next day he would visit them ashore. At daylight the next morning, a great crowd of natives came off and crowded the vessel in every part. They refused to leave, and in order to induce them to do so, Tamate gave Bob, the captain, orders to give them presents. Still they refused to move, and then Tamate said he would go ashore with them, and he told Tomkins to remain on board. The latter declined, and went ashore with Tamate, followed by a large number of canoes. When they got ashore, the whole party were massacred and their heads cut off. The boat was smashed up, and the clothing, etc., distributed. All the bodies were distributed and eaten, Tomkins being eaten at the village of Dopima (where they were all killed), and the body of Tamate being taken to Turotere. His Excellency informs me that the fighting chief of Turotere was the man who killed Tamate. No remains of the bodies could be

found, though we searched diligently for them, but we found Tamate's hat, and pieces of the smashed boat."

Thus, swiftly and suddenly, Tamate and his comrades were released from toil, and from the heavy responsibilities that had been weighing upon the heart of the lion-hearted messenger of peace. Tamate died in New Guinea and for New Guinea, and it is hardly possible to believe he would have willed otherwise.

Ruatoko of Port Moresby, Tamate's faithful companion in much of his earlier work in New Guinea, wrote to one of the missionaries: "I have wept much. My father, Tamate's body I shall not see again, but his spirit we shall certainly see in heaven, if we are strong to do the work of God thoroughly and all the time, till our time (on earth) shall finish. Hear my wish. It is a great wish. The remainder of my strength I would spend in the place where Tamate and Mr. Tomkins were killed. In that village I would live. In that place where they killed men, Jesus Christ's name and His word I would teach to the people, that they may become Jesus's children. My wish is just this. You know it. I have spoken."

"There will be much visiting in heaven, and much work," he wrote to an old fellow-worker, in one of the last letters he ever penned. "I guess I shall have good mission work to do; great, brave work for Christ. He will have to find it, for I can be nothing else than a missionary."

CHAPTER IV

HEROINES OF THE MISSION FIELD

HEROINES OF THE MISSION FIELD

Mrs. Ellis of Huahine
Mrs. Ann Judson of Burma
Dorothy Jones of the West Indies
Mrs. Butler's Work for Orphans
Mary Slessor of Calabar

CHAPTER IV

HEROINES OF THE MISSION FIELD
MRS. ELLIS OF HUAHINE

MARY MERCY MOOR was married to William Ellis on November 9, 1815, and on January 23, 1816, the young couple sailed in a transport vessel, the only one in which they could get a passage. It was crowded with mutinous convicts and commanded by an insolent and disobliging captain. This did not in any way damp the missionary ardour of the travellers, Mrs. Ellis writing in a most cheerful spirit of their trials.

Just thirteen months after leaving home they arrived at Eimeo, the scene of the first part of their labours.

Mr. and Mrs. Ellis, with Mr. and Mrs. Barff, removed to Huahine. Here Mrs. Ellis resumed her works of love among the native females, with varying success. Nothing was more common than for the women, after receiving instructions in needlework, to turn round and demand pay for the trouble of learning. Among the rest, a young woman who had gained great proficiency in the art applied for payment. "For what?" asked Mrs. Ellis. "For learning," was the answer. "You asked me to learn, and I have learnt; what am I to get?" Of course, it was explained to her that she had received, not conferred a benefit, and was also shown how she might turn her newly-acquired knowledge to account by working for wages.

In 1820, a little church consisting of fifteen members was formed in Huahine. Several of these were females, and had been won over by Mrs. Ellis's labours.

Soon afterwards, Mr. Ellis sailed for the Sandwich Islands in order to accompany two native teachers, who were prepared to settle in the Marquesas, leaving Mrs. Ellis and her four little sons alone among the infant church.

Mr. Ellis did not anticipate that his absence would extend to more than three months, and during that time Mrs. Ellis visited Borabora, at the request of Mrs. Osmond, who was the only European female there, to assist her in the work of the station. After remaining there about nine weeks, Mrs. Ellis, with her family, set out on her return voyage, but contrary winds forced the boat back and the boatmen were compelled to put in at Raiatea. Here she remained for a fortnight, waiting for another favourable opportunity. On the first calm day they accordingly left again, but the wind rose and after battling with the storm all night, they found themselves still near Raiatea, and landed, although this time it proved to be another part of the coast.

The natives carried Mrs. Ellis to the nearest hut, for she was too weak and faint to stand. At first sight this hut appeared empty, but on looking round Mrs. Ellis descried a poor native woman kneeling by the side of a corpse, and praying to God. As soon as the first outbursts of lamentation subsided, the newly-made widow came forward, and explained that the body was that of her husband. Mrs. Ellis was still lying on the mat where the natives had placed her, and, indeed, during the whole of the

day and the next night she was too worn and feeble to rise, but she tried to comfort the poor, lonely widow. And this woman, but recently snatched from heathenism, rose from out her great sorrow and tried to minister to her heaven-sent guest. On the next day the boatmen made another attempt and fortunately succeeded in reaching the island of Huahine.

Owing to some unknown cause, Mr. Ellis did not return and his absence was prolonged to eight months. During that time the natives vied with each other in attending to the wants of "the little lonely widow," as they designated her. At length the vessel in which Mr. Ellis had sailed, returned, and husband and wife were safely reunited.

MRS. ANN JUDSON OF BURMA

IN MAY, 1824, the Government of Great Britain declared war against Burma. As soon as the news reached Ava, a command was issued that all foreigners should be cast into prison as spies.

The storm burst on the Judson's household on the 8th of June. An officer, accompanied by about a dozen natives and the public executioner, rushed into the house, and said: "Where is the teacher?" Mr. Judson presented himself; the executioner instantly seized the missionary, and throwing him on the floor, proceeded to bind him with cords. The small cords cut into his flesh, and for a time impeded his breathing. "Stay," said Mrs. Judson, "I will give you money." "Take her too," said the officer: "she is also a foreigner." But Mr. Judson implored them to leave his wife until further orders, which

they did. Mr. Judson was then dragged off to the "death prison," and, loaded with three pairs of iron fetters, was fastened with the other white prisoners to a long pole to prevent their moving.

A guard of ten ruffians was set over Mrs. Judson, and she was closely confined to her house, together with four little Burman girls whom she had taken to teach and train. "My unprotected, desolate state," she wrote; "my entire ignorance of my husband's fate, and the dreadful carousings and diabolical language of the guard, combined to make it the most distressing time I have ever spent." She had the foresight and prudence to destroy all journals and letters, lest the Burman Government should say that they had correspondents in England. But there was one thing which Mrs. Judson would not destroy, and that was her husband's manuscript translation of the New Testament. With prayers and tears she placed this manuscript beneath the earth in a secure place, and then committed the results to God.

This manuscript went through several perilous adventures. After Mrs. Judson was admitted to see her husband, she told him of the plan she had adopted to hide it; but as it was, unfortunately, now the rainy season, the paper ran the risk of being destroyed by damp. She therefore dug it up, and sewed it in a pillow so dirty and mean, that not even a Burman would be likely to covet it. Mr. Judson himself slept on it for some time while in prison, but was ultimately robbed of it by the native gaolers. One of these men, after stripping off the covering, threw the pillow itself away because of its hardness; and a native convert, who happened, in the

providence of God, to be passing by, picked it up. He preserved it; and months afterwards, when Mr. Judson was set at liberty, he obtained possession of the precious manuscript once more.

As soon as Mrs. Judson regained a share of liberty, she went daily to the "death-prison" to see her husband, and to carry him and Dr. Price food. The house had been plundered of everything valuable; but she managed to hide a little silver, else both she and her husband would have starved, for the Burmese Government regarded foreigners as rebels, and all their property was confiscated. She sought to present a petition to the queen, but was denied the opportunity; and when she addressed herself to the sister-in-law of the queen, the appeal brought no mitigation of the sorrow. Day after day, she was found at the prison, or at the palaces of the authorities, and this continued for about eighteen months.

When Mr. Judson was smitten with fever, she obtained permission from the governor to build a bamboo hut in the prison court-yard, which she did with her own hands. Here she tended him daily, and watched him eat the little food she could procure for him, with fear and trembling, because of thievish propensities of the gaolers. This lasted for about a year and a half, and she had but five faithful friends in all that great city. These were, Moung Ing, a native convert, and her four little Burman girls; but these last added also to her cares. Beside them, she had an infant a few months old; but all other considerations were overpowered by the facts of her husband's extreme misery and danger. She says: "So entirely was I engrossed with

present scenes and sufferings, that I seldom reflected on a single occurrence of my former life, or recollected that I had a friend in existence out of Ava."

One morning, all unexpectedly, Mrs. Judson was summoned away from her husband into the governor's presence, and while there Mr. Judson was taken, tied up with a gang of prisoners, and driven eight miles across the country, bare-headed and barefooted, to Amarapoora. Nothing daunted, this devoted woman followed her husband, carrying her infant in her arms, and accompanied by the faithful servant, and the little Burman girls.

She found Mr. Judson and his companions chained with heavy fetters, and almost dead with fever and exhaustion. They were confined in a filthy native hut, and the rumour went forth that prisoners, hut and all, were destined to be consumed in one common conflagration.

Just then, the little native scholars took the smallpox; and a few days later, the infant sickened with it too. At this juncture, Mrs. Judson returned to Ava with medicines, both for her husband and party, when the exhaustion, anxiety, and exposure to heat united to lay her low also with malignant fever. Some friends, "faithful among the faithless found," ministered to the stricken wife in her deep affliction, although delirium prevented her from knowing anyone for some time. For two months she lay thus, and when recovery came slowly back, the first news that met her ears was to the effect that her husband had not been burned, but had been dragged back to become a tenant of the horrible "death-prison."

But deliverance was to come, by means of the victorious English troops. The English army ad-

vanced upon Ava; and in order to save the city, the Burmese consented to submit to humiliating stipulations. It was known and understood that Mrs. Judson, by means of her representations of the English power, and her eloquent persuasions, had contributed more than any one, or anything else, to induce the Burmese to sue for peace. The king sent for Mr. Judson and required him to write dispatches to the English, asking for peace. He and Dr. Price, were also empowered to treat with General Campbell for this purpose, and bore back the message that the English would spare the city, provided that the Burmese government would liberate all the foreign prisoners.

After a short stay in the English camp, Mr. and Mrs. Judson went to Rangoon to ascertain the fate of the native church there. All the converts had been scattered, with a few exceptions, by the war, and those that remained faithful decided to accompany the missionaries to Amherst, where, under British protection, they would be allowed to settle in safety. Here, accordingly, they soon settled down, and without delay they resumed mission work, hoping and longing to be able to accomplish the ends for which they went out. After the mission family was settled in a comfortable and convenient house, Mr. Judson was somewhat unexpectedly summoned away to assist in concluding the negotiations by which peace was secured on a firm basis, and toleration secured for all missionary residents.

DOROTHY JONES OF THE WEST INDIES

THE daughter of a sincere Christian woman, but with a father who was harshly averse from religion, Dorothy Hobson, prior to her marriage to the Rev. Thomas Jones, had a very heavy cross to carry. Her father turned her out of doors for her faith, and later put every obstruction in the way of her becoming a missionary, but at last gave way.

The young people were married in October, 1824, and sailed in December, reaching Antigua two months later. They were stationed at Parham, six miles from St. John's, and both became speedy favourites with the negroes. Anxious to be at work, Mrs. Jones gathered together a class of negro women, in order to teach them to read; and so great a favourite was she that women of all ages came from long distances seeking admission. Among the number was an old woman of seventy-two years of age, bent and decrepit. Mrs. Jones hesitated about receiving her, seeing that she already had as many young and hopeful scholars as she could manage. But the aged negress pleaded pitifully for admission, saying, among other things: "Yes, missy, I know my head is thick, but I asked the Great Massa to help me read, and to put it into your heart to teach me." Mrs. Jones asked her: "What do you wish to read for?" "Oh!" said the poor old woman, "I wish to learn that I might read the Great Word. Perhaps, missy, I may be sick and have the fever; and you know massa have plenty to do, and I live eight miles off. Den I think if I can read the Great Word, it will tell of Jesus, and comfort me."

As the result, Mrs. Jones gave the old woman permission to come twice a week, in order to learn her letters, giving her at the same time an easy reading book. Twice weekly, the poor old woman trudged to Parham, walking the sixteen miles, and each time she succeeded in gaining a little additional facility in the art of reading. After some months of this effort, as she was with Mrs. Jones in the study one morning, she succeeded in spelling out the name Lord. A sudden awe seemed to strike her. "Missy," she said, "that is the Great Massa's name." "Yes," was the reply. Overcome with emotion, she let go the book, and stood up; clasping her hands together, she lifted up her eyes, full of tears, saying: "Lord! Massa! Great Massa! I can read Your Great Name." Then she dropped on her knees, and prayed so fervently for blessings to rest upon the work of God, and upon her teachers, that Mrs. Jones could not restrain her tears.

In addition to this class of women, she also taught a class of girls in the hall of her house nearly every evening in the week. These poor girls had, in many instances, to labour at field work all day—for this was during the time of West Indian slavery—and then to walk distances of several miles to the mission house. But the love of learning so stimulated them that they attended with surprising punctuality and regularity, although the accommodation was so restricted in proportion to the numbers that the little ones had to sit or lie in the corners of the room, and "even under the table." Mrs. Jones was permitted to see many pleasing instances of good done by means of these two classes.

About a year was spent in faithful service for

Christ among these "little ones" of the flock, when a painful and crushing dispensation of Providence put an end to her missionary joys. The district meeting was to be held at St. Christopher's—another island in the West Indian Archipelago—and as many missionaries were to meet on that occasion, Mr. Jones wished his wife to accompany him. The mission party proceeded to their destination in safety, however, and after going through the services, and calling at Montserrat, prepared to return home.

They left Montserrat on Monday, February 27, 1826, in the *Maria* mail-boat, instead of their own vessel, hoping thereby to secure a quicker passage back to Antigua. All seemed fair when they embarked, but during Monday night a storm arose, which increased in rapidity until it became a hurricane. The passengers were roused, for the vessel was blown over on its side, the waves dashed frightfully over it, and the only boat the ship possessed was carried off with two sailors in it. The passengers were dragged up on the deck, parents clinging to their children, and husbands to wives until morning broke, hoping that then the storm would lull. But before the day had dawned the vessel broke in two.

Clinging to the bows of the boat the survivors, including Mr. and Mrs. Jones, were two days drifting about. Then, as they became weak some were washed off. "The wreck," wrote Mrs. Jones, "now began to unjoint, and before morning we expected it would quite separate. We suffered much from pieces of wood, with nails in them, which, by the force of the water, were driven against us, and tore our flesh. On that day also the sun greatly scorched

me, for as I had no bonnet to screen my face, that, as well as my hands, was blistered, so that my skin and finger-nails afterwards came off. On Friday morning my pain and faintness increased, so that I thought I was dying.

"Our sufferings now were so great that death seemed desirable, though our minds were, by the great mercy of God, kept in perfect peace. There were now but three of us left. Mr. Jones could scarcely speak distinctly; sometimes he would say: 'Let me go, for I am dying!' He then gave a struggle, and cried aloud: 'Come, Lord Jesus!' I held him for several minutes, but he neither spoke nor moved again."

The captain next passed away, and Mrs. Jones fell into a state of insensibility, which would quickly have ended in death, had not two gentlemen just then come to her assistance. After they had recalled her to partial consciousness, she told them her name and asked for water. They carried her on shore very tenderly, and delivered her into the care of kind friends, who nursed her back into life and strength again; but her dearest friends could not at first recognize her, on account of the frightful distortion of her features. But while in that semi-insensible state, on a friend's asking her for the address of her father in England, she gave it correctly, and then added: "If you write to my father, tell him that I have never regretted engaging in the mission work." This was the ruling passion of the brave Christian heart, even in the midst of hardship, shipwreck and death.

A WOMAN PIONEER IN INDIA

MRS. BUTLER'S WORK FOR ORPHANS

IN 1856, in response to a long-made appeal in the U.S.A. for service in India, for which no one else volunteered, Dr. William Butler, of Boston, accepted the call for men to open work in India. His wife, who shared his enthusiasm, went with him to The Gangetic Valley and the surrounding hills—an area as large as Great Britain.

They made a home there, arranged their fine library, and sat down to study the people and the language. Ten weeks later the comfortable home and its contents were consigned to flames, and the two workers of undaunted bravery were homeless, hunted for their lives in the adjoining mountains. The English army commanded them to leave quickly and unseen as the Rebellion became a fact. Hastily they started under the cover of night, moving off by the light of a mussalchee's torch. They travelled in palanquins. Darkness, tigers and elephants were about them as they passed through The Terai, a belt of deep jungle. During the flight they slept at night in tents, with great log fires kept burning by the natives to keep away the wild beasts of the forest.

At last they arrived at Naini Tal where the first steps in mission work were begun. Not long after, Dr. Butler had a little congregation about him, and started a day school for bazaar children, in whom Mrs. Butler was interested. A sheep house standing on a hill-side was cleared out, white-washed, fitted

up with benches, and turned into a miniature chapel —the first Methodist Church edifice in India.

After the rebellion of Nana Sahib, Dr. and Mrs. Butler were permitted to return to Bareilly, and a very romance of missions is seen in the opportunity which came in Delhi for Dr. and Mrs. Butler to sit on the famous crystal throne in the audience chamber of the Great Moguls, to watch the trial of the conspirators of the mutiny, and hear the decree of banishment for the Emperor of Delhi, the last of the Moguls.

While sitting on that throne Dr. Butler took out paper and pencil and wrote the notable appeal called "The Throne of the Great Mogul," in which he pleaded for the support of the orphans who would be left as a result of all the months of warfare. "If you take them, you will think of them," he wrote. "If you pay for them, you will pray for them."

A hearty response was made by Methodism to this appeal and a girls' orphanage was founded, to which Mrs. Butler directed her sympathies and energies. During the following five years, with the aid of nearly twenty more missionaries from the homeland, the Methodist mission established work in almost a dozen cities of North-West India, erected mission homes, school buildings, chapels, churches, and founded a publishing house. During these years Mrs. Butler worked untiringly for the women and the girls.

Marvellous health Mrs. Butler had during the vicissitudes of climate and the coming in contact with contagious diseases, when many times she personally nursed those with cholera, and smallpox; but

after nine years the two indefatigable workers came back to America for rest after a divergence to establish and open a mission in Mexico.

They returned to India. What changes had taken place! How they were thrilled with the sights of progress, development and adoption of Western ideas! On and up through India they sped, but the climax of their journeyings was reached in Bareilly where, as a feature of the welcome, their train, arriving near midnight, was met by nearly 300 girls from the orphanage founded twenty years before, and by a company of students from a flourishing Theological Seminary, besides natives without number—members of the churches.

Thrilling is the pen-picture the two gave of a feature of the return visit to historic Lucknow.

"On the Sabbath, from seven o'clock in the morning till half-past ten at night, service after service, at brief intervals, filled up the hours. The women were as ready as the men. The locality and its antecedents made the scene seem more wonderful than it could be elsewhere. At the sacramental service there was no caste. The American, the English, the Sikh, the Rohilla, the Eurasian, along with the varieties of caste from the Brahmin to the Pariah, sharing in the elements. The central figures at one table were a Rajah and his wife."

The visitors saw that Christianity had penetrated the dense jungle through which they had made their famous escape, and that Methodist missions were extending their ministry over some of the Terai population, and that there was singing of hymns and holding of services by the humble dwellers in the Jungle.

The year 1906 was Jubilee year of Methodist missions in India. A large company of Americans attended. Mrs. Butler, though eighty-six, made the trip, and was naturally a central figure in the celebration. At an age when very few women would have gone beyond the shadow of their own home she crossed the seas and endured the fatigues of nearly five days of trying railway travel from Tuticorin to Bareilly, that she might look upon this scene. Seated on the ground there gathered before her an audience of about 3,000 people—some of the fruits of the prayers and toils and tears of years gone by.

Heaven seemed very near to all in that sublime hour. Fifty years ago there was no one to welcome the first missionary into this city. Now, not only are 3,000 native Christians on the grounds, but the municipal authorities sent a most remarkable welcome.

No building in the city of Bareilly—chosen for the Jubilee—was large enough to contain all that wished to attend; so great tents were joined together until a tabernacle was made large enough to shelter 3,000, that came to represent the membership of the Church of 190,000, with a constituency sufficient to bring up the number under the banner planted in 1856, to a quarter of a million.

Speaking of the gathering afterwards, Mrs. Butler said: "As the men from Bengal, the men from Burma, the men from the Malay country, the men from the wilderness, the men from the far hill country, even from Tibet, the men of the strong Marathi race, and the stout-hearted folk of Rajputana joined with the men and women of the Hindu

and Mohammedan provinces of Northern India with one accord in the song of victory, it was like a second Pentecost!"

One of the Jubilee events was the laying of the corner-stone of a hospital bearing the name of Mrs. Butler, and another was a reception held in the palace of the Nawab of Rampore, who had offered it for that purpose—significant contrast from the days of 1856!

THE GREAT WHITE MA

MARY SLESSOR OF CALABAR

BORN in 1848, at Gilcomiston, Aberdeen, Mary Slessor, the daughter of a shoemaker, and herself a millworker, grew up an eager, practical, dominating, yet winning and perennially cheerful personality. Her heart was drawn to Africa by hearing of Livingstone, and her keen desire was for Calabar. She realized her ambition, and after training at Edinburgh, sailed in 1876. From that day it was incessant toil, only her indomitable spirit and enthusiasm carrying her over superhuman difficulties till the day of her death among her natives, in January, 1915, at the age of sixty-six. The following account is from the pen of Mr. W. P. Livingstone, from his great biography of Mary Slessor of Calabar.

One day, during her work at the Base, Miss Slessor received an invitation at the instance of a chief, named Okon, a political refugee whom she knew. He had settled at a spot on the western bank of the estuary, then called Ibaka, now James

Town, and had long urged her to pay the place a visit. A State canoe sent by the King lay at the waterside. It had been repainted for the occasion in the gayest of colours, while thoughtful hands had erected a little arch of matting to seclude her from the paddlers and afford protection from the dew, and had arranged some rice-bags as a couch.

Ten hours' paddling brought the craft to its destination, and at dawn she was carried ashore over golden sand and under great trees, and deposited in the chief's compound amongst goats, dogs and fowls.

She and the children were given the master's room—which always opens out into the women's yard—and, as it possessed no door, a piece of calico was hung up as a screen. The days were tolerable; but the nights were such as even she, inured to African conditions, found almost unbearable. It was the etiquette of the country that all the wives should sit as close to the white woman as was compatible with her idea of comfort, and as the aim of each was to be fatter than the other, and they all perspired freely, and there was no ventilation, it required all her courage to outlast the ordeal.

There was a morning when her greetings were responded to with such gravity that she knew something serious had occurred. During the night two of the young wives of a chief had broken the strictest law in Efik—had left the women's yard and entered one where a boy was sleeping—and as nothing can be hidden in a slave community, their husband knew at once. The culprits were called out, and with them two other girls, who were aware of the escapade, but did not tell. The chief, and the men of position in his compound and district, sat

in judgment upon them, and decided that each must receive one hundred stripes.

Mary sought out Okon and talked the matter over. "Ma," he said, "it is proper big palaver, but if you say we must not flog, we must listen to you as our mother and our guest. But they will say that God's word be no good if it destroy the power of the law to punish evil-doers."

He agreed, however, to delay the punishment, and to bring the judges and the people together in a palaver at midday. When all were assembled Mary addressed the girls:

"You have brought much shame on us by your folly, and by your abusing your master's confidence while the yard is in our possession. Though God's word teaches men to be merciful, it does not countenance or pass over sin, and I cannot shelter you from punishment. You have knowingly and deliberately brought it on yourselves. Ask God to keep you in the future so that your conduct may not be a reproach to yourselves and the word of God which you know."

Many were the grunts of satisfaction from the people, and the faces of the big men cleared as they heard their verdict being endorsed, while darker and more defiant grew the looks of the girls.

With a swift movement Mary turned to the gathering:

"Ay, but you are really to blame. It is your system of polygamy which is a disgrace to you, and a cruel injustice to these helpless women. Girls like these, sixteen years old, are not beyond the age of fun and frolic. To confine them as you do is

a shame and a blot on your manhood; obedience such as you command is not worth the having."

Frowns greeted this denunciation and much heated discussion followed; but at last she succeeded in getting the punishment reduced to the infliction of ten stripes and nothing more.

Through the shouting and laughing of the operators and onlookers she heard piercing screams, as strong arms plied the alligator hide, and one by one the girls came running in to her, bleeding and quivering in the agony of pain. By and by the opiate which Mary administered did its work and they sank into uneasy slumber.

Fourteen days went by and it was time for the return journey. The same noise and excitement and delay occurred, and it was afternoon ere the canoe left the beach. The evening meal of yam and herbs, cooked in palm oil, had scarcely been disposed when the first rush of wind gripped the canoe and whirled it round, while the crew, hissing through their set teeth, pulled their hardest. In vain. They got out of hand; the master was powerless. At the sight Mary took command. In a few moments order was restored and the boat was brought close to the tangle of bush, and the men, springing up like monkeys into the branches, held on to the canoe, which was now being dashed up and down like a straw. Mary sat with the water up to her knees, the children lashed to her by a waterproof, their heads hidden in her lap. Lightning, thunder, rain and wave combined to make one of the grandest displays of the earth's forces she had ever witnessed.

As quickly as it came the storm passed, and to

the strains of a hymn which she started, the journey was resumed. She was shaking with ague. As her temperature rose, the paddlers grew alarmed, and pulled as they had never done in their lives. Dawn was stealing over the land when Old Town was reached, and as Ma was hardly a fit sight for critical eyes, she was carried up by a bush path to the Mission House.

Ill as she was, her first care was to make a fire to obtain hot tea for the children, and to tuck them away comfortably for the night. Then she tottered to her bed, to rise some days later a wreck of her former self, but smiling and cheerful as usual.

"I am going to a new tribe up-country, a fierce, cruel people, and every one tells me that they will kill me. But I don't fear any hurt—only to combat their savage customs will require courage and firmness on my part." With these words expressing her feelings, Mary Slessor nevertheless faced the forest, now dark and mysterious, and filled with the noises of the night, with a feeling of helplessness and fear. She could only look up and utter inwardly one appealing word: "Father!"

Surely no stranger procession had footed it through the African forest. First came a boy, about eleven years of age, tired and afraid, a box containing tea, sugar, and bread upon his head, his garments, soaked with rain, clinging to his body, his feet slipping in the black mud. Behind him was another boy, eight years old, in tears, bearing a kettle and pots. With these a little fellow of three, weeping loudly, tried hard to keep up, and close at his heels trotted a maiden of five, also shaken with sobs. Their white mother formed the rear. On

one arm was slung a bundle, and astride her shoulders sat a baby girl, no light burden, so that she had to pull herself along with the aid of branches and twigs. Had ever such a company marched out against the entrenched forces of evil? Surely God had made a mistake in going to Okoyong in such a guise? And yet He often chooses the weakest things of this world to confound and defeat the mighty.

An example of her courage and faith was on the occasion of one severe outbreak of smallpox at Ekenge, Mary went over and converted her old house into a hospital. The people who were attacked flocked to it, but all who could fled from the plague-stricken scene, and she was unable to secure anyone to nurse the patients, or bury them when they died. She was saddened by the loss of many friends. Ekpenyong was seized and succumbed, and she committed his body to the earth. Then Edem, her own chief, caught the infection, and she braced herself to save him. She fought for his life day and night, tending him with the utmost solicitude and patience. It was in vain. He passed away in the middle of the night. She was alone, but with her own hands she fashioned a coffin and placed him in it, and with her own hands she dug a grave and buried him.

On the occasion of the fifteenth anniversary of that notable Sunday in 1888 when Mary settled in Ekenge, the first communion service in Okoyong was held. It crowned her service there, and put a seal upon the wonderful work she had accomplished for civilization and for Christ. Alone, she had done in Okoyong what it had taken a whole Mission to do in Calabar. The old order of heathenism

had been broken up; the business of life was no longer fighting and killing; women were free from outrage and the death menace; slaves had begun to realize that they were human beings with human rights; industry and trade were established; peace reigned. Above all, people were openly living the Christian life, and many lads were actively engaged in Church work.

On Sunday came a great throng which filled the hall and overflowed into the grounds, many sitting on native stools and chairs and even on gin-boxes. Before the communion service she presented eleven of the children, including six she had rescued, for baptism.

But calls came every day from other regions. A deputation from the interior of Ibibio pled: "Give us even a body!" Another brought a message from a chief in the Creek: "It is not a book that I want; it is God!" The chief of Akani Obio again came. "Ma," he said, "we have £3 in hand for a teacher, and some of the boys are finished with the books Mr. Wilkie gave us and are at a standstill." And, most pathetic of all, one night late, while Mary was reading by the light of a candle, a blaze of light shone through the cracks of the house, and fifteen young men from Okoyong appeared before her to say that the young ladies who had come to Akpap had already gone, and they were left without a "Ma." She sent them to a shelter for the night, and spent the hours in prayer. "Oh, Britain," she exclaimed, "surfeited with privilege! Tired of Sabbath and Church, would that you could send over to us what you are throwing away!"

Nothing gave her greater joy than the rapid de-

velopment going on at Akani Obio. Chief Onoyom had never swerved from his determination to Christianize his people, and, although knowing practically nothing of the white man's religion, had already started to build a church, using for the purpose £300 which he had saved. At first he planned a native building; but reflecting that if he were constructing a house for himself it would be of iron, he felt he could not do less for God. He therefore decided to put up as fine a structure as he could, with walls of iron and cement floor and a bell tower. To make the seats and pulpit he had the courage to use a magnificent tree which was regarded as the principal juju of the town. The story goes that the people declared the juju would never permit it to be cut down. "God is stronger than juju," said Onoyom, and went out with a following to attack it. They did not succeed the first day, and the people were jubilant. Next morning they returned and knelt down and prayed that God would show himself stronger than juju, and then, hacking at the trunk with increased vigour, they soon brought it to earth. That the people might have no excuse for absenting themselves from the services during the wet season, Onoyom also erected a bridge over the Creek for their use.

To the dedication of the building came a reverent, well-dressed assembly. The chief himself was attired in a black suit, with a black silk necktie and a soft felt hat. He provided food for the entire gathering, but would not allow anything stronger than palm wine to be drunk. Very shyly he came up to Ma and offered her a handful of money, ask-

ing her to buy provisions for herself, as he did not know what kind she liked.

Two short years before, the place and people had been known only to traders.

Mary made rapid reconnaissances inland, and these set her planning extension. Even the officials urged her to enter. They pointed to the road. "Get a bicycle, Ma," they said, "and come as far as you can—we will soon have a motor-car service for you." Motors in Ibibio? The idea to her was incredible, but in a few months it was realized. "Come on to Ikot Okpene," wrote the officer at that distant centre—"the road is going right through, and you will be first here." She thought of these men and their privations and their enthusiasm for Empire. "Oh," she said, "if we could do as much for Christ!" She, at any rate, would not be found lagging, and in the middle of the year 1905, she sallied forth, taking with her a boy of twelve years named Etim, who read English well; and, at a place called Ikotobong, some five and a half miles inland, she formed a school and the nucleus of a congregation. "I trust," she said, "that it will be the first of a chain of stations stretching across the country. The old chief is pleased. He told me that the future, the mystery of things, was too much for him, and that he would welcome the light. The people are to give Etim food, and I will give him five shillings a month for his mother out of my store."

The lad proved an excellent teacher and disciplinarian, and gathered a school of half a hundred children about him. Soon she was again in the thick of building operations, and for a time was too

busy even to write. Slowly, but surely, Ikotobong became another centre of order and light. The officials who ran in upon her from time to time said it was like coming on a bit of Britain, and the Governor who called one day declared that the place was already too civilized for her.

She frequently acted as magistrate. One day she sat in court for eight hours; another two hours were spent with the clerk making out warrants; afterwards she had to find tasks to employ some labour; then she went out at dusk and attended a birth case all night, returning at dawn. Whole days were occupied with palavers, many of the people coming such long distances that she had to provide sleeping accommodation for them.

One day, after a ten hours' sitting in Court, she went home to find about fifty natives from the hinterland of that district waiting with their usual tributes of food and a peck of troubles for her to straighten out. It was after midnight before there was quiet and sleep for her. Her heart went out to these great-limbed, straight-nosed sons of the aboriginal forest, and she determined to cross the river and visit them. She spent three days fixing up all their domestic and social affairs, and making a few proclamations, and diligently sowing the seeds of the Gospel. When she left she had with her four boys and a girl as wild and undisciplined as mountain goats, who were added to her household to undergo the process of taming, training and educating ere they were sent back.

She watched with interest the progress of the creek stations, although they were out of her hands. There were now at Okpo forty members in full

communion, and the contributions for the year amounted to £48 3s. 3d. At Akani Obio, where there were forty-five members in full communion, the total contributions amounted to £93 11s. 4d., and at Asang, where there were one hundred and fifteen members, the contributions amounted to £146 6s. 0d. At those three stations the total expenses were fully met, and there was a large surplus. Where four years ago there was no church member and no offering, there were now two hundred members, and contributions amounting to £287. So the Kingdom of her Lord grew.

The Government road went as far as Odoro Ikpe, where a Rest House, used as a shelter by officials on the march or on judging tours, and the one seen by Mr. Macgregor, had been built on the brow of a hill above the township. It was Saturday when Mary arrived there, and she climbed the ascent, taking over an hour to do it, and was captivated by the situation.

For months past she had been praying for an entrance into these closed haunts of heathenism, and as she sat down in the lonely Rest House, she made up her mind not to move a step further until she had come to grips with the chiefs. Knowing that the Government would not object, she took possession of the building. It had a doorway, but no door; the windows were holes in the wall high up under the eaves; the floor was of mud, and there was no furniture of any kind. But these things were of no consequence to the gipsy missionary.

From this high centre as from a fort, she began to bombard the towns in the neighbourhood. Next day she summoned some disciples from a place

called Ndot, and a service was held in the yard. Then the lads pushed her chair out to Ibam, two miles distant, where she met the headman and his followers. These were arrogant, powerful tribes—not Ibibio—who had been allies of the slavers of Aros, and were disliked and suspected by all. She told them that she wanted the question of Gospel entrance settled. They looked at her indulgently. "We have no objection to you coming, Ma," said the chief.

"And the saving of twins, and the right of twin-mothers to live as women and not as unclean beasts in the bush?" she asked.

"No, no, we will not have it. Our town will spoil."

After much talk they said: "Go home, Ma, and we shall discuss it and see you again"—the native way of ending a matter.

Her next discussion was with the town of Odoro Ikpe itself. The old chief was urbane, and gave her every honour. Bringing out a plate with three shillings upon it, he said: "Take that to buy food while staying here, as we have no market yet." She took the money, kissed it, put her hands on his head, and thanked him, calling him "father," but requested him to take it and buy chop for the children, and she would eat with him another day. The old man went away and returned with some yams, which he asked her to cook and eat. As they talked he gradually lost his fear, and then she asked him bluntly about his attitude to the Gospel. He and his big men told her frankly what their difficulties were, and these she demolished one by one. After two hours' fencing and arguing the tension gave

way to a hearty laugh, and the old chief said, with a sweep of his hand towards the crowd:

"Well, Ma, there they are, take them and teach them what you like—and you, young men, go and build a house for book."

"No!" cried Ma. "We don't begin or end either with a house. We begin and end with God in our hearts."

A young man came forward and, without removing a quaint hat he wore, said: "Ma, we can't take God's word if you bring twins and twin-mothers into our town."

It was out at last. Instead of arguing, Ma looked at him witheringly, and replied: "I speak with men and people worthy of me, and not with a puny bush-boy as you have shown by your manners you are."

Off came the hat, and then Ma spoke to him in such a way that the crowd were fain to cry:

"Ma, forgive! forgive! He does not know any better."

There was no more after that about twins, and when she left she felt that progress had been made.

On her return to Odoro Ikpe the chiefs appeared one morning, and asked her to come out at once and survey the land, and choose a site for a station. Her heart leapt at the significance of the request. She happened to be in her night attire, but as it might have been full Court dress for all they knew, she went and tramped over the land and chose what she believed would be the best situation in the Mission. It was on the brow of a hill overlooking a magnificent stretch of country, across which a cool breeze blew all the time. She immediately planned a house—one of six rooms—three living rooms above

and stores and hall for girls' room below, with a roof of corrugated iron for security against wind and insects, and prepared to go down to Use to buy the material.

There was one town still holding out, Ibam (where she had been told to go home and think about it), and she prayed that it, too, might accept the new conditions. On the Sunday before she left for Use, while she was conducting service, six strange men came in and waited until all had gone. "We are from Ibam," they said. "Come at once, Ma, and we will build a place to worship God, and will hear and obey." She was so uplifted that she seemed to live on air for the next few days. The villagers of Ibam gave up their best yard to her, and crowds came to the meetings.

What she accomplished, therefore, cannot be measured by the visible results of her own handiwork. The Hope Waddell Institute was the outcome of her suggestions, and from it had gone out a host of lads to teach in schools throughout the country, and to influence the lives of thousands of others. She laid the foundations of civilized order in Okoyong, upon which regular church and school life has now been successfully built. When she unlocked the Enyong Creek, some were amused at the little kirks and huts she constructed in the bush, and asked what they were worth—just a few posts plastered with mud, and a sheet or two of corrugated iron. But they represented a spiritual force and influence far beyond their material value. They were erected with her life-blood; they embodied her love for her Master and for the people; they were outposts; the first dim lights in the darkness of a dark land;

they stood for Christ Himself and His Cross. And to-day there exist throughout the district nearly fifty churches and schools in which the work is being carried on carefully and methodically by trained minds. The membership numbers nearly 1,500, and there is a large body of candidates and inquirers, and over 2,000 scholars.

Love for Christ made her a missionary. Like that other Mary who was with Him on earth, her love constrained her to offer Him her best, and very gladly she took the alabaster box of her life, and broke it and gave the precious ointment of her service to Him and to His cause.

Many influences move men and women to beautiful and gallant deeds; but what Mary Slessor was, and what she did, affords one more proof that the greatest of these is Love.

CHAPTER V

TRIUMPHS OF THE TRANSLATORS

TRIUMPHS OF THE TRANSLATORS

Zealous Work at Zanzibar—Edward Steere
Bible Making in India—Carey and his Successors
Sowing the Word in Celestial Hearts—Alexander Kenmure

CHAPTER V

ZEALOUS WORK AT ZANZIBAR

THE REV. EDWARD STEERE, who went out with Bishop Tozer on his appointment, applied himself to the mastery of the language, and after five years of patient toil, returned to England in 1868 with the Gospel of St. Matthew and the Psalms. The Committee readily accepted these beginnings in what was not merely the "speech of the coast," as its name indicated, but what proved to be the lingua franca of Central Africa and one of the twelve widespread languages of the world. The Gospel (500 copies) was issued in 1870, and the Psalter, which received the benefit of Mr. (afterwards Canon) Girdlestone's scholarship in passing through the press, appeared in 1871.

On the failure of Bishop Tozer's health in 1872, Mr. Steere went back to Zanzibar, and two years later, when he succeeded him as Bishop, the Gospel of St. John was ready for the printers. It was scarcely three months after his consecration that the C.M.S. Mombasa Mission reached its destination (November, 1784).

At Zanzibar, Steere was the ideal of the workman-bishop. In the Old Slave Market, once horrible with its pictures of callous cruelty and brutal degradation, he laid the foundations of Christ Church Cathedral—worked out plans, corded scaffold-poles, mixed mortar, and helped to build it. From time to time a cruiser brought in some Arab dhow packed

with wretched slaves; among them, perhaps, an old woman who had lost her wits with trouble, a blind boy, the cheeriest of little ebonies, a six-months' child whose mother had died in the stifling cold. A mission-colony of rescued slaves was founded at Magila, in 1875, and a half-way station was formed at Masasi a year later. There were schools for children, who were instructed, baptized, and brought up to useful trades. All the while he was busy with his translations into a language which, "roughly speaking, had no prepositions at all," and before long the different books, issued tentatively in the island, before being sent to the Bible House for publication, were printed at the Mission press by his old scholars—the negro lads who had been snatched from the slave-traders. His own house became a Bible depôt from which supplies were drawn for all parts of the Central African mission-field.

He was profoundly impressed with the paramount importance of giving the people the Word of God in their own tongue. "I feel here," he wrote, when he accepted the post of Vice-President of the Society in 1880, "that our work must be all unsound without a vernacular Bible; and the Bible Society has made this possible to us."

By the beginning of 1880 the whole of the New Testament in Swahili had been published in separate portions, and Genesis was translated. Rebmann's Luke, revised and harmonized with the rest in spelling, was issued by the Committee; and the Bishop, feeling that the devoted toil of the blind pioneer ought not to pass unrecognized, included it in his own version.

In the early summer of 1882 the Bishop was

in England. He brought with him the fruit of nearly twenty years of laborious scholarship, the corrected and revised text of the New Testament, and with it a translation of the Book of Kings. Amid his many engagements he found time for an article on "The Bible in East Africa," which appeared in the Society's "Monthly Reporter" for July. He returned to Zanzibar, as though to realize his conception of the lifelong office of a Missionary Bishop. On the 27th August, he was found dying, unconscious, with an unfinished letter and the corrected proofs of his Isaiah on the table. All ranks and classes, from the representative of the Seyyid downward, attended his funeral, and English sailors carried him to his grave "behind the high altar at the foot of the episcopal throne" in his cathedral; that was at the foot of the whipping post of the old Slave Market.

BIBLE MAKING IN INDIA

WHEN the Baptist Mission entered Orissa in 1822, Carey's Uriya Bible had been awaiting them for seven years. Dr. Sutton's version was in their hands in 1844. Now, twenty years later, the Rev. Dr. J. Buckley, of Cuttack, assisted by the able old native minister, Jagoo Roul, was engaged on the third version, or rather, revision of the Old Testament. Grants were made during its progress. It was a time of ordeal, but once more calamity "wore a precious jewel in its head," for when the famine of 1865-66 swept away three quarters of a million people, the Uriyas saw how 1,400 of their orphan children were taken to the warm breast of

Christian charity. In 1869 the Committee undertook the cost of various portions as they were ready for the Press, and in 1872 the Old Testament was issued for the first time in a single volume. Sutton's edition was in three; the Serampore version in four. On the latest printed page, however, the Uriya character, with its curious up-strokes, recalled the old days of palm-leaf manuscript, when straight strokes would have split the leaf.

The missionaries met with many encouraging experiences in their journeys. In districts where the Education Department was at work, boys and girls from the vernacular heathen schools trooped to their camp and answered questions in a way that "would have done credit to any Sunday-school in England." Further afield they reached villages where no European had been seen before, "and the name of Christ was as strange as if He had never appeared in the world"; but old men rejoiced that they had lived to hear of Him Who had power on earth to forgive sins; women wept aloud at the thought of their little sons safe in His arms; and the chief cast his idols into the river. A new day was breaking on these old nature-folk. A tribe of 10,000 Juangs, "leaf-wearers," had been tempted to clothe their women by the Government providing the cloth; the Khonds—"the Mountaineers," in the steep forest-ranges rising from the coast—had ceased from human sacrifice; they had yet no alphabet; but they, too, were one day to read of Christ in their own tongue.

In 1871 appeared a revised edition of St. Luke and the Acts in Nepali; and towards the close of the period the Society assisted the Scottish Mission

at Darjeeling to issue Genesis and Exodus, Proverbs, and the Four Gospels. St. John, St. Matthew, and Genesis—Exodus i-xx. were published in the 'seventies for the Lepchas between the Nepalese and Bhutan frontiers. In 1881 the Auxiliary printed 1,000 copies of St. Luke in the language of a tribe in the jungles of the Rajmahal hills, near Bhagulpur. Maler, "the People," they called themselves, and their speech Malto, "the tongue of the People." It was their first book, and was translated by the Rev. E. Droose of the Church Missionary Society, who had lived nearly a quarter of a century among them. St. John was issued the following year. The four Gospels and Acts in Khasi were issued in 1856, and eagerly purchased. The Rev. T. Jones had not lived to finish his task for the beloved hill-folk of Cherra, and his colleague, W. Lewis, of the Welsh Mission, completed the New Testament which was printed in London in 1871. During the rest of the period the revision of the New Testament and the translation of the Old were in hand. In Assami—the language of the whole population of the Brahmaputra valley—the American Baptist version of the Psalms was issued at Sibsagor in 1863, and again at Calcutta in 1875.

We pass to the great versions of the Auxiliary. In Bengali, one of the dominant languages of Christianity in India, the issues in the thirty years exceeded 702,000 copies. The text of the first single-volume Bible of 1861, which was based on the earlier versions of Yates and Carey, had been revised for the third time by the great Baptist scholar, John Wenger; but the quest for perfection was ended only to begin afresh. In 1874 his fourth

revision left the press. His work was literally a labour of love. "The Bible Translation Society supplied all his wants"—so ran his kindly refusal of the Committee's honorarium of £200—"and he preferred to render any service he could to the Bible Society without remuneration."

He died in 1880, at the age of sixty-nine. During fifty-one years of missionary and linguistic activity he not only carried through the Press four editions of the Bengali Bible and six of the New Testament, besides many separate portions, but translated most of the sacred volume into Sanskrit and revised the rest. A portable reference New Testament advanced this part of the version towards completeness in 1880.

Up to 1859, 70,000 copies—the separate Gospels all of them but St. Luke, the Acts, Genesis-Exodus i-xx., the Psalms, Isaiah, translated by the Rev. S. J. Hill, of the London Missionary Society—were published in Mussulman-Bengali for the Mohammedan population in Lower and Eastern Bengal. Was it wise to proceed further in this "corrupt jargon?" The question was answered in a few years by the urgent needs of 20,000,000 of people, to whom the religious terminology of the Hindus was unintelligible. Mr. Hill revised his version; a new translation of St. Luke by the Rev. J. E. Payne of the London Missionary Society, was published in 1876; the books were readily bought at fairs and markets; and up to the end of the period 15,000 Psalters and 12,300 Gospels left the Press—a total of 99,300 copies.

A total of 115,000 copies of Genesis-Exodus i-xx., the separate Gospels, the Acts with or without

St. Luke, and the Book of Proverbs, in Hindu-Kaithi (the business equivalent of the Devanagari), was printed for the Auxiliary in the course of the thirty years.

SOWING THE WORD IN CELESTIAL HEARTS

THE division of the Chinese Empire into three agencies was completed in February, 1886, when Mr. Alexander Kenmure took charge of the southern provinces—Fukien, Kwangtung, Kwangsi, Kweichow and Yunnan—with the islands of Formosa and Hainan.

In five years the number of Chinese colporteurs in three agencies increased from 61 to 116, and the annual circulation expanded from 163,120 copies in 1884-85, to 232,198 in 1888-89.

Imagination vainly strives to picture the wide-ranging activity, the courage, the endurance, which produced these results. In Manchuria the Word of Life was carried to Port Arthur in the south; northward to the banks of the Sungari, and remote Sansing on the edge of Siberia; westward through the Palisade of the Mongols at Fakumen. Chinese and Korean Scriptures were sold among the mixed population on the borders of the Chosen. Colporteurs sought out the Korean settlers in the exterior valleys of the Age-long White mountain. In March, 1887, Mr. R. T. Turley, who had many years of eventful service before him, was appointed sub-agent of the district.

Beyond Kirin he found Mohammedans who called Jesus *Ersa*, "The Holy One," and always spoke of

Ya-la-be (Araby) as their true country. Further still to the northeast, in "the Fifth Circuit of Wilderness," he came upon many towns and villages in the clearings of the dense forest, all fermenting with the excitement of strange sects seeking darkly after the unknown God. "I have searched into every religion," said an old Taoist priest, who listened eagerly and bought many books; "but when I get to the bottom they are all empty and unsatisfying." "The work of the colporteur is telling powerfully," wrote Mr. Ross after a tour through the northern stations, in which he had baptized fifty-six people; "the Scriptures are being read now over the province as never before."

Biblemen visited the cave-dwellers in the glens and gorges between the plains of Chihli and those of Shansi. Taiyuen, in Shansi, was the headquarters of a European chief-colporteur, and here the land reeked with heathenism. Bulging, narrow-necked jars were placed on the roofs to entrap demons; acacia trees were worshipped and decked with votive offerings; in time of drought strips of paper inscribed with prayers for rain were hung across the streets, and before every door—before the temples of the gods even—a willow-branch in a water-jar was set out to prevail upon The Holy Dragon, the Great King of the Four Lakes, and the Four Seas, to loosen the showers of Heaven. At Lingshih, the Town of the Spirit Stone, Mr. Bryant saw the huge iron boulder which some believed to be the anchor of a celestial ship dropped from the skies, and before which the poor credulous people burned incense on the first and fifteenth of every month.

Further south at Pingyang, a Christian centre

where some three hundred believers had burned their idols and endured severe persecution for their faith, he stationed Mr. David Evans as head-colporteur for the neighbouring province of Shensi. In Kanus, one of the inland missionaries laboured for a long time among the Moslems, who seldom named Mohammed, but readily talked of Moses and of the coming of Jesus to establish a Kingdom in Syria—faint echoes, it almost seemed, of the teaching of the old-world Nestorian missionaries. "It is by Bible-work," he wrote, "not by ordinary missionary agency, that the Moslem population of China is going to be evangelized."

On the edge of the province of Yunnan, along the upper reaches of the Yangtze, the missionaries came in contact with the aboriginal Miaotze and with unconquered Mantze, who, if they had no written language, had at least no idols.

Twice in Kweichow, Mr. Upcraft was robbed and brutally maltreated; but from one place visited by the colporteurs messengers came to ask him to go and teach them the way of Life, and one poor creature pawned his clothing to obtain a Bible.

No foreigner was allowed to live in Kwangsi, which still bore the traces of the Taiping Rebellion; travelling was difficult and dangerous; the distrust and suspicion of the people were as tinder. The mandarin of a township where Mr. Stenvall and his men stayed for some days was warned to watch them at night, lest they should steal into the mountains and spirit away their treasures. A dark and hostile religion!—but the story of one aged Chinaman revealed that even here divine grace was working in secret ways. When he was a lad of twelve

a book was brought to the village by a student from Canton. It was a torn copy of Leang-Afa's "Good Words to Admonish the Age"—the gleanings from the New Testament which had first stirred the great Taiping leader. He read it from time to time; fifty-eight years slipped away; and at last the imperfect paraphrase of the Gospel brought the old man to the waters of baptism.

Through the province of Chekiang, the colporteurs went forth under the direction of the missionaries at Hangchow, Shauhing, Ningpo, at Fenghwa and Kiuchow, at Kinhwa, Yungkang, and Wenchow; and in Fukien the increasing corps under the local committee circulated their 40,000 and 50,000 copies a year—"numbers all the more astonishing," wrote Mr. Macgowan of Amoy, "when it is remembered how very poor the population generally is." For here young women dragged plough and harrow in the fields, and long lines of worn men, with loads of salt and fish from the sea, panted up from ridge to ridge through the marvellous scenery of Sianin, "the pleasure-ground of the fairies." What must it have been for such as these to hear the call, "Come to me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden!" In one village, ravaged by cholera, the terrified people had crowded before their grotesque idol, and the priests had prescribed a succession of costly ceremonies, when the colporteurs arrived. "How shall this block of wood save you?" asked the strangers, and began to speak of the true God, who alone could hear their prayer. The senseless idol was dragged from its shrine and hewn to pieces. No sudden destruction befell the

iconoclasts, and about twenty of the villagers became attendants at a Church not far away.

"For six years and more," said a favourite story-teller under the village banyan tree, "I told you those tales—of ghosts and hobgoblins, of Tartar battles, of ancient heroes, of modern romance—but I never found that they changed your character or mind for the better. The reading of this book has; and these are the stories I shall now tell." It was the Gospel of St. Luke. Left in his care by a colporteur, who could not prevail on him to accept it, it had lain forgotten for nearly seven years. Then one night the story-teller dreamed he was on the mountains in the dark. A glimmering light which he followed went out on a perilous ledge. The terrors of sleep fell upon him. Suddenly the colporteur appeared at his side, took him by the hand, and led him to a palace of delights. So vivid a dream, he felt, must have some meaning. He inquired for the colporteur, but could not find him. Then he thought of the book left in his care. He opened it, read it more and more, became a Christian, and so the stories of Bethlehem and Calvary came to be told under the great banyan.

Thus, to a greater or less degree according to circumstances, the word of God was distributed in every province of the Empire. Progress was made with the translations already begun; new vernaculars were undertaken; "Colloquial" Gospels in the speech of Canton, Foochow, and Amoy were embossed for the blind.

Epilogue

AND what shall I more say? for time would fail me to tell of Gedeon, and of Barak, and of Samson, and of Jepthae; of David also, and Samuel, and of the prophets:

Who through faith subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions.

Quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the armies of the aliens.

Women received their dead raised to life again: and others were tortured, not accepting deliverance: that they might obtain a better resurrection.

And others had trial of cruel mockings and scourgings, yea, moreover of bonds and imprisonment.

They were stoned, they were sawn asunder, were tempted, were slain with the sword: they wandered about in sheep-skins and goat-skins; being destitute, afflicted, tormented:

(Of whom the world was not worthy): they wandered in deserts, and in mountains, and in dens and caves of the earth.

And these all, having obtained a good report through faith, received not the promise:

God having provided some better things for us, that they without us should not be made perfect. Hebrews xi, 32-40.

After this I beheld, and lo! a great multitude,

which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands;

And cried with a loud voice, saying, Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb.

And all the angels stood round about the throne, and about the elders and the four beasts, and fell before the throne on their faces, and worshipped God.

Saying, Amen: Blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honour, and power, and might, be unto our God for ever and ever. Amen.

And one of the elders answered, saying unto me, What are these which are arrayed in white robes? and whence came they?

And I said unto him, Sir, thou knowest. And he said to me, These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.

Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple; and He that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them.

They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat.

For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes. Revelation vii, 9-17.

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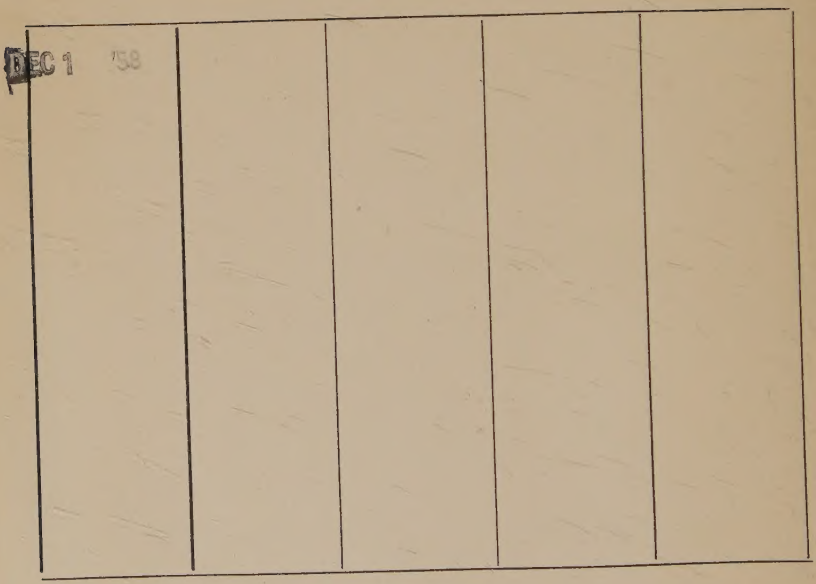

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